JUNE 13, 1956

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PRICE 8d

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Beginning: "THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH," by James Hilton—page 11

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932263

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

JUNE 13, 1956 — Vol. 24, No. 2

A FASHION PROTEST

FRENCH doctors, according to recent cable reports, are attacking the latest Paris fashions, claiming they are unrealistic and unhealthy.

"Women can't eat normally and wear such clothes," said Dr. Gregory Duvin, a leading Paris physician, "so they eat little and their health becomes impaired.

"Couturiers try to create something different each season. They even try to change the human figure, and women do not dare to protest."

At this point we couldn't help protesting ourselves that Dr. Duvin gave women too little credit if he believed that the majority slavishly followed fashions.

Women do make changes in their wardrobes to bring them into line with fashion, but extreme and uncomfortable fashions are adapted, as the season develops, to styles still new but acceptable to sensible women.

As well, women are influenced in their choice of clothes by their menfolk.

A husband might admire other women wearing extreme clothes, but though he likes his wife and daughters to look fashionable he usually prefers them not to look conspicuous.

The only fashion revolution to be wholeheartedly welcomed by women was the post-war New Look.

That look, with its small waist and long, full skirts, was essentially feminine, a natural reaction from the drabness of war.

But since then, although a succession of "Looks" has been introduced few women have adopted them.

Certainly, Dr. Duvin was correct when he said that women diet to look smart.

But this isn't a bad thing. Overweight is not only unbecoming but, in some cases, unhealthy.

If a women diets moderately to keep her figure neat, or more drastically, with the approval of her doctor, she not only looks better but feels better.

Our cover:

● There are those who love the winter and those who hibernate irritably in warm clothing until the sun swings warmly southward again. Our cover this week features two who really love the winter—Kerry Ferris, 5, and her brother Trevor. The Ferris children were photographed by their father, Raymond Ferris, on the slopes of Mt. Kosciusko. The Ferris family live in Cooma, N.S.W., with the Alps at their back door, and the children spend all the time they can in the snow.

This week:

● We felt a surge of sentiment when artist Arthur Holland arrived at the office with his illustration for "Something Old . . . Something New" (see page 8). For the flowers that look so real were real; beautifully dried sprays of roses and alyssum that looked as if they were right out of great-grandmother's album, neatly taped in place on the illustration. We asked Mr. Holland what sort of roses they were. "Why, they're love roses," he said. "They set the mood." Mr. Holland's charming and successful experiment gave us some headaches and we are glad the illustration is now in your hands. Our problem was to speed up the technical processes of reproduction before the flowers became too dry and lost their color.

Next week:

● "Why do we fight about everything?" is the provocative title of the first of the exclusive articles written for us by Dr. David Mace. His answer will surely be vital to many married couples. Dr. Mace, world-famous as a marriage counsellor, is Professor of Human Relations at Drew University, U.S.A., and, in theory, no longer does consultant counselling. In practice, however, his telephone channels marital problems from all over America into his pleasant suburban home, and, never able to resist a marital S.O.S., Dr. Mace finds himself advising by phone. His articles, which begin next week, are based on actual case histories from his files and will continue each week until Dr. Mace and his wife, herself a qualified marriage counsellor, arrive in August for his Commonwealth tour.

● All Australian homemakers will be fascinated with our "House of the Year" feature in next week's issue. Five pages, three in color, give you the whole story and pictures of the house which received the Architecture and Arts award as the best built in Australia in 1955. At Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., it is said to be the biggest house built in Sydney for at least 15 years and has 6000 square feet of floor space.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Giving attention to an imperfect set in a perfect lining (9).
7. Stimulate yet mostly not in time (5).
8. In the beginning this Greek hero was certainly a game one (9).
9. Mountain where the judgment of Paris took place (3).
11. Ardent with spirit and then some (10).
15. Divinity of the Phoenicians (4).
17. Huge men in the centre (7).
18. Used to keep back water (4).
20. Man who dislikes active life, yet Homer and Tennyzon were inspired by such people (5, 5).
25. Insane half of a French lady (3).
26. Sealed bus (Anagr., 9).
27. This leaf of paper is numbered only on the front (5).
28. For very young animals or vegetables (9).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Smallest fifty to the Orient (5).
2. Congregate with a magistrate who inwardly turns raw (5).
3. Anything that happened is smooth for a start (5).
4. Short but not polite gentleman (5).
5. Daughter of Mohammed (6).
6. Leningrad is on its delta (4).
10. Expensive darling (4).
12. To be hiding the back of half a dozen (3).
13. Domesticates mates (5).
14. Pal in a robe segment (5).
16. Festivity (4).
19. Seldom produced samples (6).
21. N. American porcupine with its son (5).
22. Subject, possibly of the ego (5).
23. Italian singer who toured South America with Patti (5).
24. Takes part mostly on the day of Caesar's death (5).
25. It keeps the hands warm (4).

D	I	S	T	E	M	P	E	R	■	C	■	P
E	■	P	■	■	■	A	■	A	N	I	L	E
T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E	D	■	N	■	R
O	■	N	■	O	■	T	■	D	R	E	A	D
U	N	D	U	L	Y	■	■	L	■	M	■	U
R	■	■	R	■	A	N	T	E	D	A	T	E
■	■	■	D	■	W	■	E	■	E	■	■	■
A	M	P	U	L	L	A	E	■	E	■	■	L
R	■	A	■	A	■	M	A	D	A	M	E	■
D	E	M	U	R	■	E	■	W	■	R	■	S
O	■	P	■	D	O	M	I	N	I	O	N	S
U	S	A	G	E	■	I	■	■	S	■	O	■
R	■	S	■	R	U	R	A	L	O	E	A	N

Solution of last week's crossword.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932264

EXTRAORDINARY

by

EARLE L. REYNOLDS

Colfax, California, January 5.

Dear Mr. Blackfield, the Great, Magician.

I am sending you the two dollars for the Book on Magic, Complete, like you said in the magazine. I am 12 years old this May and alredy know three good tricks, two with cards and one with a coin (any coin). Please send the book.

Your friend,
Billy Satterlake, the Great
Magician and Disapearer Extraordinary.

Colfax, California, February 10.

Dear Mr. Blackfield the Great.

I got the book and liked it. I can do most of the tricks, I mean those I have the stuff for, and some other ones too. I am the best magician in town. I can make things disapear. Will you send me your picture?

Your friend,
Billy Satterlake,
The Great Disapearer.

New York City, February 20.

Dear Billy:

Blackfield the Great has asked me to thank you for your kind letter, and to send you his picture, which I enclose. He is happy to welcome you to the ranks of great magicians.

Yours sincerely,
Frieda Carling,
Secretary to Blackfield the Great.

Colfax, California, February 28.

Miss Frieda Carling,
Secretary to Blackfield the Great,
667 Fifth Avenue,
New York 36, N.Y.

Dear Miss Carling:

I am taking the great liberty of writing you, since you were the one who recently wrote a kind note to my son, Billy. I am somewhat worried about Billy's concentrated interest in magical tricks. Although I realise the harmlessness of his hobby, it seems to his father (and to me also) that he is pursuing it to excess.

Every waking moment is spent in his room, working on his magic, and his father—and I—are certain that such complete preoccupation is unwise as well as unhealthy.

Miss Carling, may I ask a great favor of you? Since Billy has such great respect for Mr. Blackfield, I am sure a note from Mr. Blackfield's secretary, advising a more healthy and balanced programme, would be of great help in giving him a more normal outlook. Mr. Satterlake is particularly disturbed over the situation.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. John Satterlake.

New York City, March 10.

Mrs. John Satterlake,
Colfax, California.

Dear Mrs. Satterlake:

I have your recent letter, which I have shown to Mr. Blackfield himself. He will write directly to Billy. I am sure this will help.

Yours very truly,
Frieda Carling,
Secretary to Blackfield the Great.

New York City, March 12.

Master William Satterlake, the Great
Magician and Disappearer Extraordinary,
Colfax, California.

Dear Billy:

My super-human powers tell me that you are

To page 16

"Hey Presto!" said Billy the Great Magician as he held up the rabbit ready for the trick.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932265

To MALLEYS LTD.,
P.O. Box 2, Broadway, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me more details on how Malleys Kerosene Appliances can slash my hot water bill.
Name
Address
B2/2FC.7

THIS COUPON CAN
SLASH
YOUR FUEL BILLS!

Just a few seconds of your time right now can save you POUNDS AND POUNDS over the year. Malleys modern Kerosene Appliances slash fuel bills wherever you live. You pay just a few pence for your kerosene as you need it with Malleys Kerosene Appliances—and you don't sacrifice one whit of efficiency, dependability or EASE.

IN THE LAUNDRY

MALLEYS KEROSENE WASH BOILER

Only 1½ pints of kerosene is all that's needed to boil a big, full copper-load of clothes in the Malleys Kerosene Wash Boiler. Look at these other big features, too. No installation costs! Easy to start! Nothing to wear out! No pressure! No pumping! Quick-draw-off tap! Flush-fitting sides! Easy to clean inside and out, because it's finished in gleaming cream porcelain enamel outside and the inside is made of stain-free, plated copper.

IN THE BATHROOM

MALLEYS KEROSENE BATH HEATER WITH SHOWER

It's hot water in a minute when you instal the famous Malleys Kerosene Bath Heater—supplied with or without shower. A shower or a bath costs only pennies from this compact, efficient, easy-to-operate heater . . . and installation costs are practically nil—there's only one pipe to connect. Here's special news for country users—the Malleys Kerosene Heater operates just as quickly, just as easily from high or low pressure water supply systems. Models available in gleaming chrome-plate or attractive cream and bronze baked enamel. See these modern Malleys Kerosene Appliances at your favourite hardware or department store.

MALLEYS
KEROSENE APPLIANCES
with PATENTED NON-PRESSURE BURNER
Manufactured by MALLEYS LTD., Sydney • Melbourne • Brisbane • Adelaide

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

TOUGH young TIP MALONE and neglected 11-year-old LOVEJOY MASON, of London's drab Catford Street, are secretly building a garden beside the bombed Catholic Church. With the help of SPARKEY, the newspaper seller's little boy, they purloin earth for it from adjoining Mortimer Square Gardens.

Shocked to learn that Lovejoy had stolen money from the Church for a previous garden, which he and his gang of boys wrecked, Tip makes her replace it as a "penance." Lovejoy is later impressed when, apparently in direct answer to her praying in the church, an attractive couple, CHARLES and LIZ, come to patronise the Catford Street restaurant where her mother leaves her living in a rented room, more or less in charge of the kindly proprietors, VINCENT and MRS. COMBIE.

Meanwhile, wealthy MISS ANGELA CHESNEY, who lives in Mortimer Square with her timid sister, OLIVIA, has been shocked by the disappearance of earth from the gardens, and is determined to bring the culprits to justice. NOW READ ON.

"HAIL Mary," said Lovejoy, as she slid into the nearest kneeling-chair. "I want eight shillings, please."

It sounded like an order and she blushed. She had not even lit a candle, and even Lovejoy knew that the Virgin Mary did not keep a store from which one could order; the candle shilling, Liz and Charles for Vincent, had been unwonted favors, unwontedly quick. "You have to pray for things for ages," said Tip, "and you don't always get them then."

"Why not?" asked Lovejoy, who wanted a quick return.

"God doesn't want you to have them, I s'pose," said Tip.

Lovejoy looked sternly into the church at the plaster figures. "Which one is God?" she asked.

Lovejoy had an idea she could circumvent God, but, all the same, at the moment she was a little anxious. She had knelt down on the left of the chapel, which meant that the statue was looking away from her; was that a bad sign? Lovejoy did not know any prayers, but she knew a hymn that Mrs. Combie sometimes sang, a whining little hymn with a repellent tune.

"Gentle Jesus, meekanmile." Lovejoy started to whisper it; whispers seemed fitting here—lips have to make the prayers, you can't just think them, she thought. The church was always filled with that soft pattering. ". . . meekanmile, look 'pona . . ."

But, though she whispered, Lovejoy was thinking of something else; perhaps because of the small miracle of Liz and Charles—"Why were near the restaurant. Why shouldn't they go there?" Tip had asked, but Lovejoy insisted it was a miracle—she kept thinking, not about Gentle Jesus but about the restaurant. She could not help it. She fixed her eyes on the statue, its pink and blue, its gilt, and plaster lilies, and the restaurant came into her mind.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932266

Fourth instalment of our popular five-part serial by RUMER GODDEN

There was only one topic there now, the big refrigerator. Vincent said he must get one, and the harder Lovejoy tried to pray the more she heard Mrs. Combie's perpetual words, "One hundred and forty-four pounds! Oh, George!"

"But it's hire-purchase, Ettie. Forty-four pounds down and six pounds six and nine a month for eighteen months. That's easy terms. It's such a sensible way to buy things!"

"Look 'pona little child," prayed Lovejoy. "Only six pounds six-and-nine-pince a month."

Lovejoy was suddenly still on her knees. Then she made the sign of the cross as Tip had taught her. "Thank you," said Lovejoy earnestly to the statue, and she tiptoed out.

That afternoon she went to Vincent's favorite greengrocer's shop, Driscoll's, in Mortimer Street, off the High. Mr. Driscoll, wearing a white apron doubled round his waist, was standing in the middle of the shop talking to a man whom Lovejoy thought she knew; the man had on a long, old-fashioned overcoat and a bowler hat, and was pointing to vegetables and fruit with a stick; as he pointed them out Mr. Driscoll wrote on his pad, and a boy, in another white apron, lifted the fruit or vegetables out and laid them on pink tissue paper in a box.

After a moment Lovejoy recognised the man; it was Mr. Manley.

"Two asparagus," said Mr. Manley, pointing to the fat bluish and cream bundles. "See they're slender; none of your thick sticks, John; and is that English spinach?"

"Just in," said Mr. Driscoll.

"Put in a pound," said Mr. Manley, "and three of Jersey potatoes."

As Mr. Manley went on and Lovejoy listened she began to think that Vincent was wrong; peaches, new potatoes, asparagus—it seemed that Mr. Manley had very good meals in his house.

"That's the lot," he said at last in the abrupt way that offended Vincent. "Send them round quickly."

"The boy will take them straight away," said Mr. Driscoll.

Most people, Lovejoy knew, did not have their greengroceries sent straight away, and she knew from the battle between Mrs. Combie and Vincent that Driscoll's was expensive. Even the people from the river flats did not buy their vegetables here but in the despised High Street. Driscoll's was for the Square people, for Somebodies. Mr. Manley must be Somebody, thought Lovejoy, even if Vincent did not think so.

She knew quite well that she herself was very far from a Somebody, but she had come because, for what she wanted, it was no use going to the big High Street shops or to the chain store; there they held on to the paper of plants until they had the money; besides there were no plants better or fresher than the ones in the boxes outside Driscoll's; she had often looked at them longingly.

"Well, little girl? What can I do for you?" Mr. Driscoll had come back from taking Mr. Manley to the door. Lovejoy was glad she had put on her checked coat even if she had to leave it open because it would not meet and it hurt under the arms.

"Do you think Mother will send me a new coat soon?" she had asked Mrs. Combie.

"She should," said Mrs. Combie, "and shoes. You do need shoes."

"She should but she hasn't," said Cassie.

"Couldn't you write and ask her?" Lovejoy kept her eyes on Mrs. Combie, ignoring Cassie.

"I do write," said Mrs. Combie, later and privately to Lovejoy, "I write, but she doesn't answer."

Lovejoy had done her best; she had brushed her hair until it glistened, and put on clean socks, and whitened her sandshoes. "If you want a part you must look as if you didn't need it," her mother had told her often. "Look good, even if you don't feel it."

Lovejoy saw Mr. Driscoll's eye take her in and felt his approval. "What can I do for you, little lady?" he asked.

"I want——" but before she had time to finish her sentence Mr. Manley had come back.

"John, I forgot. I shall want some special flowers on Thursday——" Then he paused, seeing Lovejoy. "I beg your pardon," he called to her as if she were quite grown-up. "I didn't see John was serving."

"The little girl can wait," said Mr. Driscoll at once, but Mr. Manley waved his stick in his strange, abrupt way and said, "Go on. Go on. Strict turns, John. No favoritism."

"Well, what do you want?" Mr. Driscoll said to Lovejoy.

Lovejoy was fingering the half-crown nervously, trying not to let it get sticky, but her voice was high and clear as she answered, "I want to hire-purchase a box of pansies," she said.

"Hire-purchase?"

"Yes, on the instalment plan," said Lovejoy, and, as Mr. Driscoll did not appear to understand, "on easy terms," she said.

"She knows all the words," said Mr. Driscoll to Mr. Manley.

"I'll give you half a crown down," said Lovejoy, "and half a crown a week for three weeks, and sixpence at the end." She held out the half a crown, but Mr. Driscoll, though he was laughing, shook his head.

"We don't sell plants like that," he said.

"You do if there's a guarantee," said Mr. Manley.

Mr. Driscoll stopped laughing. It became suddenly serious, as it was to Lovejoy. "Do you know this child?" asked Mr. Driscoll.

"No," said Mr. Manley, which was true. Lovejoy had seen him many times, but he had not seen her. "I don't know her, but I think she'll pay. Give me your pad."

Mr. Manley wrote: "Pansies, one box. Ten shillings." He ignored the sixpence. "When you give a big order, ignore the pence," he told Lovejoy. Lovejoy nodded, and at the bottom of the small sheet Mr. Manley wrote 2/6 four times. "You cross one off a week," he said to Lovejoy. "Got your half-crown?" She nodded again. "Hand it over." She handed it to Mr. Driscoll, who crossed off the first 2/6.

"See that he does it each time," said Mr. Manley gravely, "otherwise he might cheat you"; and underneath he wrote his own name. Again he wrote "Manley," without the initial.

"Haven't you a name?" asked Lovejoy. "Not a surname, a name they call you by? What is your name?"

"Reginald Marmaduke Kitchener Spot," said Mr. Manley, and walked out of the shop.

. . . . . .

The pansies went right round the beds, filling them completely. "You see," said Lovejoy to Tip, and indeed their colors against the stone were like jewels, thought Lovejoy. They were not really like jewels, they were flower colors, truthful and glowing, but they were as precious as jewels to her.

"You're mad about that garden," Tip grumbled.

The mustard and cress were not as good; it was showing, the mustard in flat, double leaves, the cress in tiny narrow ones like green feathers; in a short while it would be as high as grass, but it had not come through exactly as Lovejoy had

To page 38

"Don't you listen to these others. That's a bad boy," Lucas told the inspector vindictively, jerking his thumb at Tip.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932267

Stop— and love your "new look"

No "heavy make-up" maskiness. No powdery dryness

Angel Face — today's most wanted "complexion" in its lovely Mirror Case, 7/6.

Go Angel Face

by POND'S

go sweet . . . go fresh . . . go young!

Not just "powder". Not just "make-up". But a totally *new* heavenly complexion. Angel Face *made* the natural look — and made it *beautiful!* Easier than putting on lipstick — Angel Face smooths on with its own puff in 5 seconds! Clings like a dream. And it won't dry out your skin. Because Angel Face is a miraculous blend of finest-milled powder with smoothing Vaporized Beauty Oils. This is why, all over the world, more girls choose Pond's Angel Face than any other complexion flattery!

Charming Angel Face "Junior" Case — 5/3
Blue-and-gold "Dressing Table" Box with dainty puff — 5/11
Available in 7 skin-flattering shades.

The beautiful Mirror Case. An ivory and golden full-size hinged compact, designed to go beautifully with everything you wear — day or evening! With satiny puff, full-view mirror, your choice of 7 lovely Angel Face skin tones.

7/6

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932268

The Teardrop Chandelier

JOYCE went into the dark suite and closed the door. Wally, about now, would be leaving the elevator downstairs. Now he'd be crossing the lobby, passing for the last time under the teardrop chandelier.

The old people who dozed every night in the domed lobby would look up, startled by his swift and angry passage. In the light of the chandelier they'd look at their watches and smile at each other. "Only ten," they'd murmur. "Joyce and her young man must have quarrelled. My goodness, I wonder why?"

They weren't malicious. They just had nothing to do—no work, no worries, no ambition, except to rest and eat and gossip. This hotel on the edge of Los Angeles was geared to the serene pace of the very wealthy, the very old. It was a fortress of security and in its atmosphere of luxurious peace a breaking heart made an unseemly spectacle.

Flunky, Wally had called her. It was the old argument, only this time he wasn't going to let it taper off into painful kisses that got nowhere. He wanted a wife.

"You like being that old woman's flunky. It's not the money. You like this phony hotel."

"Darling," she had said, "a poor old sick woman who—"

"She's not poor and she's not sick. She can afford to lie in bed and have a registered nurse wait on her. You're not even a nurse. You're a chamber-maid."

"Darling, let's not argue when we don't even know when we'll see each other again," she remembered pleading.

Wally was going east to take a new job. She hadn't really believed he would go.

"I'm not arguing. I'm leaving. If you decide you want to go along, I'll be at my mother's until plane time, and I can wait a week for you to get ready. Otherwise, I'm taking off tomorrow. Why stick around? You're not going to talk me into anything. Good night, Joyce."

He was gone. Joyce leaned against the wall in the dark suite and cried. What Wally did not understand was poverty. Not being just hard up, but very, very poor. He had never heard a social worker nag his mother, "What about your last relief check? Let me see those bills."

Joyce had been only ten then, but she remembered that grinding shame clearly. Worse than anything else she feared poverty. A few thousand dollars in the bank would make her feel safe. Why couldn't Wally wait?

But Wally was gone. Joyce tiptoed into her own room and quietly opened the connecting door to Mrs. Nicholas' bedroom. The old woman was not asleep. She sat up and turned on the light and smiled at Joyce, her black eyes twinkling. Mrs. Nicholas had a slight heart murmur and fifty thousand a year after taxes, and she always wanted a daughter.

"What are you slipping in so early for?" she said merrily. Then she held out her arms and wailed, "You've been crying! Oh, my dear, he didn't really go, did he?"

Joyce could not remember ever having cried on anyone's shoulder. She sat down wearily on the bed.

"Yes, he's gone. I should have known he would."

"Don't feel bad, dear," Mrs. Nicholas whispered. "Now you can stay with me forever. Isn't that selfish? Tomorrow we'll get the car out and run up to Paso Robles for a week. Is it time for my medicine yet?"

"Yes," said Joyce. "I'll get it."

She measured out the old woman's drops, which were more psychological than medicinal. Like its opposite, fear, security is a feeling of habit. So is duty. Doing habitual, dutiful things, measuring out medicine in the quiet serenity of this luxurious hotel with the affectionate old woman prattling away, helped Joyce forget Wally. It made her remember that she could stay here as long as she liked and be safe forever.

She started back to the bedside with the glass.

Suddenly the floor seemed to leap under her feet. She thought at first it was her own knees, but then the telephone slid off the table and pictures rattled on the wall, and the old woman gave a hoarse shriek.

"Earthquake! Joyce, get me out of here!"

Joyce remembered many earthquakes, but never one like this. Sash weights hammered in window casements. The whole hotel seemed to buckle in the middle, lurch sidewise, and fall back with a groan. All around she heard people screaming.

Louder than everything else was the sound of the quake itself, a deep growl from the earth's depths as its underground mountains broke in two. It was the loudest, deepest, strongest sound the human ear can hear or stand.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Joyce called.

"Get me out of here before we're all killed!"

Joyce dropped the medicine glass and picked up the old woman, because there was no other way to handle her. The violent jarring did not stop until she got out into the hall, where people were streaming towards the stairs. The elevator cars clanked in their shafts, dust swirled down the hall, and, as Joyce panted down the stairs, the lights went out.

She carried Mrs. Nicholas calmly down six flights. Her own moment of panic was gone. Halfway down, the shaking began again. Joyce leaned against the wall and talked soothingly until it subsided. One last crash shook the whole building, and she knew the main shock had spent itself.

She carried Mrs. Nicholas on down to the lobby and somehow found a chair for her. The hotel had emptied violently. People stared up through the dark and dust at the domed ceiling, and for a moment their chattering voices were still.

The teardrop chandelier had fallen! That was the crash Joyce had heard on the stairs. Five tons of bronze and fine imported crystal lay in a shattered heap half driven through the stout floor. The settee under it was smashed flat.

That was the place where Joyce and Mrs. Nicholas used to sit on evenings when the old woman felt well enough to come downstairs. That was where Joyce used to wait for Wally, who did not like to come up to the suite after her.

The hotel quivered again, lightly, and Mrs. Nicholas moaned, "Oh, Joyce, are we all going to be killed?"

As everything slid wildly to the floor, old Mrs. Nicholas gave a shriek, "Quickly, Joyce, get me out of here!"

"Nonsense," said Joyce. "It's all over. These little aftershocks don't mean anything."

Her mind was not really on what she was saying. She was watching with compassion and amazement the pitiful spectacle of these shaken, scared old wealthy people.

Security? There was none, except in youth and love and self-confidence. The great teardrop chandelier, glittering symbol of the false security she had been indulging herself in, had crashed. With it went Joyce's great illusion. These people had everything money could buy, yet the quake had rocked their world hardest of all.

To live under the chandelier was not luxury, but a form of death itself. Poor? There were some things money couldn't buy. Safe? There was only one place she was safe.

Another shock twitched the hotel as the uneasy earth shrugged itself into its new shape. The people in the lobby screamed for their lost phantom of perfect security. Mrs. Nicholas clutched at Joyce's hand.

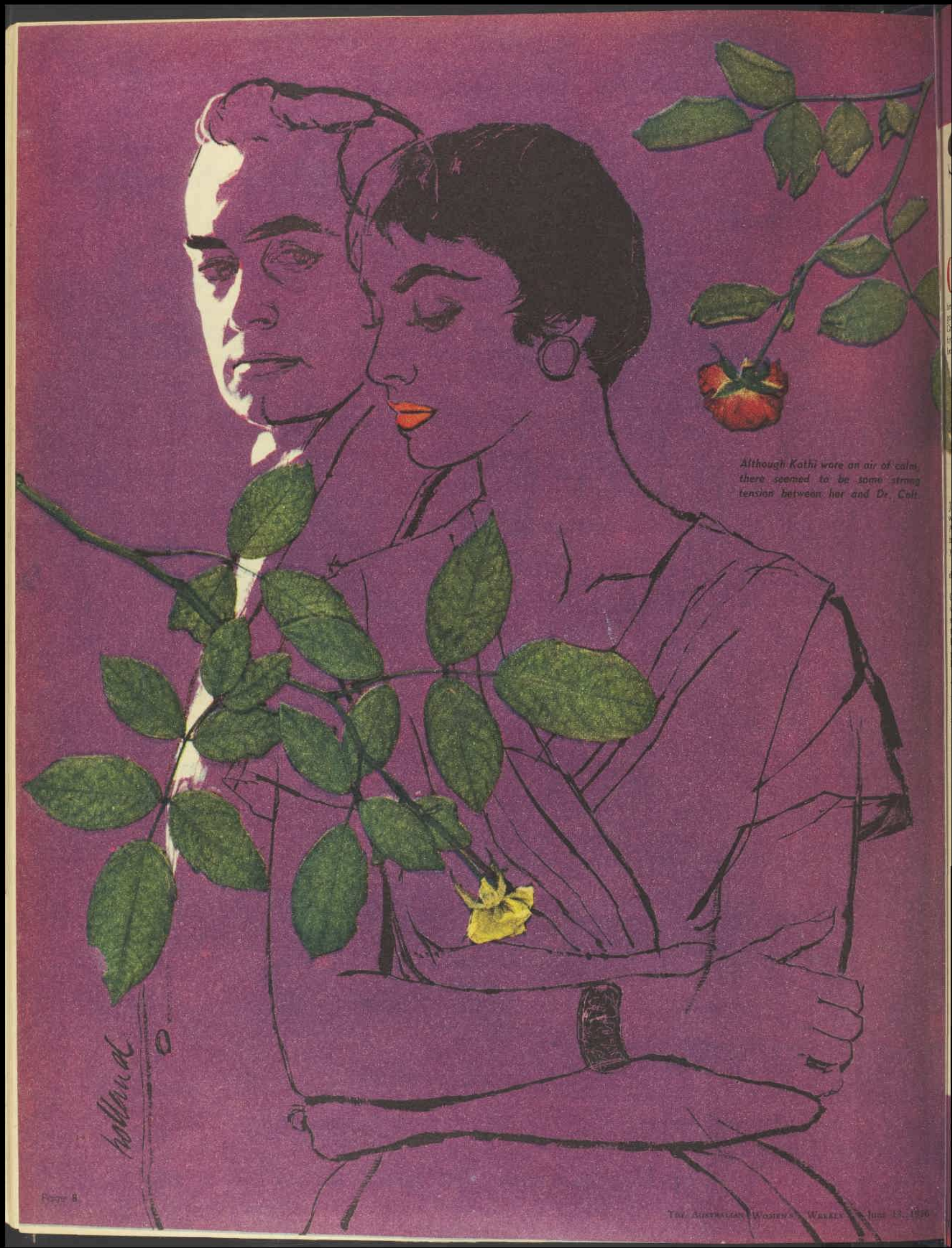
Joyce waited until the shaking subsided again. Then she leaned down and patted the old woman's cheek.

"You wait here a moment," she said firmly. "You'll be all right, do you understand? You'll be all right. I'm coming right back. I've got a phone call to make."

(Copyright)

A Short Short Story BY JOHN REESE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932269



Although Kathi wore an air of calm, there seemed to be some strong tension between her and Dr. Colt.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932270

SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW

CAROL opened her eyes. Instead of her own little apple tree traced against the sky, she saw only the narrow staring windows of the house on the other side of the road. She shut her eyes and remembered: the little apple tree was gone, let with their own little house to a man named Cranshaw. Everything they owned in the world, from the Persian rug to Sarah's stuffed animals, had been packed up and sent on its way to Torhampton, to be met by Mike . . . And here she was, back again in her father's house.

A knock on her door was followed by a large tray, followed in turn by Eliza, tiny, starched, pink-faced, and as much a part of Carol's childhood as the room itself.

"Now, Miss Carol," Eliza commanded, "time for breakfast!"

"Are the children up?" Carol asked.

Eliza shut the window. "They're playing in the garden. Now eat your egg. You'll need it, what with Miss Jane's wedding next week and all this moving; and why Mr. Mike thinks it's a good idea, I don't know." And then she observed that she always heard Torhampton had good weather. "And a nice place for your mother to visit in the winter."

"I hope she doesn't get overtired with Jane's wedding," Carol worried.

"Now, that she won't do," Eliza said firmly. "Miss Catty will see to that—this young lady Mrs. Goodwin has got in the house, like a secretary you might say, only more so. And a sweet young lady she is, too, quiet and nice-mannered. I said to Cobb only last night, I said, 'Say what you will, somebody's given that girl a good upbringing,' I said. Well, I'll be off now."

Eliza went, and Carol grinned into her teacup. To Eliza's eyes, any girl from a foreign country, without home, family, or means of support, must inevitably be in a semi-civilised state. Nevertheless, she herself was curious about Miss Kathi Osterman; she began to dress.

Jane had described Miss Osterman as "one of Mother's projects. She's been governess to the Spencer monster—imagine! When Mother found her she was on the verge of collapse, so Mother just scooped her up and popped her in one of our top-floor bedrooms."

The library had been turned over to Miss Osterman as her office. Carol paused in the doorway. Beside the big, flat-topped desk, talking to Mrs. Goodwin, stood a tall, slim girl. Her hair was of dark silkiness; her eyes were dark and large, but their expression, that should have been trusting, was watchful. And her lips, that were meant to be deliciously curved, were straight and very firm. She managed to give her plain white cotton blouse and black wool skirt an indefinable air of elegance.

Carol decided that Kathi Osterman might well be efficient, but she was certainly not invisible.

"And at eleven, the dressmaker, Mrs. Goodwin," Miss Osterman was saying. "Miss Jane said she would not be home for lunch. You do not forget that Mrs. Colt and her son, Dr. William Colt, arrive by the middle of the day?"

Carol groaned. "Mother, you don't mean Cousin Rita is going to stay here?"

Her mother turned. "Darling, come in! This is Kathi Osterman, who is simply indispensable to us all!"

Smiling, Carol put out her hand. Hesitantly, Miss Osterman took it.

Mrs. Goodwin observed placidly that Rita was just sensitive. "And, of course, stingy, too. But we mustn't forget for a moment that she's your father's first cousin—although I must say I try to, constantly. I haven't seen William for—oh, years. He was such a dear little boy. So solid," she said absently. "You remember him, dear?"

"Only vaguely," Carol said. "I remember he cut a hole in the back of my teddy bear and restuffed him. Pooh looked much better afterwards—less tubercular."

"Well, there you are," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and now he's a doctor. Time does fly so—which reminds me, Kathi, Frances did say she'd have the veil ready for Jane to try on."

Carol left them.

When she got back before lunch, soprano shrieks from above told her that the guests had arrived.

In the library, Cousin Rita greeted her with a series of caws. "And this, dear, is William," she crowed. "You remember William?"

William, who had been standing in front of the fire with his feet apart, looking solid, came forward to greet Carol; on an impulse she kissed him cordially.

"Hallo!" he said in pleased surprise. "I thought you'd have forgotten all about your first-cousin-once-removed."

Carol laughed. "How could I forget you? You saved Pooh's life. But you're not so fat as you used to be, William."

"And neither are you, Carol!" They grinned at each other.

Mrs. Goodwin said, "Caroline, do look at Rita's wedding present to Jane—over there on the piano."

Carol picked up the brown velvet case and cried out in admiration. On the white satin lining sparkled a green leaf, made of emeralds and tiny diamonds; beside it lay a pair of little leaves that were earrings.

"Great Aunt Rachel's," Rita said smugly. "Quite out of date, of course; I had them reset."

And she began an apparently endless description of the resetting of Great Aunt Rachel's emeralds, while William gazed patiently at his shoes.

Cobb appeared in the doorway.

"Ah—lunch!" said Mrs. Goodwin. "Now, where is Miss Osterman?"

Cousin Rita ran her fingers down her pearls, with a curious effect of preening her feathers. "Just like you to look after this little waif! And so good to her—meals at the family's table!"

Mrs. Goodwin fixed Cousin Rita with a fiery blue gaze. "Miss Osterman," she said, "is a lady."

"My dear," Cousin Rita warbled. "Of course—I mean, of course not! After all, dear, nobody is more sensitive to such things than I am!"

"Ah, here she is," said Mrs. Goodwin briskly. "Rita, this is Miss Osterman. And this, Kathi, is Dr. Colt."

Carol was able, during lunch, to examine William Colt more closely. He had, she decided, the sort of face that wears well: the square jaw, the blunt nose, the finely shaped head would all defeat the years. He looks, Carol thought, more interested in the rest of the world than in himself.

Under cover of Cousin Rita's conversation, he asked Carol questions about the children, about Mike, about their new house in Torhampton; but, as lunch progressed, Carol saw that his eyes went more and more often across the table to Kathi Osterman's dark head. Never once did Kathi intercept William's glance; but Cousin Rita did. She turned graciously to Kathi: "And you, Miss—Er? You are a native of—where? If I may ask?"

Kathi looked up swiftly. "Of course, Mrs. Colt. I am from Vienna."

"Ah!" Cousin Rita gave a long, rising scream. "Im alten Wien! Dear old Vienna. I remember when I was a girl—that coffee and whipped cream, the waltzes, the romance. And, of course, it was there that—ah, well . . . the Count Hogany . . ."

She closed her eyes, a mystical smile on her lips. Cobb respectfully touched her shoulder with the casserole, which was hot. Cousin Rita returned abruptly to the present.

"And I understand you are helping Mrs. Goodwin with her daughter's wedding? Such an undertaking, a big wedding! I always say I'm very lucky to have a son instead of a daughter. But, do you know, Lucy, this boy of mine simply refuses to marry! I scold him and plead with him. What shall we do, Lucy?"

Mrs. Goodwin, thus appealed to, murmured that they might all have coffee in the library.

The telephone rang. Kathi went away and, in a moment, was back again. To Carol she said: "It is Miss Jane, Mrs. Stewart. She says there are two extra tickets for 'Diamonds in the Sky,' and would you like them, please?"

Carol turned, "Rita, why don't you and William go? I've seen it and it's awfully good."

"My dear"—Cousin Rita lay back limply—"after a day like this—it would be quite out of the question for me."

"It's nice of you, Carol," William said. Then he turned to Kathi. "How about you, Miss Osterman? Have you seen it? Will you share the tickets with me?"

Cousin Rita's eyes and mouth flew open, but before she could speak Mrs. Goodwin cried brightly: "Now, that's an excellent suggestion! Kathi needs a little fun. William, why don't you arrange it all with Jane immediately? And Rita, you must come upstairs with me and lie down."

Still talking, Mrs. Goodwin manoeuvred Cousin Rita out of the room. For a moment there was silence in the library. Then from the stairs rose Cousin Rita's voice, bugle-clear: "Yes, he is a dear boy, Lucy. William's only fault is that he simply cannot resist lame ducks."

William opened his mouth and shut it again. Kathi put a sheet of paper in her typewriter with steady fingers. Then William said, "See you this evening, Miss Osterman," and left the room.

Carol sat quite still in a corner of the library, watching Kathi's dark head. I suppose, Carol thought, if she hadn't become a bit hard, she couldn't live in this kind of atmosphere. But how hard is she? It was impossible to tell: Kathi's pale face was as empty of any expression as a high wall—and, like a wall, it forbade trespassing. Does she want to go with him? Carol wondered. And what will she wear? Suppose—suppose she has no proper dress to wear at all? Impulsively, Carol said: "Miss Osterman—Kathi, I have a blue silk dress that the cleaners shrank. May I leave it on your bed? You—you may not want it, but I've had a good time in it——"

Kathi Osterman's dark eyes were brilliant as she looked up at Carol, but she spoke with an effect of cool restraint. "Thank you so much for this,

To page 56

A short story by ELIZABETH DUNN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932271

UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new **RECIPE**

ABERDEEN SAUSAGE

1 lb. mince steak, ½ lb. bacon, 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup tomato sauce, 2 tablesps. worcestershire sauce, 1 small onion or 1 clove garlic chopped very finely, 1 dessertsp. salt, 1 teasp. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup bread-crumbs.

Mince bacon finely and combine with mince steak and oats. Add seasonings and bind all ingredients together with egg. Turn on to floured cloth, roll up, tie securely and boil two hours. Turn out carefully and roll in bread-crumbs. Ideal for picnic lunches, salads or sandwiches.

UTO39

BEFORE POSTING

Ensures prompt return of letter if undelivered

Help to speed the mails through the Post Office . . . save valuable time and money.

The next time you use an unprinted envelope to send a letter, put your own address plainly on the flap. This not only ensures a quicker return by Post Office sorters (if for some reason it is undelivered), but your letter is returned unopened.

Printed envelopes should, of course, have the return request on the lower left hand corner of the front of the envelope, clear of the addressee's name and address.

Safeguard private and valuable letters this simple way—include your own address on every envelope you mail!

Thank you!

POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT

PMG V44.92.15

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FROM the rural habit of watching birds and animals, I dropped into the habit of studying the women and children of my new community, Sydney, when I moved down from the country. The greater number of children over one go hatless under all skies, habitually screw up watering eyes, and show scaling sunburn, particularly on the nose. Over 25, women look five to ten years older than they should. Like their children they are hatless, their skin dry and weatherbeaten. Dark glasses are universally worn. They are largely corsetless in sun-frocks or slacks. ("Largely" is the word.) Hair, though, is the redeeming feature, bright, luxuriant, and lovely. However, in spite of this, sun, sand, and wind are turning the golden girl of 18 into a hard-faced woman long before time. In short, I believe we Australians are growing noticeably uglier. Is it necessary?

£1/1/- to C. Honeyman, Dee Why, N.S.W.

WHILE there are school buses to catch and bicycles to be ridden I can't understand why parents pamper their youngsters by driving them to school in large, expensive cars. When children are normal and healthy, walking or bicycling does them more good than sitting back in a car.

10/6 to Mrs. C.C. (name supplied), Harrow, Vic.

LET'S have more hedges in the country. They make windbreaks, provide shelter for animals, prevent erosion, protect crops, encourage bird life, and add beauty to the landscape. Beside this, if free flowering, they add to the nation's honey production.

10/6 to Miss G. Boyce, Port Melbourne, Vic.

WHY all the furore because Bailey beat Landy by a few seconds? What good does this terrific effort do anyone, let alone the contestants? Exercise is all right, I think, when it comes to cricket, tennis, or golf. But why men should emulate horses has me beat.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Conan, Coogee, N.S.W.

AS a mere man I can't understand why dress-designers have never thought of putting money pockets in women's street frocks or in evening dresses. By day they would eliminate the frantic searching through bags and baskets; by night they would solve the girl's problem of where to leave her bag while she danced.

10/6 to A. K. France, Wodonga, Vic.

ON her wedding day practically every girl has photographs of herself taken, and in the newlyweds' home the colored and enlarged portrait of the bride occupies the place of honor. Why is the groom left out of the picture? After all, brides should remember that they wouldn't have a wedding day at all if there were no bridegrooms!

10/6 to "Happy Marriage" (name supplied), Box Hill, Vic.

THOUGH most grown-up girls prefer to belong to the SSW or SW class, I think that big, healthy ladies should be regarded in the same way as big, healthy babies—an asset to the country.

10/6 to Mrs. G. M. Nehon, Scott Creek, S.A.

Aborigines' pensions

I DISAGREE with the letter concerning pensions for aborigines (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/5/'56). It is no one else's fault but their own if they are ragged and dirty. We employ them in the pea-and-bean-picking season, and some make up to £4 a day, depending upon how much they pick. Once paid they spend their money on cigarettes, drink, and two-up. To my mind this is the reason why they are badly off, not because they lack pensions.

10/6 to Mrs. C. H. Peterkin, Nambucca, N.S.W.

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree that aborigines should receive pensions and also think they should be given full citizens' rights. Every day we are told to treat New Australians with friendship and kindness. How about some of this treatment, with which I fully agree, for "Old Australians," who are down-trodden social outcasts in this wonderful country, originally their happy home?

10/6 to "Old Australian" (name supplied), Bourke, N.S.W.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

A LITTLE home education helped to guard my four-year-old man of the house against the dangers of poison. When I wanted to kill some ants I gave him the box to carry outside and let him open it, after explaining that it was dangerous and why. After the deed was done he was allowed to put the tube away and carry it inside, where we both carefully washed our hands "in case we had touched any poison accidentally." A few days later we went through the same procedure to kill snails. He was delighted at his responsible part in the job and very pleased to remind me to wash my hands when it was over.

£1/1/- to A. Burton, Caringbah, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

A PATIENT WHO TELLS

I AM a regular reader of the articles in the papers by doctors who tell.

They have a breezy tone that cheers you up.

For instance, there was one I enjoyed recently about the Furred Tongue.

It said a furred tongue is not necessarily a sign that you are sick.

Some people's tongues just naturally have fur, like silver foxes.

I haven't had the nerve to look at my tongue for years.

But this doctor was so encouraging I shall probably poke it out quite soon.

You can get handy information from medical writers on all sorts of subjects, like how to say th-h-h-h-h, and should nurses wear nail-polish.

There is one thing, though, which I have noticed they never discuss.

I mean the magazines in doctors' waiting-rooms.

Some doctors, of course, do a fine job in this department.

I used to go to a reliable man who took The Australian Women's Weekly and "The Saturday Evening Post."

The issues were up-to-date. He even kept them in the right order.

I had to get a course in injections

from him for catarrh, so I started reading a mystery serial.

To my disappointment the injections stopped before I got to the end.

I said to him frankly: "If you don't mind, Doctor, I'd like to come back and find out who killed that beautiful starlet."

He thought for a moment. Then he said: "Have you got any warts?"

"One or two," I replied.

"Come here on Friday and I'll take 'em out," he said.

So I went along and enjoyed the last instalment. (The girl was killed by her postman because she got too much fanmail.)

He was a thoughtful doctor of the old school. But with some of the young fellows it's a different story.

I had a typical experience during a bout of lumbago.

I went to a doctor and found nearly all his magazines were old numbers of the "Business Review."

You could have got better reading in a barber's shop.

The only thing worthwhile was a "Ladies' Home Journal," which a man with a broken arm was monopolising.

I hoped to get it when he went into the surgery.

But it was grabbed rudely by a big woman with mumps.

Naturally, I decided to take my business elsewhere.

That doctor lost a good customer—the next week I came out in boils. But it served him right.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932272

The Duke of Edinburgh

by James Hilton

Beginning the first instalment of the brilliant biography by the famous author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

● Thirty-six years ago King Alexander of Greece was bitten by a pet monkey in the gardens of the royal palace. The injury festered, blood-poisoning set in, and after three weeks' illness the King died.

NEVER, perhaps, has the role of sheer chance in history been more dramatically revealed.

For the King's death led directly to the downfall of the great Greek statesman Venizelos, the recall of King Constantine from exile, the disastrous defeat of Greek armies in Asia Minor, and the appearance of modern Turkey as the first of the defeated powers of World War I to stage a comeback.

Winston Churchill did not exaggerate when he wrote: "A quarter of a million persons died of this monkey's bite."

It had other results—some less tragic, just as important, and — at long range — even more fantastically unpredictable. For instance . . . the Greek army's defeat was followed by the arrest of many high personages held to have been responsible, and among these scapegoats was King Constantine's brother, Prince Andrew.

Andrew was faced with trial by revolutionaries and might well have been shot but for the intervention of the British Government, which sent a ship of the Royal Navy to Greek waters.

On this ship, the cruiser Calypso, Andrew sailed into exile with his family. And the youngest member of that family was a year-old boy named Philip.

It would have been hard at that time (1922) to think of any royal child whose future looked more doubtful.

D for depressed

WAR and revolution had upset the basic scheme of things in which European blue blood had long flourished, and the initials D.P., had they meant anything then, might well have stood for "depressed prince."

Except that they had escaped with their lives, the Greek family on board H.M.S. Calypso had enough to be depressed about, and of baby Philip perhaps the happiest thing to be said was that he was too young to know what was happening or what poor equipment he had for the occupational struggle of being a prince.

Yet 32 years later this boy, grown to manhood, rode through the streets of London with his wife, Queen Elizabeth of England, at his side.

It was a homecoming welcome for the Royal Couple after their tour of the British Empire—an empire neither so large nor so powerful as when the Calypso had performed its rescue mission, but a world-wide political arrangement whose functions were, if anything, more important than ever.

For that matter, London was different, *too*—the streets through which the procession passed had many gaps made by German bombs in a more recent world war.

But there were a few things that looked much the same.

Policemen held to their tradition of being polite and unarmed, redcoats with their tall black bearskins could still put on a stylised precision show, while the high-prancing cavalry, completely outmoded in war, were happily symbolical of what the English were, optimistic enough to call peace.

No hysterics

I STOOD amongst that crowd of Londoners in the Mall and watched Philip and his Queen ride by. They bowed and smiled, as Royalty must, and Londoners cheered in a way free citizens need not do unless they want.

English newspapers gave an impression that the crowd was hysterical with joy. Nothing of the kind. The crowd was just good-humored, good-tempered, thoroughly pleased with itself and the occasion, full of a spirit of holiday goodwill.

For the most part Londoners, who are used to street *processions* anyway, behaved with the genial understatement that is as much a part of British tradition as the black busbies and the sound of Big Ben echoing across St. James' Park.

Which was perhaps as it should be — no tickertape furore, but the sort of tweedy hard-wearing glad-to-see-you that, one felt, similar London crowds are prepared to go on giving Elizabeth and Philip for the next half-century or so.

All of which sets up for even greater astonishment the question: How did this handsome young man, born sixth in line to the shakiest throne in Europe, arrive at the position which (among royalty, anyhow) must now be regarded as the securest?

How did he, born a Greek citizen and with many close relatives who had been (to say the least) not accepted by a people who are, where foreigners are concerned, hard to satisfy and even harder still to charm?

Surely, this makes a *notable* achievement.

It is also, I found, an achievement in process of being forgotten. Only from newspaper files can one jog one's memory with the facts—that as recently as 1947 40 per cent. of voters in a newspaper poll were against the then rumored engagement of Princess Elizabeth and the handsome Philip.

Most was probably based on a vague feeling that England's future Queen should marry an Englishman. But these vague feelings are the hardest of all to change; in the case of Albert, consort of Queen Victoria and a thoroughly excellent fellow, they never were changed.

The English are apt to feel that one of their own vintage families makes a better match for an English monarch than even the most illustrious name in the "Almanach de Gotha"; so that when the Duke of York, later George VI, married Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (of ancient but non-royal family) everyone was well content.

Anyhow, all this makes Philip's conquest of England remarkable.

How did it happen? What were the special circumstances of history that paved the way? What qualities of personality and character stood the youth in such good stead? And (for, of course, this is a factor in all Cinderella stories) what brought all the luck?

One should add that it looks as if it is England's luck as well as Philip's.

Danish blood

BUT to come back to the baby on board the Calypso. Who, exactly, was he?

His name was Philip Gluecksburg (Schleswig-Holstein - Sanderburg - Gluecksburg, to be accurate and, perhaps, superfluous). His great-great-grandmother was Queen Victoria of England, his great-great-grandfather was King Christian IX of Denmark.

How the Danish Royal House supplied Greece with a ready-made king constitutes a small but curious footnote to the history of Europe during the last century.

It was a period when international royalty was a tight cartel, interlocking across frontiers, and exercising strong political and social influence from the Urals to the Atlantic.

This Danish Royal House, which also gave a Queen (Alexandra) to England, was less fortunate in Greece, for the King they sent there (George I) was, after a long reign, assassinated in 1913, amidst a series of bitter wars which ravaged the Balkans almost continuously for a decade.

There was nothing in all this history to ensure a happy inheritance for George I's grandson, the baby Philip, or to make him grow up glad to have been born a Greek citizen. (Proud, possibly, but not glad.)

Anyhow, from that moment of being carried aboard the Calypso, he never again set foot on Greek soil until he was grown up.

Even then it was only for a short visit; he never learned to speak Greek; and, in fact, except for the technicality of a birthplace, he was no more Greek than, say, Olivia de Havilland (born in Tokio) is Japanese.

And, if you want to add irony to incongruity, the house where he was born (on the Greek island of Corfu) was called, like thousands of suburban villas all over the world, "Mon Repos"!

It did not look as if much "repos" lay in Philip's future, but at least, as an exile, he might grow up without need of a barbed-wire fence round his nursery, and the Calypso did indeed take the family into safer surroundings.

Little wealth

A SMALL house on the outskirts of Paris—that mecca of exiles—became their first settlement.

For a time Princess Alice, his mother, ran an art shop in the city, for the family had escaped with very little of their wealth.

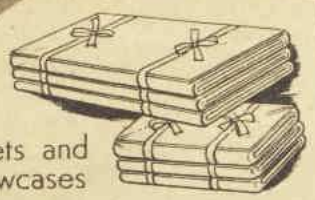
Of course, they were not poor by the standards of the everyday world; they lived in comfort, could afford a maid and a governess for Philip and

Continued overleaf

TALL, FAIR, and handsome, Philip walks the tightrope of protocol with an easy, commanding self-assurance that has earned him long-lasting respect.

CLEAN-SHAVEN now, the once Vandyke-bearded Duke cracks to Able Seaman Allan Hall, of Brisbane, "If you ever get married you'll be lucky to be able to keep that beard."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932273



Sheets and Pillowcases

So luxurious, yet so practical and economical—the longest wearing money can buy! Your favourite store has new stocks of Irish Linen sheets and pillowcases in the most attractive pastels as well as traditional snow white.

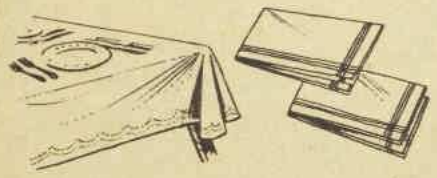


Table Cloths and Table Napkins

Brides-to-be and newly marrieds are wise indeed when they choose Irish Linen for their trousseaux—nothing is quite like Irish Linen . . . so crisp and cool, so long lasting and such a wonderful glossy sheen that's a delight to see and feel.

There is nothing quite like

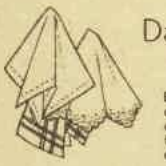
PURE IRISH LINEN

Day and Evening Fashions

Suddenly . . . Irish Linen is world fashion news. Linen in new vibrant colours . . . dresses of gossamer-fine handkerchief Linen, and of Linen too towelling, too. Light summer coats, playsuits, slacks and shorts . . . all so smart and so cool in crisp, ever-wearing, crease-resisting Irish Linen.

Hand and Tea Towels

Super-absorbent, lint-free Irish Linen tea towels quickly give your glasses, china, silverware a wonderfully clear, brilliant sparkle. Irish Linen makes wonderful hand towels, too—they will take more water than a camel.



Dainty Embroidered Handkerchiefs

Ever so fine Irish Linen . . . light as a whisper, and yet so strong, so durable and easy to wash. Perfect for those more important gift occasions.

See the wonderful range of pure Irish linen for fashion and the home at your favourite store

IL 21 28

The Mountbattens decided to 'adopt' him

THE DUKE of EDINBURGH

from page 11

● Philip may have met his future wife at several children's parties. But in all probability they took no notice of each other at all.

By James Hilton

his four sisters; they had friends, some of them other Royal exiles, many of them partisans of lost royalist causes up and down the world.

It could not be said that Philip was unhappy as a child. Much later he said he had never had a "home" till he was a married man in London, but perhaps this was hindsight, too rational though not embittered.

One gets the impression of a very normal, healthy, alert-minded boy over whom family problems (and there were many) washed continuously but without much effect.

Doubtless during these years an important influence was the children's governess, an Englishwoman named Miss Roose. Since she served the family for over two decades she could well have belonged to that noble sorority immortalised in The King and I.

While friends of the family were training the boy not to grin when addressed as "Your Royal Highness," Miss Roose was teaching him English nursery rhymes like "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross" and "Billy Boy." And she dressed him in a white sailor suit with, doubtless, the name of some ship on the cap.

At seven Philip was enrolled in an American kindergarten at St. Cloud, a Paris suburb.

Philip stayed at this school just about long enough to become a monitor and to learn how to handle a baseball bat. He was already showing a love for and a proficiency in all kinds of sports.

A typical extrovert, in fact—which was just as well in view of what happened a year or so later. For then the exiled family broke up and were never again to be united.

Philip's mother fell ill and went to Germany for treatment, his father drifted off to Monte Carlo, and the four sisters, of age for early matrimony, were soon to find husbands in the ranks of the German princelings.

So what to do with young Philip?

Here we come to another of his valuable assets—indeed, one so helpful in any small boy's life that it has become a stock figure in the mythology of childhood—the rich uncle.

Philip's rich uncle was his mother's brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The name is so well known in modern history that it deserves a little probe into the past.

The Mountbattens had changed their name from Battenberg (which was too German to be popular in England during the first World War); and the anglicised branch of this ancient German family had made further history when Lord Louis married the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel.

Cassel was a German-Jewish banker who financed Edward VII's extravagances and died in 1931 worth ten million pounds. Thus equipped, the Mountbatten star rose high in the English firmament, and Lord Louis (called "Dickie" by his intimates) was certainly well qualified to keep it glittering.

Professionally ambitious, personally attractive, with a full measure of brains and charm, he was every boy's dream of what a rich uncle should be.

Personages as unlike each other as Sir Winston Churchill and General "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell have found him at times hard to take; and his place in history as the last Viceroy of India strikes a melancholy note for many Englishmen.

When, however, the comment is made (less often now than formerly) that he was the "king maker" who steered young Philip's path from the decks of the Calypso to the Castle of Windsor, this at least must be remembered: that at the time he first became a guiding influence in the boy's life it was almost beyond rational forecasting that events could turn out as they later did.

For the two dynastic events that brought Elizabeth to the throne (Edward VIII's abdication and the death of George VI without male heir) were both at that time equally unlikely and unpredictable.

Far more plausible is the simple theory that Lord Louis, who had no sons of his own, took a fancy to Philip (which wouldn't be hard) and decided — emotionally though not legally—to "adopt" him.

So Philip came to England, lived a good deal at the Mountbatten houses, and did most of what came naturally to him—which included playing all kinds of games, and quickly forgetting the French language as spoken by small boys in France.

Under Mountbatten sponsorship he went to a prep-school in Surrey, where he began to learn French as spoken by English schoolboys, and even won a prize for it.

During holidays he must also have picked up a good deal of social knowhow from his illustrious uncle, as well as that love of the sea which was in the Mountbatten blood.

No wonder the Mountbattens grew increasingly pleased with him, for he was promising to be exceptionally good-looking, with very blond hair and Viking features — clearly a find in the restricted world of European royalty.

This was the year 1932, when two new names—Roosevelt and Hitler—were at the front of the world's stage. Another name, that of a future Queen of England, was being prettified to "Lilibet" in the English newspapers; it belonged to a small girl of six.

It is possible that Philip, aged eleven, met his future wife at one or at several children's parties during those school holidays, and it is equally possible that they took no notice of each other at all. Certainly neither can remember such a meeting or can deny that it may have happened.

Time now for another sharp turn in Philip's life and development.

Had he been an English boy of aristocratic or upper-class family, his route-march to manhood would have been fairly well charted in advance—a "public" school, such as Eton or Harrow, then three years at either Oxford or Cambridge University.

But Philip, though rapidly becoming anglicised, was not English, and the Mountbattens, though English by adoption, had too much in their European background to accept without question everything that was insular.

Moreover, it happened that Philip's elder sister, Theodora, had recently married Berthold of Baden, a high-minded German prince who was much concerned with the problems of education. In this field Berthold had been deeply impressed by the ideas of a remarkable German schoolmaster named Kurt Hahn.

As far back as 1918 the Baden castle on the shores of Lake Constance had been put at Hahn's disposal, and the result, after more than a decade, had become a school not quite like any other in the world.

It was to be Philip's school during his most impressionable years, and in any story of Philip's life one must circle and capitalise Hahn's name in the list that begins—

Roose
Mountbatten
HAHN

Kurt Hahn was (and happily still is) among the rarer spiritual influences that historians of this century may remember when the dust has settled and when many "bigger" names have been forgotten. Like such men as Albert Schweitzer and Karl Barth, Hahn was passionately aware of the sickness of modern society and of its need of regeneration through the development of the individual character.

Without fanfare or headline hunting, he had dedicated himself to moulding the early lives of those who might be expected in later life to mould the lives of others. This has sometimes been called a training for leadership, but more accurately it is a training for service.

The pupils of Salem School, as the old Baden castle was renamed, grew up on a new kind of educational diet. The old-fashioned gulf between "games" and "school work" was replaced by a unified pattern in which book-learning

Continued next page

PRINCESS ALICE OF GREECE, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh. She lived in Paris for some years after having left Greece and is now a nun in a Greek convent.

THE DUKE'S FATHER, Prince Andrew of Greece. He remained in Athens during the Nazi occupation and died in 1944, soon after the Allies liberated the city.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932274

MUCKING IN. The Duke wears an asbestos glove as he pours an iron ingot during a recent visit to a Lowestoft foundry.

PHILIP and the young Elizabeth in the White Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace shortly before their marriage.

He got no favors

from page 12

and outdoor activities formed a single stream of effort.

The Salem boys lived a hard, healthy life. They climbed mountains, sailed boats, learned crafts of hand as well as brain.

Prowess in games and success in examinations were not discouraged, but they were not, either together or separately, regarded as sufficient.

Education, as Hahn saw it, was more than merely winning a competitive battle—indeed, perhaps the most striking example of the Hahn method was that a boy was never matched against another boy, in work or play, but when he had done something specially good the person he was then set to excel was himself.

Shortly after Hitler came into power the Nazis took a look at Salem and decided they could incorporate it into their scheme of things if Hahn would make a few changes. He refused. Since he was also partly Jewish they gaoled him.

By the time he was released Salem had passed out of his control. To anyone less indomitable it might have seemed the end of a life work.

Actually it was the beginning of a new life work. Hahn had many friends in England, and he himself had spent years at Oxford. There was also much in the English public school system that he admired.

When it was suggested that he recreate his school across the Channel and transplant his ideas into a freer soil he gladly accepted the challenge and began looking around for a suitable location.

Some of his pupils planned to accompany him, and young Philip, then aged 13, was among them. It was just as well, for the boy had already shown a reaction to Nazi ways which would soon have made him unpopular in Germany.

He had begun to laugh at the wrong moments—such as, for instance, when people gave the Hitler salute.

Thus it came about that this new kind of student prince, Greek by accident of birth, Danish by blood, Parisian during early childhood, anglicised by later upbringing, followed his German schoolmaster to Scotland when the tide of history turned.

That last journey out of Germany, in 1934, was for Philip a real farewell to a part of his life. His sisters, for better or worse, had made themselves German by marriage, and in the world war that even in those days was beginning to seem inevitable it was equally inevitable that Philip and they would be on different sides. Thenceforward the family cleavage deepened into the sort of tragedy that most people are spared.

Of Philip's German brothers-in-law, three fought in the German army and one was killed. Sister Cecile and her husband were victims of an aeroplane accident in 1937, and Philip's mother returned to Greece to seek peace of mind in a nunnery. His father, Prince Andrew, died eventually in 1944.

One can truly say that even if, as a boy, Philip had ever known much domestic happiness it could not have lasted for long, and that perhaps, in view of what was in store, it was fortunate that his family ties were not closer.

Hahn's school in Scotland was set up at Gordonstoun, in Morayshire, where the heather hills slope down to level land and the North Sea. In a fine but battered old seventeenth century mansion a handful of English and German boys formed the first classes.

Hahn had lost all his money in Germany, and despite growing fame and a few faithful friends (Lord Tweedsmuir, better known as John Buchan the writer, was one) the school at the outset lived financially from hand to mouth.

One challenge lay right at the school's door: the sea. This alone made Gordonstoun more than a second Salem; it gave Gordonstoun an edge over most other British schools.

Indeed, considering that Britain is an island and that the country's fortunes have been long linked with seafaring, it seems odd that so few of its great schools have been built on the coast or have realised the possibilities of sea-training as part of education.

Hahn was determined that Gordonstoun should, and the first thing he did was to plan the school as an integral part of the fishing and seagoing community that lay around it.

The boys became almost amphibian — swimming, diving, sailing, sculling, and accompanying the local fishermen on overnight trips, exploring every local bay and cave. They became official coastguards and did valuable work during winter storms.

These years at Gordonstoun were happy ones for Philip. He rose to be head of the school, as well as captain of the cricket and hockey teams. He also represented Gordonstoun in the Scottish schools athletic championships.

He loved the rigorous routine, which included (winter and summer) two cold showers a day as well as a hike before breakfast.

He was given no favors—not only would that have been contrary to the entire Hahn system, but he was not yet a person of any special importance.

He was just an exceptionally attractive youngster who, with his family connections, could show himself at stylish London parties and be welcomed at the great houses which, in those days, the aristocracy could still afford to keep up.

It was doubtless a great surprise to some that, instead of following the easy road to international playboyhood, he had decided already on a career in the British Navy.

Perhaps this was what made many people first take Gordonstoun seriously, since it was Hahn who had sized up and brought out Philip's capabilities.

Hahn's confidential report, delivered later to the Naval authorities, put the matter with headmasterly shrewdness:

"He is a born leader, but he will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding. His second best is not good enough."

Clearly the Navy could be that great service.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, destiny was at work in less arduous directions. It was at the Coronation of George VI in 1937 that Philip and the Princess Elizabeth first remember meeting each other. He was 16 then and she was 11.

It could not have been hard for her to hero-worship the handsome six-footer who, off duty, could relax as energetically as he could work. To her he would certainly seem a novel type, for there was little of the conventional English pattern in what had happened to him.

Yet he was, undoubtedly, becoming "English," whatever that word can mean to those who use it when they cannot think of any other, and he was so much better-looking than the average island youth that the English could flatter themselves by calling him "typically English."

NEXT WEEK: Came 1939 — and romance between Philip and the Princess flourished despite competition.

THANK YOU DARLING GOYA

Thank you for Black Rose, the most successful perfume I've ever worn.

Royal Flacon 135/-
Handbag Phial 5/7

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • MELBOURNE

Career Wives

HEALING IN HER HANDS

"I lead a full but happy life," smiled Mrs. Lipton of 34 Dover Road, Rose Bay. This busy young woman combines the running of a home with the full-time job of physiotherapy. She is still in practice because she finds her work too interesting and stimulating to give up.

Mrs. Lipton was busy massaging when interviewed last week. "My patients have often told me I have very soothing hands," she said. "Naturally, they must be kept soft and smooth, and that's not always easy when there's housework to be done. One important way I guard my hands is by using Persil on washday. Persil is so gentle—it keeps hands wonderfully smooth."

P.134.WW62g

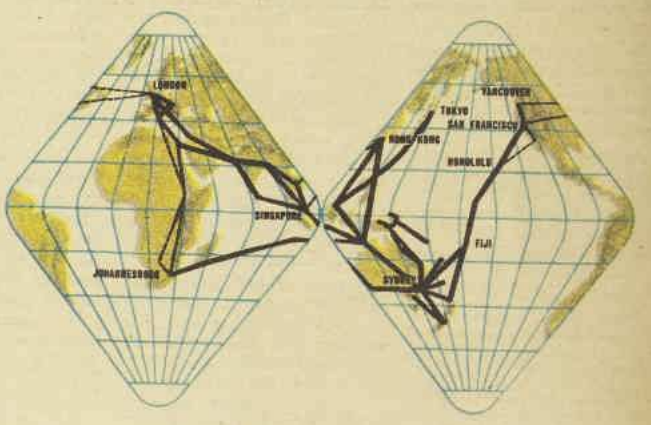
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932275

Sky tourist around the world for £547.18.0

It's a happy fact that Qantas will sell you a ticket to fly around the world, 18,000 feet up, in today's finest, fastest, most advanced airliners, with wonderful meals and individual service, at approximately the same cost per mile as an Australian city tram-ride! With a Qantas round-the-world ticket you can fly over thirteen different countries: In any of these you can leave the plane for business, sight-seeing, or special trips, for as long or as little time as you wish within the full 12 months' currency of your ticket.

Everywhere you go, friendly advice and assistance about local accommodation, points of interest, tours, currency and customs are freely yours through Qantas offices and accredited agencies.

For the holiday of your life, see the world through Qantas. Any travel agency will tell you all you want to know about the Qantas round-the-world air-travel plan.



QANTAS *to the world*

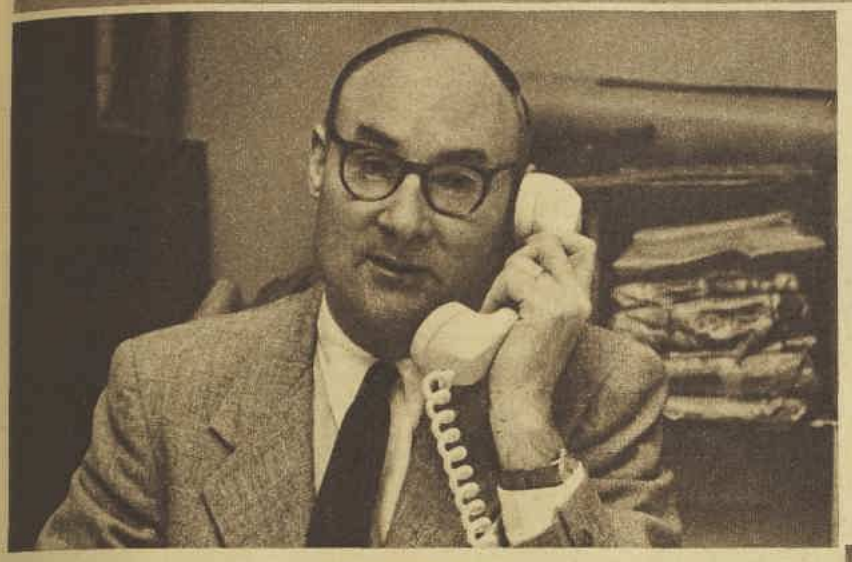
AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

- *Pressurised, air-conditioned, sound-proofed Super-G Constellations.*
- *Four spacious cabins. Four Wright Cyclone turbo-compound engines.*
- *Magnificent food, complete service everywhere in the plane.*
- *First Class or Tourist travel.*

QANTAS Empire Airways Ltd. (Inc. in Q'land) in association with B.O.A.C. and TEAL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932276

Marriage expert to write for us



DR. DAVID MACE

DR. DAVID MACE, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., marriage-guidance pioneer, has devoted his life to helping men and women find real happiness in love and marriage.

In joining with the National Marriage Guidance Council, in the sponsorship of Dr. and Mrs. Mace's tour, The Australian Women's Weekly hopes to make a very real contribution to Australian life by helping those people who need counsel in marital problems.

As a step towards this, we are proud to announce that next week Dr. Mace will start writing for us exclusively. Each week he will tell a true story based on actual cases in his files.

The stories present the facts, the solution, and Dr. Mace's summing-up.

Next week he tells the story of Barbara, 36, and Tom, 37. "Why do we fight about everything?" they asked Dr. Mace.

Dr. Mace believes Australian women make good wives

Dr. David Mace, world authority on human relations and pioneer in marriage-guidance counselling, who will visit Australia on a lecture tour in August, is an unprofessorial professor with the courage to assert that a woman's place is in the home.

By ROBERT FELDMAN of our New York staff

HE blames her entry into the man's world for much of today's marital discord, especially in America, where 50 per cent. of wives work and one marriage in four fizzles out in divorce.

"Regrettably, the rest of the world seems to be moving toward the American concept of female 'emancipation'," Dr. Mace says.

Dr. Mace will be accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Vera Mace, on his Australian tour. Mrs. Mace is also an authority on marriage. The tour has been arranged by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

But the tall, quiet-spoken ex-clergyman, whose career of helping others maritally has taken him from the slums of London to a comfortable new home in a New Jersey (U.S.A.) university town, hastens to add a rider when he speaks of working wives.

"Don't misunderstand. There's nothing intrinsically wrong with wives working, nor am I attacking the concept of equality between spouses. But parallel careers inevitably give rise to temptations and frictions, and it takes an exceptional maturity in both husband and wife to carry it off successfully.

Traditional role

"ON the other hand, it's so much easier for wives to fulfil their traditional domestic role, blueprinted for them down through the ages. The happiest wives, you know, are in East Asia, where they have no status.

"It's only in the West where you come upon hag-ridden women. Here women are asking for far too much, and men are leaving them in droves. In the urban areas of the U.S. more than one-half the mothers are bringing up their children without a father's help. Where are the men? They've shot through.

Wise wives

"IN Europe—and, I believe, in Australia—most women don't push their men into a corner the way they do here. They don't make him feel a sap and a dope.

"Maybe that's why so many G.I.s married overseas," he added.

Dr. and Mrs. Mace have two daughters, Sheila, 20, and Fiona, 17, both students. They will not accompany their parents to Australia.

The Maces moved into their new house, at the end of a quiet, maple-lined street, last October. Dr. Mace had read up on architecture, drawn all his own plans, merely had a licensed architect sign them to make things legal.

He met his future wife when she was assigned to the Parish of Bermondsey, England, to work in a girls' missionary organisation. The two became known throughout the tough area for their tolerant view of the peccadilloes of some of the parishioners.

The day the Maces were married they had a rousing send-off at the parish hall. Having bade everyone goodbye at the door to go off on their honeymoon, they discovered that they had left their baggage in an upstairs room.

Reluctant to go back and face the jibes that would result, they called upon the help of Jack the Jemmy, a notorious London cat burglar. For his friends he was glad to climb a sheer wall at the back of the house, jemmy a window, and pass out the needed suitcases.

Asked to define his work as a marriage counsellor, Dr. Mace said:

"It's a blend of psychology and sociology. Psychology is the study of individual behaviour, sociology the study of group behaviour. Human relations takes the major insights of the two fields and tries to apply them to the family and society."

Last year Dr. and Mrs. Mace went to South Africa for a series of lectures on marriage and the family. There they found the divorce rate surpassed even that of the U.S. In Johannesburg, two marriages out of seven cracked up. Why?

"It might be because of the highly materialistic society," says Dr. Mace.

Marital discord

THE doctor refuses to generalise about the leading causes of marital discord, beyond saying that they result from a failure of husband and wife to "accommodate."

True marital success, he points out, depends on the achievement of unity and harmony on all levels—physical, mental, emotional, spiritual.

An important factor in a huge proportion of unhappy marriages, he adds, is sexual maladjustment. It is essential that husbands and wives should succeed as lovers as well as partners. Otherwise there will be unsatisfied emotional needs that will reach out for fulfilment beyond the relationship and constantly endanger its security.

About romantic love and sex he says:

"Marriages based on romantic love alone cannot and do not last. I am not a cynic about romantic love, and I believe that it is a great and noble emotion, and an important element in the making of a marriage, but I am simply stating a fact when I say it is not self-sustaining."

Dr. and Mrs. Mace took it quite calmly when I asked them about the success of their marriage (I'd waited with this question until just before we left). They didn't deny occasional conflicts, but said these were easily fixed compared to the problems they had to listen to.

"After all, if we had trouble to whom could we go for advice?" said Mrs. Mace.

They are proud of their daughters, who are considered by many people a "walking demonstration of the effectiveness of Mr. and Mrs. Professor of Human Relations."

MODERN KITCHEN designed by her husband pleases Mrs. Mace. Mrs. Mace, herself an authority and consultant on human relations, will also lecture in Australia.

AUSTRALIA is a spare-time study for the busy Maces, pictured here with their daughter Fiona, 17. Fiona will live in France with a French family during her parents' Commonwealth-wide Australian tour.

THESE are the titles of the public lectures to be given throughout the Commonwealth by Dr. Mace:

Marriage in the modern world.
Marriage as a sex relationship.
Marriage as a personal relationship.
Marriage and parenthood.
Marriage and the worker.
Marriage and society.

Booking arrangements will be announced in a later issue.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932277

Vitamin fortified OVALTINE

fights winter colds and 'flu

"Last winter was a nightmare; my whole family suffered one cold after another. Having a friendly chat with my doctor, he advised me to put them all on Ovaltine. Believe me, it's the best advice I've ever had. So far my husband and the children have been free from colds, in fact, they all seem to have acquired a new vitality."

You, too, would be wise to follow this mother's advice. Ovaltine contains all the vital vitamins and minerals plus concentrated food value, which will build up your family's resistance to sickness and promote abounding good health.

ONLY OVALTINE GIVES YOU...

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT

OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development; Magnesium to aid digestion; Iron for the blood; Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.

MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B_1, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of malt, milk and eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves; and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

IT'S FORTIFIED WITH ADDITIONAL VITAMINS

NEW REDUCED PRICES

OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

from page 3

making great progress in your magic, and I am very glad. But you must remember, Billy, that there are other things in life besides magic tricks. You must keep up with your school work, and play outside lots, and eat good food, and things like that. You must not get so interested in doing tricks that you forget to be a strong and healthy boy. That is really the most important thing.

Yours for better magic,
Blackfield the Great.

Colfax, California, March 17.
Dear Mr. Blackfield the Great:

I got your letter. I am already a strong and healthy boy. My magic isn't tricks, it's magic. Yesterday I made a rabbit disapear. Everybody was mistyfied. The rabbit didn't come back.

Your friend,
Billy Satterlake,
The World's Greatest Disapearer.

Colfax, California, March 17.
Miss Frieda Carling, Secretary,
Blackfield the Great,
667 Fifth Avenue,
New York 36, N.Y.
Dear Miss Carling:

Forgive me for writing you again. Billy received the personal note from Mr. Blackfield, which he prizes very much, and for which I wish to thank you and him — Mr. Blackfield, of course. I am genuinely perturbed about Billy.

Yesterday he did an extremely ingenious, and I must admit puzzling, disappearance trick with one of his pet rabbits. Somehow the rabbit managed to "disappear" for good during the performance. Of course, he (the rabbit) obviously ran away, but no one saw him go, and Billy is more than ever convinced of his "powers."

None of Billy's friends will play with him any more. They say he "makes their pets disappear and won't bring them back." This is nonsense, of course, and when Mrs. Moore (our neighbor) made such a ridiculous claim, I naturally told her so. Nevertheless, I am very worried.

Mr. Satterlake is a nervous man, even under normal conditions.

Miss Carling, could you possibly persuade Mr. Blackfield to write Billy another letter? A stronger one? I would be so grateful. I know this is a terrible imposition, but we are frankly at our wits' end.

Yours worriedly,
Mary Satterlake

New York City, March 25.
Dear Mrs. Satterlake:

With reference to your recent letter, Mr. Blackfield has asked me to tell you that Billy is in a normal phase of boyhood, and that it will pass. Perhaps he has already turned his interest elsewhere.

Yours very truly,
Frieda Carling,
Secretary to Blackfield the Great.

Colfax, California, April 3.
Miss Frieda Carling,
Mr. Blackfield's Office,
667 Fifth Avenue,
New York 36, N.Y.
Dear Miss Carling:

My wife, Mrs. John Satterlake, has asked me to answer your recent letter concerning our son Billy.

In your letter you state: "Perhaps he has already turned his interest elsewhere." You are quite correct. He has. He has turned his interest away from his own and his neighbors' pets to my pedigreed black Dalmatian, Garfoyle Kartoumis, valued at five hundred dollars.

The circumstances are as follows. I determined to break Billy once and for all of his delusion that he could make anything disappear. I made a solid box, with top, which I placed in the middle of the living-room rug.

I then placed my dog Garfoyle into it, putting the top on (having holes in the box, naturally, so he could breathe). I did this in the presence of Billy, my wife, and two neighbors who had made complaints. I then challenged Billy to make my dog Garfoyle disappear.

I will describe the subsequent events exactly as they occurred. Billy walked several times round the box, talking under his breath, made a sweeping gesture with his hands, and told me to take the top off the box. I did so. Garfoyle (my dog) was gone.

The box was never out of my sight, nor was Billy. I can only assume that Billy has some extraordinary power of deluding spectators, along the lines of the well known "Hindu rope trick," so that they will believe what he wants them to. At any rate, my dog Garfoyle is gone.

"Try to work the conversation around to 'Good-night'."

This is a ridiculous situation. Billy stubbornly refuses to tell how he did the trick, saying only "magicians don't tell." My neighbors, naturally, are more suspicious than ever. Meanwhile, my dog is missing, and perhaps starving in some place where Billy has undoubtedly hidden him.

Please tell Mr. Blackfield to write me at once, telling me how the trick was performed. Also ask him to write Billy, telling him to stop this foolishness. This has gone quite far enough. I am a very nervous man.

Yours very truly,
John Satterlake.

Colfax, California, April 15.
Miss Frieda Carling,
667 Fifth Avenue,
New York 36, N.Y.
Dear Miss Carling:

To date I have had no answer from you concerning my letter of April 3. Garfoyle (my dog) is still missing.

Since Billy bought Mr. Blackfield's book, and because these events (rabbit, neighbors' pets, my dog Garfoyle) have all occurred since that time, I hold Mr. Blackfield responsible, both morally and legally.

If I do not hear from you at once I will be forced to put this matter into the hands of my attorney.

Respectfully,
John Satterlake.

New York City, April 20.
Mr. John Satterlake,
Colfax, California.
Dear Mr. Satterlake:

Your correspondence with Mr. Blackfield has been placed in our hands. Your attitude is, to put it quite bluntly, childish. Mr. Blackfield's book, "Magic Complete," has sold thousands of copies. Its sole purpose is to entertain and there has never been a complaint before.

As to your personal problems, obviously your son has played some sort of a trick on you. At this distance it is naturally impossible to suggest just how he may have done it. Mr. Blackfield most decidedly feels no responsibility, moral or legal, for your dog "Garfoyle."

If you persist in the opinion expressed in your last letter we, too, suggest you take this matter to your attorney.

We remain, etc.,
Arthur Kornfeld,
Kornfeld, Schooler and Kornfeld,
Attorneys-at-law.

TELEGRAM

Colfax, Calif, Apr 27.
Blackfield the Great
667 Fifth Ave
NYC

Will you come Colfax at once my expense. Neighbor's prize bull gone Billy held responsible. Will pay any reasonable fee for your assistance.

Mary Satterlake.

TELEGRAM — COLLECT

NYC, Apr 28.
Mrs. Mary Satterlake
Colfax, California

Regret previous commitments make impossible me come Colfax. Assure you there is no known means of making object animate or inanimate especially a bull disappear without being able to make same object reappear. Suggest you hire attorney for yourself and doctor for your son.

Blackfield.

TELEGRAM

Colfax, Calif, Apr 28.
Blackfield
667 Fifth Ave
NYC

Urgent you come at once. Billy says quote biggest trick still to come unquote. Frantic. Fear the worst. Father highly nervous state. Name your fee.

Mary Satterlake.

TELEGRAM

Mary Satterlake
Colfax, Calif

Will arrive tomorrow morning flight one two six meet plane.

Blackfield.

TELEGRAM

Colfax, Calif, Apr 28.
Blackfield
667 Fifth Ave
NYC

Cancel trip. Emergency over. Today in similar manner to my dog Garfoyle my son Billy made himself disappear. Have decided to let well enough alone.

John Satterlake.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932278

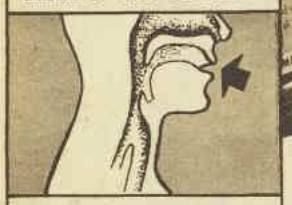
THIS IS AUSTRALIA

STEEL SKYLINE at Botany Bay, N.S.W., near Captain Cook's historic landing-place, outlines the Propane Decarbonisation Unit, one of the four major units at the Kurnell Oil Refinery. These four units refine crude oil from Indonesia. The resulting products are pumped three miles through submarine pipelines across Botany Bay to an oil terminal at Banksmeadow for distribution. In the past five years, four refineries have been built in three States — N.S.W., Victoria, and Western Australia — and the one at Kurnell is the newest. It was erected by Australian Oil Refining Pty. Ltd., at a cost of £25,000,000, and is the latest stage in an expansion programme to make Australia self-sufficient in refined petroleum products. The picture is by Max Dupain and Kerry Dundas, of Sydney.

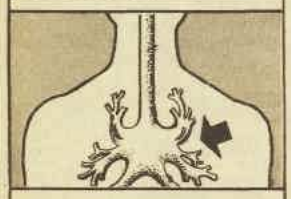
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932279

POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING

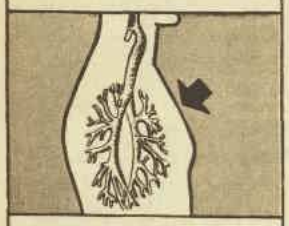
HERE'S THE SECRET:



1. STOPS COUGHING
Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing spasms.



2. LOOSENS PHLEGM
Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation . . . rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.



3. MAKES BREATHING EASIER
The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine—an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR BRINGS YOU *FASTER* RELIEF!

When coughs and bronchial congestion make life a misery, get faster, positive relief with NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir. This modern formulation "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way expectorant, sedative, decongestive action of NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir brings you a **proven effective** medicine to fight winter coughs.

10 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS

NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir contains **ten medically-proven** active ingredients . . . all in proper balance. The medication penetrates deep into the bronchial tubes to break up the worst congestion . . . **fast.** The demulcent elixir soothes raw surfaces of your throat . . . stops harsh, racking coughing.

Accurate Dosage FOR ALL AGES

NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir comes in 3 formulations, with dosages **accurately** adjusted for **all** ages.

ADULTS, and children over 12 years—NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir—6 fl. ozs., **5/6;** 12 fl. ozs., **9/6.**

CHILDREN, 6 to 12 years—NYAL **'Decongestant'** CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—6 fl. ozs., **5/6.**

BABIES, 6 months to 5 years—NYAL **'Decongestant'** BABY Cough Elixir—3 fl. ozs., **3/6;** 6 fl. ozs., **5/6.**

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

N.19.56WW

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Breathe freely in 2 minutes

At last—here's relief from the misery of "stuffy" head colds! You'll breathe freely two minutes after using NYAL **'Decongestant'** Nasal Spray—the **newest, most modern** form of nasal medication—packed in a self-atomising plastic pack. Just squeeze, and a medicated mist goes deep into stuffed-up, mucus-laden areas instantly, bringing speedy, soothing relief. No sting: no burn! Can be used as often as necessary by young and old alike. **5/6**

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"There's nothing more comforting on a cold winter night than sitting in front of your own fireplace watching the roaring flames fade to glowing embers."

MOTHER

"Here's little Alfred to play with you. Now mind, no hitting, biting, kicking, or scratching!"

It seems to me

By

IN a couple of weeks the shortest day will be over, and after that there will be only 187 days to Christmas.

Once the shortest day is gone, it will be time to look forward to the new leaves on the trees in the park, and spring hats.

After that the new swimsuits will be on show and it won't be long until the surf grows warm enough for swimming, coats go to the dry cleaners, and we can all complain about the heat.

If the above thoughts appear to be a little ahead of time, it is only because I am trying to get into the mood of the shops.

Went to buy a pair of winter shoes last week and learned that stocks were not being renewed. The spring models were due in this week.

* * *

SHOULD you have any illusion about the status of women, reflect on the judgment given in a Paris court the other day.

The judge fined a woman £3 for calling another woman "a term of scorn and insult, to wit, a female."

It is quite true that to describe a woman as a female, especially if in anger or scorn, can be insulting. It is like labelling a caller a "person" or a "creature."

But by no stretch of imagination can the word "male" be regarded as insulting to a man.

Makes you think, doesn't it?

* * *

ON his 106th birthday, a Portuguese, Senhor Joaquim Carmona, gave his recipe for a long and healthy life: "Eat well, smoke cigars, drink red wine, never get worried, and never be sad."

Never get worried and never be sad,
Never be gloomy, always be glad,
Look on the bright side and never the bad,
Live to a hundred, a jolly old lad,
Who never gets worried and never is sad—
And probably drives his relatives mad!

* * *

IN a world full of hideous death-dealing inventions, it is pleasant to notice one which is really useful.

It is the "ambidextrous glove" currently advertised in an American newspaper. In making these, which fit either hand, the manufacturers have put an end to the problem of the lost single glove.

All other glove-makers must be gnashing their teeth. The notion, if it takes on, will certainly reduce the quantity sold. Three ambidextrous gloves would last for years.

ONLY three years ago the ascent of Mt. Everest made one of the most exciting pieces of news in a generation.

Last week the Swiss Legation in New Delhi announced that a Swiss expedition had climbed Everest twice in one week.

Meanwhile, as far as I can tell by a casual reading of news items, the Himalayas are positively crawling with other expeditions running up and down other peaks.

It looks as if Mt. Everest is going the way of the four-minute mile.

Perish the thought that the day should come when the name of Hillary occupies the same place in quiz shows as that of Captain Matthew Webb—first man to swim the English channel.

* * *

THERE are some things, as women say sadly and repeatedly, which men never understand.

A friend of mine, spending a holiday by the sea, spent hours gathering choice pieces of driftwood for decoration in her town flat.

Last weekend she called on a neighbor for a few minutes while her husband kindly lit the fire. She returned to find all the most artistic pieces of driftwood blazing merrily away.

* * *

SOME shopkeepers don't seem to want to sell their goods.

An English columnist reports seeing at sales men's jackets marked "portly," "medium portly," and "short portly."

Perhaps the shopkeeper had in mind that the Oxford dictionary defines portly not only as "bulky" but as "of stately appearance."

* * *

LOVER'S vows of eternal faithfulness could not be regarded as promise of marriage, the Austrian Supreme Court ruled last week. A woman, suing her ex-fiance for breach of promise, said he had sworn everlasting fidelity, then married another. The court decided: "These vows must be regarded as common love phrases."

Loving phrases, words endearing,
Old as hills and ever new,
Always make such charming hearing,
Sound as though they're coined for you.

Just remember, though they're pleasant,
Vows wear out like last year's dress,
For "for ever" read "at present,"
Do not value them the less.

If, of course, they're down in writing,
You may fancy them a tie.
Pity, though, to risk their blighting
By a cold, judicial eye.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932280

Sit beside "Granny" Hayes and discover VOLKSWAGEN —a new world of comfort and performance

Charlotte ("Granny") Hayes, outstanding woman driver, says: "I discovered Volkswagen in the 1955 Redex — found there was only one car to beat it — another Volkswagen. Here's *your* chance to discover this brilliant performer.

An unmade road — feel how Volkswagen's torsion bar suspension, independent on all four wheels, cushions every bump. No other car in its class has torsion bar suspension.

On hot, dusty roads the air-cooling system automatically keeps the engine at correct temperature. No radiator to over-heat, no leaky connections or other water-cooling problems.

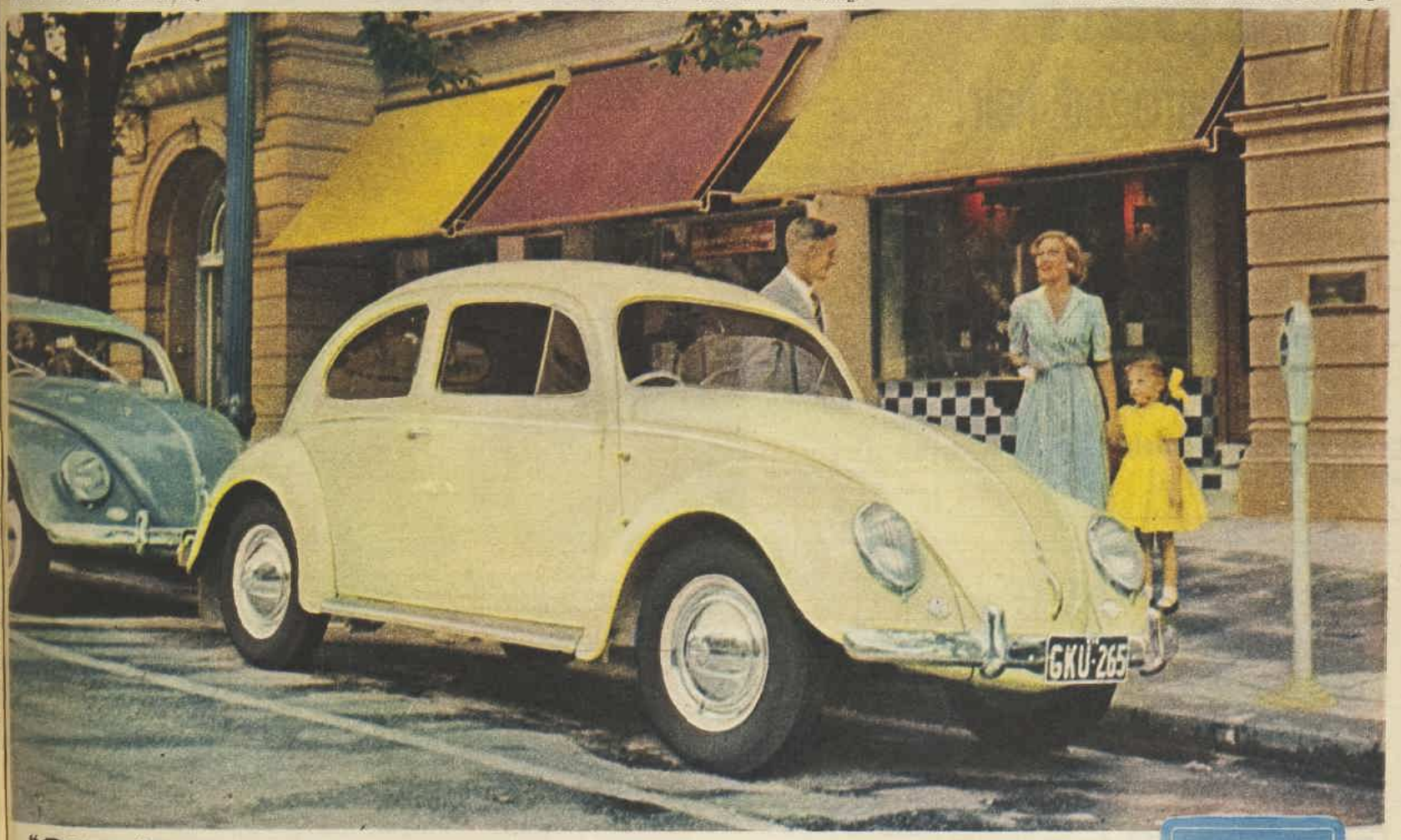
Up a steep hill — the rear mounted engine gives greater drive. Changing up, or down, is child's play, because 2nd, 3rd and 4th gears are synchronised.

Around this corner with a flick of the wheel. It's easy to manoeuvre Volkswagen in heavy traffic because steering responds to fingertip control. No shake, no shimmy.

Volkswagen is perfect for shopping expeditions. So easy to park — slips into a space little longer than the car. Lots of space for your parcels behind the back seat and under the bonnet.

Look! Volkswagen's streamlined, sloping bonnet gives you an unrestricted view of the road — almost up to the front of the car. It's safer, more time for braking.

There's a Volkswagen Service Station! Travelling interstate or abroad — *wherever* you go — you'll find an authorised Volkswagen Station at your service. Just look for that famous blue VW sign.



"GRANNY" HAYES has **told** you about Volkswagen performance. Next thing to do? Discover the **thrill of driving Volkswagen for yourself.**

Sit back — see the road skimming beneath you as you dart off the mark — swiftly, smoothly. Feel the surge of power from the 14.8 h.p. engine. Hear its slow revving purr — no strain, no wear — mile after mile.

Your reliable Volkswagen gives you economy, too. You can cruise 38 miles on only one gallon of petrol — 4½ pts. of oil each oil change.

Unique after-sales service. A special service booklet contains voucher coupons showing maintenance and lubrication operations to be carried out at regular mileages. Coupons quote exact prices — no estimating. Trained mechanics work with Volkswagen-designed tool kits — give you fast, efficient and inexpensive service. And, spare parts are always in full supply.

Over 11,000 Australians have discovered Volkswagen — throughout the world, over 40,000 Volkswagens have travelled more than 60,000 miles without major repairs.

Arrange with your Volkswagen distributor for a trial drive. Discover for yourself this new world of comfort and performance — Volkswagen, Australia's best car value at £971, **inc. sales tax.**

VOLKSWAGEN (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Distributors in all States — and a Commonwealth-wide network of service.

SERVICE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932281

You need this amazing discovery quickly — if you have any of these hair problems . . .

- ☐ IF your hair has been over-processed during your permanent.
- ☐ IF it has a porous, spongy texture.
- ☐ IF it is limp and lifeless.
- ☐ IF it is brittle—breaks easily.
- ☐ IF it is dry from over-exposure to sun, salt water or chlorinated fresh water.
- ☐ IF your hair tint has darkened the colour too much.
- ☐ IF your hair is just not up to par—is dry and drab . . . lifeless or lacks lustre.

RICHARD HUDNUT'S

Hair Repair

restores damaged hair!

HERE is a scientific oil-treatment discovery that gives damaged or dull, brittle hair a new lease of life.

No matter what condition your hair is in—dry, limp, porous, over-processed, bleached — *you can improve it* with the very first treatment of Richard Hudnut's new discovery, HAIR REPAIR.
After a few simple treatments at home your hair will be stronger—easier to manage than ever before—ready to take a good home permanent—shining and silken soft.

Keeps healthy hair lovely and easy-to-manage...

Hair Repair is now available at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

HR3.102

NO HEAT WASTED

For all Electric and Heat Storage Cookers. From leading Stores and Ironmongers.

SWAN BRAND

GROUND BASE ALUMINIUM HOLLOWARE

In the home for a LIFETIME

Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18, England

M-W-3B5R

Metro

NYLONPOPLIN SHIRTS

"with EVERPERFECT Collar and Cuffs"

Toynbee..."an amiable old grandad"

● Eminent British historian Professor Arnold Toynbee believes that by striving for equal rights and taking up careers women have made life difficult for themselves.

By BARBARA RICHARDS, staff reporter

"IN other ages" he said, "a woman had only one place, and that was in the home. There were always plenty of unmarried women round the home to help the married ones take care of the house and family.

"Now the single women go out to work and the mother has to look after things as best she can. That's part of the reason for this continual cry about our overworked young mothers."

However, the Professor, who is in Australia to give the Dyason lectures under the auspices of the Australian Institute of International Affairs, is quite sure that women have done the right thing by themselves.

He believes they deserve infinitely more than to be "mere chattels."

"Basically," he said, "nearly every woman will always want to be a wife and mother. That in itself will probably prevent women ever taking over the reins from men.

"But it is a very good thing that women who, for some reason, do not achieve motherhood or who are not yet at that stage should be able to lead interesting lives in some job."

Professor Toynbee's white hair was shining in the winter sunlight and his face was glowing from a walk he had taken with his Sydney host and hostess when I met him.

As he spoke, this thoughtful, pleasant man, the author of a monumental 10-volume work, "A Study of History," which runs into 3,150,000 words and took 30 years to write, clasped and unclasped his long fingers, and occasionally gave a hearty laugh.

Beside him on the sofa sat his wife, whom he married in 1946 after she had been his assistant in London at Chatham House—the Royal Institute of International Affairs—for more than 30 years.

Mrs. Toynbee wrote the index to "A Study of History"—no small task, for the index contains detailed analyses of historical ideas and trends. She also types his works from his longhand manuscript.

"I'm here as a watchdog," said Mrs. Toynbee. "I've got to see he doesn't run around too much. I fell down a bit on the job in South America and he became ill."

"I am afraid I have something of the American in me," said the Professor. "I find it difficult to settle down."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Toynbee manages to put a curb on him. In the few hours after dinner when he refuses to write, she makes him read to her. This, she says, is one way of dragging him away from books like Turkish grammars.

Professor Toynbee has a prodigious command of languages. He speaks French, German, Italian, modern Greek, and some Turkish. He reads all these as well as Latin and ancient Greek with ease, and, with less ease, Spanish and Dutch. He can also read Arabic.

Reading is the Toynbees' main hobby. Both like classical novels and biography, and refuse to have a TV set in their narrow, three-story house in Kensington.

Occasionally they read history—the subject which is now the Professor's life, and the one to which he was first introduced at the age of five when his historian mother told him instalments of English history as bedtime stories.

The Professor also finds time to be, in his own words, "an amiable old grandad" to his nine grandchildren — eight boys and one girl. They are the children of two sons by a former marriage.

Just occasionally, too, they get away to their two adjoining 50-acre farms in Westmoreland, and go for long walks and get plenty of sleep.

Professor Toynbee, who was made a Companion of Honor in the Queen's Birthday Honors list recently, grew serious when he talked to me about the problems posed by modern civilisation in giving greater leisure to the average man.

"The more our civilisation advances," he said, "the more the average person will have to think about using his spare time productively.

"In industry and business, we are making more and more machines to do our jobs for us. In the home, there are new labor-saving gadgets coming out every day.

"The constant cry is for shorter working hours. All this means we must end up with more spare time on our hands. If our civilisation is to go ahead at all, we must make use of that spare time, not fritter it away.

"I do not mean that man should work all his waking hours, but should think, read, and do things not only to help himself, but possibly also contribute something to the good of everyone.

"This ever-increasing availability of spare time to the average man is something new in history," he continued. "It had no parallel in the ancient civilisations. In those days, only a very small minority had plenty of leisure and the rest of the people worked hard.

"Of the few who did have leisure, however, not many put it to good use. That could happen with us today. But with us, the result would be much more serious because there would be so many more idle," he added.

I asked the Professor what he thought of America's high-pressure mode of living, and if it were, perhaps, a way of forcing civilisation into its grave.

"There is a golden mean," he said. "I don't think the Americans have it. The average American is basically unhappy, I think, and feels guilty if he doesn't keep on working. He wants more and more, and has to keep his nose to the grindstone to keep up with his fellow man.

"I think material things are too much the criterion of American civilisation. The average American is over-keen on money and material possessions.

"I don't think that is true civilisation. In fact, the person who can stay still and quiet for a longish time is possibly a superior being to the one who has to be on the go continually.

"Such a person possibly has far more immense inner resources. He is more self-sufficient, calmer, more relaxed.

"I can remember very clearly a family we saw when we were visiting Mexico once. There were about seven of them, parents and children. Wrapped in shawls and blankets against the cool night, they were waiting on the bare earth beside the railway line for a train.

"I asked them when the train was due. They said—in eight or nine hours. We chatted a bit, and when we left they were still just sitting waiting.

"You wouldn't," Professor Toynbee concluded, "find many highly civilised people able to wait like that. Yet it is, I should think, highly satisfying."

PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE, famous British historian, and his wife, who are visiting Australia for three months while he gives the 1956 Dyason lectures. Mrs. Toynbee helps her husband with his work.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932282

AFTER THE CLAMOR of crowds and pressmen, the quins posed, smiling, in the attractively decorated flower shop. From the left are: Annette, Yvonne, Cecile, and Marie, who owns the business.

QUINS WERE AT SIXES AND SEVENS

● When Marie Dionne, one of the four surviving Canadian quins, decided to open a flower shop in Montreal last month she planned a quiet, dignified preview. But she reckoned without the fact that her voluntary emergence into the workaday world would make headlines. The atmosphere swiftly developed the crowded, flashlight-popping bustle of a Hollywood premiere. Marie and her sisters, utterly confused and bewildered, were clearly relieved to see the end of the day.

THE shop is named Le Salon Emilie in memory of the quin who died during an epileptic seizure in 1954.

This is the first business venture planned by any of the quintuplets since they shared more than one million dollars (£A446,000) on May 28 last year, their 21st birthday.

And it looks like being a goldmine. A quin behind the counter is, in itself, an attraction, and Marie has chosen her location with care.

Le Salon Emilie is within three minutes' walk of three busy hospitals, and boasts a huge sign visible for blocks in any direction.

On hand for private Sunday preview of the shop were Marie's quintuplet sisters, Annette, Yvonne, and Cecile.

Marie intended, she said, merely to allow visitors to "pass through." The main shop would be open for business the following day.

But so many of the 6000 "passing through" visitors insisted on buying flowers that Marie had to rush an emergency order to her wholesaler.

Outside, reporters, photographers, newsreel and TV cameramen turned the corner into a scene reminiscent of Monaco in April—though not by Marie's choice.

"No comment"

DURING the afternoon a priest blessed the new shop—a customary ritual of French Canada.

When the interviews (with a minimum of quotes from Marie) and photographing ended, the evening settled down to a quiet reception in keeping with the Dionnes' well-known distaste for publicity.

The guests were hand-picked, and included suppliers, wholesalers, decorators, and friends.

The four sisters sat quietly through the reception, talking quietly and nibbling at refreshments.

Close by sat Mr. L. M. Edwards, a Montreal bank executive, who has been described as their counsellor since the quins attained their majority and fortune.

The shop is in the basement of a newly built apartment house with large windows facing on two streets.

In one window is a statue of the Virgin Mary bent in supplication.

An inconspicuous corner of the other window shelters a vase of roses surrounded by lilies of the valley. Marie intends to keep it there as a perpetual tribute to Emilie.

Marie was closer to Emilie than any of the others and the two had shared an interest in flowers since their early schooldays.

Together, they cultivated schoolyard gardens and took a special interest in arranging floral decorations at religious festivals.

The blue-walled shop's decor, planned by Marie, is simple but effective. The fittings are contemporary (to a streamlined cash register) and the Building is air-conditioned.

At the rear is a two-roomed suite, comfortably furnished, which Marie will use as an office and for relaxation.

Only one touch remains to be added: a life-size painting of Emilie.

The portrait is not yet complete, but when it is finally hung it will dominate the shop.

Marie made it quite clear at the reception that, for the first time, she would play a normal part in the day-to-day life of Montreal.

From CHARLES LAZARUS, in Montreal

She would be in the shop at all times, she said, to greet customers and take part in the work.

Yvonne and Cecile, who are training 12 hours a day at the Notre Dame de L'Esperance Hospital in nearby St. Laurent, already have made their adjustment; they receive no favors and expect none.

Only Annette seems still to be adrift. Little is seen of her, though she shares an apartment with Marie in Montreal's fashionable West End.

It is not yet clear whether Montreal will accept the sad-faced quins without fuss or favor.

The sisters' relationship with their family, particularly Papa Oliva, also poses a question.

The parents did not show up at the opening festivities of Le Salon Emilie, and have not been seen there yet.

The Dionne family relationships have been a world-publicised issue since Papa Oliva signed over the quins' guardianship to a specially established board soon after their birth.

The quins' arrival was a tremendous blow to the Dionnes, who already had five children, and were expecting the birth of only one.

The family was poor and the Dionnes grew desperate when they envisaged the financial problems involved in rearing ten children.

Of course, there were countless offers of money from manufacturers and film companies and, at one stage, Papa Oliva agreed to have the quins exhibited at the Chicago World Fair!

But this created such an outcry that the Ontario Government was forced to step in and annul the agreement.

Under their board of guardians, the quins were brought up by nuns in a nursery-school adjoining the hospital in their home town of Callander, Ontario.

Occasional public and film appearances netted them wealth (stored in a trust fund), and fame brought tourists from all over the world to the tiny Canadian town.

The hospital-school made provision for this by erecting a board which announced the times at which the quins could be seen through the wall at play!

Papa, meanwhile, was fighting to regain custody of his children. The courts finally decided in his favor in 1942.

And so the quins, shy and introverted, returned to a hermit-like existence with parents they hardly knew.

Certainly, Papa Oliva must have felt a little awed by the fame and riches which surrounded his daughters.

In 1953 came the first separation. Marie and Emilie entered a convent.

The world watched and waited to see whether the quins could remain apart.

A year later Marie left the convent and proved that they could not.

Emilie, after what must have been an unhappy few months as a novice at St. Agatha, about 60 miles from Montreal, died soon afterwards.

The publicity glare died until, a few months ago, the surviving quins made a dramatic break with their family.

Marie and Annette announced that they would take a flat in Montreal, and Cecile and Yvonne entered a hospital as trainee nurses.

Papa Oliva was furious. He accused the girls of falling under what he called "the influence of outside elements."

But the girls were firm. They had enough money to look after themselves and were under the counsel and advice of Banker Edwards.

In memoriam

LE SALON EMILIE has a fair chance of becoming one of the more popular landmarks in a landmarked city.

It is in the mid-town area, close to Mount Royal, the wooded "mountain" in the centre of Montreal.

The four sisters speak English well, but are more fluent in French.

Marie told me, "This place is in memory of my sister and I am going to carry it on that way."

But while sentiment is, perhaps, the main spur behind the business, Marie does not hide her intention to make Le Salon Emilie a solidly paying proposition.

The only sour note about the venture came from a florist whose shop is but a short distance away.

Until Marie broke into business he was sitting pretty with a tidy fortune culled from selling flowers to hospital visitors.

"What do I think?" he asked in heavily accented English. "*C'est fini pour moi,*" and he shrugged.

More simply, he meant that he'd "had it."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932283

HAVAPAK BARLEY SUGAR
Rich with glucose — ideal quick energisers before, during and after sporting activities! 7d.

HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH
Made from rich, creamy butter, glucose and pure cane sugar. Each piece individually wrapped! 7d.

STEAMROLLERS
The perfect peppermints for taste-refreshing coolness, 3d.

MINT MINORS
Pep up . . . freshen up . . . sweeten up with these dandy candy mints! 9d.

Everyone's sweet on ALLEN'S sweets . . .

POPETTES
S-m-o-o-t-h milk chocolate, with crisp, crunchy centres! Large family cartons, 2/- . . . or handy cellophane snack-packs, 1/-.

COCOANUT QUIVERS
Taste that caramel! Taste that cocoanut! So nice, in the big family pack, 2/-.

ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE *Good Sweets!*

POPETTES — Q.T's — STEAMROLLERS — COCOANUT QUIVERS — TOOTY FROOTY — FRUIT TINGLES — HAVAPAK BARLEY SUGAR — HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH — MINT MINORS — IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES
BUTTER MENTHOLS — TARZAN JUBES — CURE-EM-QUICK

FPA.46

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932284

FACELIFT FOR QUADS' HOUSE

THE Sara Quads' new home at Punchbowl, N.S.W., has just been repainted, giving it a brighter, airier, and more modern look.

A great deal of thought went into the color schemes to make the most of every room.

Most of the colors chosen are light ones, with emphasis on Frosty Blue—a grey-blue with an undertone of lilac—on Primrose, and on varied greens. Three of the bedrooms and the living-room have the blue as the main color.

Phillip and Mark have an unusual color scheme in their bedroom. One wall is Wedgwood Blue, three are Pastel Green, and the ceiling is Primrose.

The exterior of the house has had a facelift, too. The colors are Primrose and White, with Derwent Blue doors, gates, and guttering.

The repainting of the house was a gift to the Saras from B.A.L.M. Paints. The company's experts also advised on color schemes.

RIGHT. Judy, Mark, and Phillip play in the hall, which has walls painted with equal parts of Glacier Green and Fiesta Yellow. The dining-room (foreground) is Primrose.

ABOVE: Mrs. Sara is extremely pleased with the new look of her colorful kitchen. The attractive color scheme is Primrose on the walls, Off White woodwork, Pastel Green ceiling, and Deep Jade cupboards for emphasis.

RIGHT. The painters gave the quads the nearly empty cans of paint. Here, Mark, Judy, Alison, and Phillip give their car a coat of new colors. The children colored themselves almost as brightly as the car.

BELOW. Carefully planned colors in the living-room help to make the room look larger. Three of the walls are Frosty Blue, and one is equal parts Deep Jade and Wattle Yellow. The ceiling matches the hall.

GIRLS' ROOM with detachable double-decker bunks has three walls Frosty Blue and the fourth in equal parts of Deep Orchid and Frosty Blue. The ceiling is pale green. Alison is in bed recovering after losing two of her first teeth.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932285

N77

Every detail will be perfection when you hold your Reception in the wonderful new Starlight Room. The Australia's Starlight Wedding Service will organise the catering, order and address your invitations, book hire cars, soloists and photographer and arrange for a most exquisite bouquet and cake.

A SPECIAL BRIDAL SUITE

is placed at the disposal of the Bridal Couple, who stay overnight as guests of the Management, quite *free-of-charge*. Make your enquiries now.

RING THE STARLIGHT WEDDING ADVISER B 0388 Ext. 322

MAKE THIS LUSCIOUS LAYER CAKE IN ONLY 4 MINUTES

With fresh eggs, milk and a packet of Puffin Cake Mix, you can turn out a cake to beat the band. There's all the fun of cooking without the work — no tedious creaming. A single packet of Puffin makes a large layer cake, two one-egg cakes or 36 party-size patty cakes.

Also try these wonderful Puffin recipe variations by following the basic cake method on packet and adding one ingredient.

Orange Cake — add grated rind of one large orange.

Chocolate Cake — add four level tablespoons cocoa and one extra tablespoon of milk.

Betty King, Home Economist for World Brands says:

"I guarantee you'll make lighter, moister, more delicious cakes with Puffin".

PF.22.WW62g

HELP FOR MOTHERS!

"All mothers will find valuable information and entertaining reading in BABY MAGAZINE," says Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft adviser.

Regular monthly features include advice from doctors and child care experts on problems of motherhood and baby management, appealing baby pictures, homely real-life stories, exclusive sewing patterns, and some of the world's funniest cartoons.

BABY is 2/- per copy at all newsagents.

Or send 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.

A TRIO OF TALENT. Baby Jennifer Newman is obviously as much at ease before a camera as her much-photographed parents. And those good looks—do they come from Dad or Mum? LEFT: Jennifer takes the air.

Jennifer completes a model family

Have you ever examined the faces in advertisements for knitwear, electric appliances, and cars, and countless other products on the market?

IF the advertisement features a family group it might well be Bill and Eunice Newman, pictured with one or more of their 22 children.

"We've had all those children, in photographs only, of course, since we began modelling together about four years ago," said singer Bill.

"And now we have one of our own — six-month-old Jennifer."

Jennifer (Jenny because it's the diminutive, and her initials are JEN—Jennifer Edith Newman) already has her own bank account.

She began work at two and a half months, modelling baby wear in knitting books. Now she averages a couple of sittings a week.

Bill is leading man in the J. C. Williamson production of "Can Can," now showing in Sydney.

Six-foot Bill, modest and unassuming, doesn't like to talk about himself. His one proud boast is that he's Australia's only home-grown male musical comedy star.

"And we believe we are the only modelling family here, too," added Eunice.

Househunt

TOGETHER they have posed for hundreds of advertising shots, and once, in a short film, played the part of an engaged couple looking for a house.

"That was long before I ever dreamed of such a thing," said Eunice.

Eunice plans to join the cast of "Can Can" at the first vacancy.

"Because whatever work we do, we like to do it together," she said, "whether it's acting as a husband-and-wife team or modelling as a family."

"I'M AN EXPERT at changing napkins," says father William. And from the contented look on baby Jennifer's face one would be inclined to agree. At any rate, Mum, with that quizzical smile, seems happy enough with the arrangement.

FAMOUS COOK TO DEMONSTRATE

● Dione Lucas, America's "Blue Ribbon" cook, will arrive in Australia soon to demonstrate the art that has made her world famous.

The Australian Women's Weekly is sponsoring Mrs. Lucas on a tour of capital cities.

"Too many women regard cooking as a drudgery and are content to run up a meal in a jiffy, or even less," she says.

WATCH FOR MRS. LUCAS AT:

David Jones' George Street Auditorium.
July 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Times, 11 a.m., 2.30 p.m.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932286

YOU THROW

CAUTION TO THE WINDS

WHEN YOU WEAR . . .

BRANDY CRUSTER

It's a **NEW,** intoxicating colour by Michel —a tantalizing, heady brew for the initiated only. Brandy Cruster is a tempting tangerine—perfectly delicious with the new Winter fashions.
Brandy Cruster is yours in two entirely different textures. Michel "FIRM"—the only truly firm lipstick for "young" moist lips; Michel "CREAMY" —the one lipstick containing perma-sheen especially created to pamper "dry" lips.
The six glorious new colours in Michel "CREAMY" and the ten popular colours in Michel "FIRM" are based on Michel's exclusive Chromatic Formula to put the purest depths of colour on your lips.

Michel STAYS ON LONGER THAN EVER

Medium size in beautiful new gold case . . . **5/3.** *Large, double-quantity propelling size in specially designed gold case to take ready-to-use refill . . .* **11/3.** *Sensational new ready-to-use refill in handsome gold-spangled perspex case . . .* **8/6**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932287

An entirely redesigned and enlarged

Sunday Telegraph

now comes to you in 4

New 12-page Comic

All your old favorites plus eight exciting new ones. There's something for everyone in the family—"Bringing up Father." Ripley's "Believe It or Not." "Grandma." "Donald Duck." "Popeye." "Emmy Lou." "Colonel Potterby and the Duchess."

Plus "Ginger Meggs." "Joe Palooka." "Dick Tracy." "Flash Gordon." "Superman." "Sad Sack." "Roy Rogers." "Little King." "Etta Kett." "Martha Wayne." "Captain Yonsson." "Mary Worth." "Nancy." "Henry." Plus New Serial, Colouring-in, Stamps, Jokes, Penfriends, and Prizes in the children's magazine section.

City Shopping Guide

We know women find retail advertising almost as newsy as the day's news itself.

Here, for the city and metropolitan women readers, is a jam-packed 12-page City Shopping Guide giving all the news of the big city stores.

It's indexed and cross-indexed so that you can find any particular article. There are competitions for women, with cash prizes to be won.

Women's Magazine

The "Sunday Telegraph's" completely re-designed lift-out Women's Magazine is streets ahead. Apart from a chatty and informative coverage of the social round, there are such features as cooking, fashion, beauty, astrology and health.

Local, Overseas News plus complete sport cover

The "Sunday Telegraph" still brings you Sydney's most comprehensive coverage of local and overseas news with its huge staff of leading journalists both here and abroad. For the last word on sport you can't afford to miss next Sunday's or any Sunday's "Sunday Telegraph."

complete lift-out sections

Months of careful research and questioning thousands of people throughout the State have led to this re-designed and enlarged "Sunday Telegraph." You asked for more comics — the "Sunday Telegraph" now gives you twelve big pages jam-packed with them. You asked for city retail advertisements to be collated in one section — the "Sunday Telegraph" now gives metropolitan readers twelve pages of ads. from leading Sydney retailers, all in the one big section. You asked for a more compact women's section —the "Sunday Telegraph" has re-arranged the Women's Magazine to make it the most informative and easiest to read women's section in Australia. Here at last is a Sunday newspaper that the whole family can read at once —comics for the children—two big sections for women—local and overseas news and the big sporting section for men.

The Sunday Telegraph will now meet ALL your Sunday newspaper requirements.

Be sure to order the "Sunday Telegraph" from your newsagent today.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932288

ADMIRING A CHAMPION at the Sheep Show are Colleen Ireson, of "Wongalea," Hay (left), John Sherwin, of "Conargo," Boonooke, and Heather Makepeace, of "Eurella," Hay. They are admiring the Reserve Medium Wool Champion Merino. Large crowds attended Show.

COUNTRY GUESTS. Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie (left), Mr. Body, and Mrs. Neville Body, of "Strathbogie," Glen Innes, at party given by a leading wool firm at Pickwick. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey received guests.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

LIFE is very exciting just now for Mrs. Michael Kersey, as she has joined her husband, Lieut.-Commander Kersey, R.N., at his new posting in Malta.

Mrs. Kersey (formerly Sydney lass Joan Walder) arrived in Malta about five weeks ago with her two daughters, Susan Elizabeth, aged three, and six-months-old Sarah Jane, after visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthur Walder, of Point Piper, for several months.

The Kersey family is busy settling into their new home, which has a large garden surrounded by a high stone wall.

• • •

FOR his christening last Sunday, Christopher Bernard Evans wore a hand-made christening robe that is more than 100 years old. Christopher is the fourth child of Mr. and Mrs. John Evans, of Lindfield.

IN honor of the Queen's Birthday, the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim gave an evening reception for 170 guests at Admiralty House. This is the first time that Sir William and Lady Slim have held the Queen's Birthday celebrations in Sydney. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps travelled from Canberra for the occasion. Sir William and Lady Slim received their guests in the reception room, while a quintet played softly in the background. Lady Slim wore a full-length gown of white silk taffeta which was made for her by Victor Steibel, and added a diamond-and-pearl tiara.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . this Saturday, June 9, for the Royal Society of St. George Musicale, to be held at the Cremorne home of Mrs. H. D. Allen . . . June 16, for the dance in aid of the Palm Beach Kindergarten, to be held at the Pacific Country Club, Mona Vale. Highspot of the dance will be a skit on kindergartens by the fathers.

RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith arriving at Admiralty House for the evening reception given by Governor-General Sir William Slim and Lady Slim in honor of the Queen's Birthday. Mr. Smith was awarded C.B.E. in Queen's Birthday Honors list.

GUEST OF HONOR. Diana Horn (left) with her sisters Val and Penny at coming-of-age party given for Diana by her parents, Commander and Mrs. John Horn. Diana recently arrived home from overseas.

FAREWELL. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. D. Harries at party given by Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. M. Burrell on H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

TRIO (from left). Mrs. John Sanderson, of "Billabong," Marsden, Mr. Fraser Falkiner, of Wanganella Estate, Deniliquin, and Mr. Sanderson at Pickwick Club.

IN a recent letter to her sister, Mrs. John Gilfillan, of Wahroonga, Angela Devereux tells of her new job in a London agency which arranges holiday homes for foreign children. Angela is sharing a flat with another Sydney lass, Mary de Salis, and she plans to stay overseas for about eighteen months.

DINNER PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Prell, of "Savannah," Crookwell, at the annual dinner of the N.S.W. branch of the Australian Corriedale Association. More than 100 guests attended the dinner at the Pickwick Club.

HER wedding dress was the most carefully packed item in Prudence Marshall's luggage when she sailed for New Zealand. Prue will wear this dress of white organza with a billowing skirt when she marries Lieutenant Bill Meldrum at St. Matthew's Church, Christchurch, this Saturday, June 9. Prue's mother, Mrs. K. M. Marshall, of Lindfield, voyaged over to New Zealand with her. Lieut. Meldrum is the son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. W. Meldrum, of Greymouth, New Zealand.

• • •

NEWLYWEDS . . . Elvire and Clive Smith will leave Sydney this week by air for Adelaide, where they will live at Lincoln Park.

Anne

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932289

Rosy Holders

● This season the one-piece dress is slim, elegant, and supremely feminine. It is made in the softest wool fabrics, including tweed cashmere and jersey, with the minimum of detail. Colors are in misty tones of grey, beige, and brown.

BALENCIAGA'S one-piece (above) has an important collar, and supple skirt gathers below a smooth, softly moulded torso-line. The material is nut-brown wool.

GRES, the artist of intricate cut, designed the frock (left) in softest beige jersey. The waistline is tightly swathed with a wide self-material sash.

DIOR'S youthful bell silhouette (above) has inset pleats in the skirt-line. The fitted bodice has an interesting high-to-the-throat collared neckline.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932290

Paris Notes

BALMAIN'S one-piece (above) with its bodice designed to simulate a classic suit. The skirt is slender. A large leopard muff completes the chic ensemble.

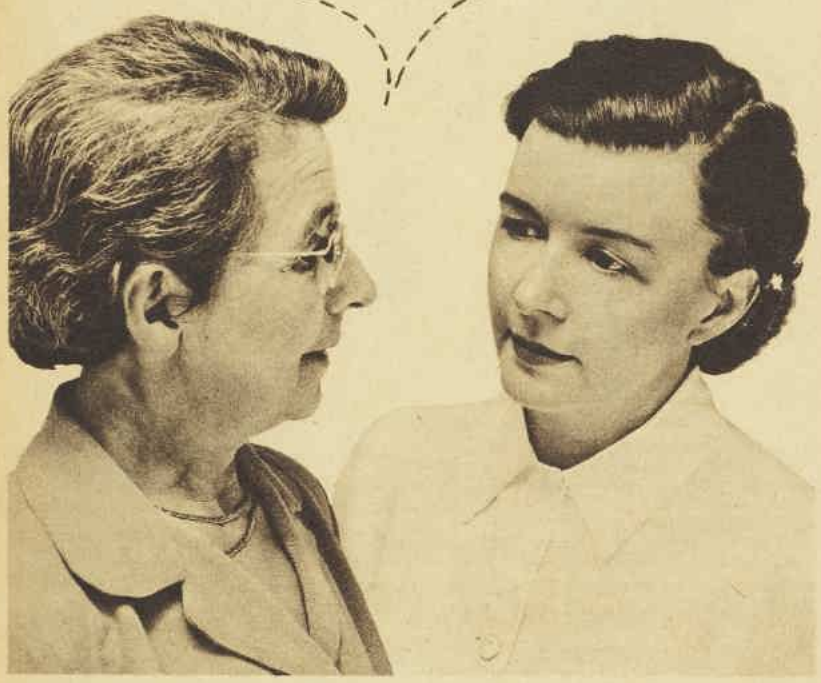
ARGILE designed the slim sheath frock (above) in honey-beige jersey. The frock is worn with a swathed turban and gloves in a darker tone.

DIOR'S slender one-piece frock (above) is made in the darkest shade of charcoal-grey wool and designed to achieve the appearance of a tailored suit.

SLENDER frock (right) "wrapped" at the waistline in the shape of the letter X. The bodice is moulded, the slim skirt buttoned from the hips.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932291

For years
BOURN-VITA
has helped me
to sleep well



It's an old saying that "experience is a good teacher". Many folk have found, over the years, that good health goes hand in hand with regular, deep, restorative sleep. To help promote sound sleep, wise folk always drink a cup of hot Bourn-vita at bedtime *every night*. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they'll enjoy its delicious flavour.

Sleep Sweeter
BOURN-VITA
IT'S CADBURY'S

V21/42/6

Worth Reporting

"HOLLYWOOD has calmed down. The old fuse-blowing days are over," said vice-president of Republic Pictures Mr. Reginald Armour when we went to see him at the Sydney hotel where he was staying during a world tour.

A big man, Mr. Armour looked just about ready to blow a fuse himself. His apartment was crowded, not only with the customary fruit and flowers but with dozens of scripts sent in by Australian writers.

"Someone announced that Republic was interested in Australian scripts," Mr. Armour said. "Everyone else thought that I would read them myself. It was a mistake. Personally, I haven't got time, and any scripts sent in should be submitted through agents.

"We are going to film an Australian script, starring Ray Milland and Maureen O'Hara. It will be about a migrant who comes here."

Mr. Armour has been in the film business for 35 years, and has done just about everything in it, from running the projector in a cinema to being in charge of all motion-picture activities in Europe immediately following D-day.

He and his daughter Betsy live in a home on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Rexford Avenue.

"Naturally, we live in Hollywood, so we have a swimming pool," said Mr. Armour. "It's a perfectly simple pool, not the puzzle type. You know, puzzle—find the deep end."

According to Mr. Armour, the public likes seeing films made with the correct backgrounds.

"Though sometimes it's easier to simulate conditions in the States, people want to know that the actors have been to their countries."

★ ★ ★

A COLLEAGUE having her hair set in a plush Sydney hairdressing salon commented to the new, young assistant on the tranquillity of the usual hectic, production-line atmosphere.

"I think it is because it is Monday," said the assistant, "and the ladies are doing their washing."

The excitable French proprietor, overhearing this, moved in with frowns and excitable gestures.

"No, no, oh, my goodness!" he exclaimed. "MY clients doing the washing. No, no! I do not think so. Not MY clients!"

"The motion is out of order, madam. First, we must dispose of 'old business,' and then we can decide whether I should go soak my head."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"TELEVISION not only transforms one's way of life but one's casual stay-at-home footwear styles, too," we were told at a recent preview of a "television range" of slippers and casual shoes.

In plain and embroidered satin, colorful brocade, multi-striped faille, and plain velvets, the footwear has been designed with an eye to glamorous feet stretched out beneath casual hostess ensembles, housecoats, or velvet slacks in front of a TV screen.

Popular TV slipper colors, we were told, will be dramatic reds and black, and pinks and blues.

★ ★ ★

Bright spot in Education Week

ALL the well-loved nursery rhyme and fairy story characters will step off the walls of Woodley School at Lane Cove, N.S.W., to greet visitors during Education Week in August.

A jolly Humpty Dumpty laughs alongside Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, and Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby vie for popularity with Dick Whittington and his cat.

Already the work is practically complete and a source of constant delight to the 180 small 3-to-10-year-olds.

The artist responsible is Miss Constance Monk, teacher of music, singing, art, and elocution. She has been associated with Woodley since the school was begun in 1940 by Miss Sydney Watson, the present headmistress.

Miss Monk began the work two years ago and now has pictures on six classroom walls.

"The children are wonderful," she said. "They bring their books and ask for 'that one' to be put up."

To us the murals were a reminder of how many fairy tales we had forgotten and how far away were our nursery rhyme days.

She loves her job

ATTRACTIVE 28-year-old Madge Tyrrell, of Sydney, has the type of job most girls dream about.

Four years ago, when she was an air hostess, Madge filled in a few spare hours between flights by idly thumbing through the Situations Vacant column of a newspaper.

"Wanted," she read, "private secretary to director of radio programme. Must be prepared to travel interstate six months a year. Aged between 25 and 35. Radio experience preferred."

Madge wasn't quite 24, and knew nothing about radio, but she got the job.

Since then she's flown a total of more than 200,000 miles, visiting all States except the Northern Territory. Early in June she'll see that, too, when the unit goes to Alice Springs and Darwin for broadcasts.

★ ★ ★

News from the sidelines

NELL HOPMAN, who is writing for us during her trip abroad with her husband, Harry Hopman, sent back some interesting news from the recent Italian tennis championships in Rome—the first of the major championships in the summer season in Europe.

"Several Australian women have been playing in the Italian tournaments since March," wrote Nell.

"They all have found the Continental players hard to defeat on the slow surface. Rain early in the week made the Rome courts still slower, but the last five days of the championships finished in a blaze of sunshine.

"Nobody worries in Italy, except perhaps an opponent, whether a player turns up hours, or even days, late for a match.

"An Australian player was amused over one ruling which she would not have believed if she hadn't witnessed the match.

"An Italian girl, Sylvana Lazzarino, was playing against Argentinian Maria Weiss.

"The latter had won the first five games, when Sylvana realised that she was netting her drives because the net was too high. The umpire's attention was drawn to this, and to the amazement of all foreign competitors he ordered that the match should begin again. Maria protested, but the referee supported the umpire and said it was an Italian tennis rule."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — ***By RUD***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932292

So luxurious—so cosy!

FABULOUS NEW FABRIC...

Beaverlon

BEAVERLON is fashion's newest fabric . . . now styled into the cutest clothes for kiddies.

Developed exclusively by Jones Brothers, BEAVERLON is made primarily of ORLON * with all the wonderful qualities of that miracle fibre.

With the look and feel of a luxurious fur, BEAVERLON offers all the benefits of ORLON *

BEAVERLON is completely washable, dries quickly and won't shrink, stretch or sag. Looks like new after every laundering — and the many glamorous colours are absolutely tub-fast.

*Du Pont's trade mark for its acrylic fibre.

C726. Double-breasted, 6-buttoned coat for toddlers. Features are the cute little flower buttons and the tab back as shown.

C724. Cuddlesome 2-piece pram suit set off with three pearl buttons and wind-cheater cuffs.

C725. This little double breasted coat with wind-cheater cuffs is styled with yoked back incorporating a long inverted pleat.

C723. Another coat in the snug double-breasted style but on smart fur lines with plain back and six pearl buttons in front.

Ever popular

Beaverlure

Regd.

Smart girls love the looks and snuggly warmth of Beaverlure garments.

Mothers love the way Beaverlure washes so easily and wears so well

C655. *This topper features smart hip pockets going away to a large buttoned tab at the side.*

C55. *Winter warmth in a long sleeved bolero with Peter Pan collar and pearl fastening.*

Trade enquiries to

JONES BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED

Smith & Campbell Streets, Surry Hills, N.S.W., and at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

Manufacturers also of

BEAVERCORD • SUEDE VELVET • TER-RAY

(JB-143)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932293

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning June 11

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a chance meeting	★ The temptation to earn and spend more money is equally strong. Strike a balance. You should benefit now through travel, writing, advertising. Use your mentality.	★ It is in your interest to avoid nervous strain. Watch your health and diet. Should this week call for family decisions, take plenty of time for reaching conclusions.	★ Keep emotions steady when thinking about an unconventional love affair. Even though you approach it with the highest ideals, it could end in heartbreak.	★ Individual initiative is still favored with some assurance of accomplishment. In spite of a number of mistakes, group projects should come out on the right side.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in spending wisely.	★ An unexpected money-making opportunity seems ready to take you by surprise. Be quick to recognise it and take action. You can add to your possessions.	★ Curb a tendency to be indolent during the early hours. There is much to be done around the house, and you are likely to regret wasting time. Start that job today.	★ Happiness is elusive, often recognised only when it is past. If busied with business or social affairs you may fail to grasp it until too late. Count your blessings now.	★ Your sympathies can be easily reached at present. You prove yourself a loyal friend. Social affairs provide the setting for several exciting moments with a new element.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in true love.	★ Refuse to let others confuse you over business, and you should continue to make financial progress. Chase away gloom if you are keen to hit the bull's-eye.	★ If you happen to have any personal projects up your sleeve, don't overlook the need for gaining your family's or partner's approval. This will ward off possible discord.	★ You feel inclined to stake all. A sudden love affair has charm. Hasty marriage may be involved. If wise, take time to know each other better.	★ A fine week for the voluntary worker. Help someone in need, bring comfort where it is lacking. A personal note in what you do adds to its effectiveness.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in doing someone a favor.	★ People may be out for bargains at your expense. Be just as firm, since time and patience are in your favor. Good nature and efficiency are your best weapons.	★ Be alert to hazards around the home lying in wait for the unwary. Highly polished floors could cause serious injury to an elderly visitor. Prevention is the watchword.	★ A new personality encountered on a business errand may lead to a social invitation. This might be the prelude to closer acquaintance and love.	★ You may have cause, justly or unjustly, to feel resentment at the speech or actions of a social associate. This could lead to a sudden break between you.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in helpers and supporters.	★ Don't be hesitant if you are consulted by persons in authority. This could be your chance of advancement. Refuse to develop a swelled head. Ambition is accented.	★ There is plenty of fun in doing things in concert with loved ones, the family, or neighbors. Your home may be a hive of activity in several directions.	★ If a teenager, fun with the whole crowd. One member captures your imagination. If older, a casual friendship may be ripening gradually into prospects of wedding-bells.	★ The right technique and a forceful approach weld a group of people into a unit. It will also be necessary to stress the money angles, or you could go in the red.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a big social event.	★ Keep your resources and savings out of immediate reach if you feel you are liable to weaken and abandon your plan of campaign. You'll be glad later.	★ Keep plugging for your goal without upsetting your domestic routine. An untidy home will bring down criticism on your head and friction among the household.	★ No matter how annoyed you may be with your best beloved, refrain from showing it in public. Keep your dignity and manners. You can have it out when you are alone.	★ Share your views as well as your pleasurable activities with those whose company you enjoy. With everyone gay, you could launch out in a bigger way.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck comes through knowledge.	★ You may cut through red tape, shorten the normal channels, and find yourself reaching your goal far sooner than you had any right to expect, but don't depend on chance.	★ News and mail at home this week will bring changes to the domestic set-up. You tackle tasks you have wanted to do, and spruce up generally.	★ Is he, or she, a puzzle? This may be due to differences in background. Read good novels helping you to understand reactions of the opposite sex when in love.	★ Stick to your established companions and reactions. The new chum may have an axe to grind. Adventures and games of chance are only too likely to produce losers.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in an unexpected present.	★ You may arrive at interesting conclusions if you are concerned over future security. Seeing the position clearly is already half the battle. Follow a hunch.	★ You may attempt to improvise in order to save money. Making over clothing, repairing household articles will at least give you the chance to show your ingenuity.	★ Don't cling to the shreds of an old romance while life and love are calling. Respond to those who would like to invite you out on suitable occasions.	★ All hands should be willing to pool opinions, ideas, labors, with profitable results for all. Try to guide any discussion into channels which are not controversial.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, royal-blue. Gambling colors, royal-blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck will seek you out.	★ Vexations and slip-ups may give you a bad time. Most of these can be remedied without much trouble. Don't worry over unimportant trifles.	★ Be just as friendly towards those at home as you are in the eyes of strangers. Set out to make evenings spent in the family circle a source of pleasure for all.	★ A wonderful week of perfect agreement is sure to leave happy memories. It presents you with more than one chance to show yourself at your tenderest.	★ Duties growing more pressing? Promises recklessly made calling for fulfilment? You may ask for a hand or two and receive help if you yourself have been co-operative.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in finishing a task.	★ Many revealing facts are bound to straighten your ideas. At present you are not likely to have a favorable reception if requesting favors from influential quarters.	★ There appears to be a conflict between your personal desires and your sense of duty. Avoid exaggerating the position in either direction. Have your cake. Eat it, too.	★ An empty horizon and not the glimmer of a thrill anywhere? That is an excellent build-up for coming events which may not materialise for another month or two.	★ Join your friends in any pastime which you enjoy. Avoid shop talk if you are associated in business or voluntary work. Make this week for relaxation and pleasure.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in your popularity.	★ Go out and collect your rewards if you have hit the jackpot. Make sure you get all your profits. Soft-pedal extravagance. Thrift now will pay dividends.	★ There may be people who will attempt to pry into your personal and domestic affairs, more through curiosity than ill-will. Be pleasant and change the subject.	★ Don't suppose that a frequent date is as yet seriously interested in spending the whole future in your company. Little attentions may be just social courtesies.	★ Most of your social activity will be after dark. A touch of adventure could brighten the set-up. Be sure you are looking your best in case a flattering invitation crops up.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies in the letter-box.	★ The value of being tight-lipped concerning your personal and financial affairs may be amply demonstrated this week. Too frank an attitude could lead to gossip.	★ It may depend almost wholly on your personal attitude whether you can realise a fond hope or not. Keep strengthening your economic position. Plan domestic matters.	★ If you are married you'll be spending more time home alone together discussing plans and hopes. If single, a knock at the door will set your heart beating.	★ If demands on health and strength become heavy, if you overeat out of politeness, or keep late hours, nobody but you can foot the bill. Better ease off.

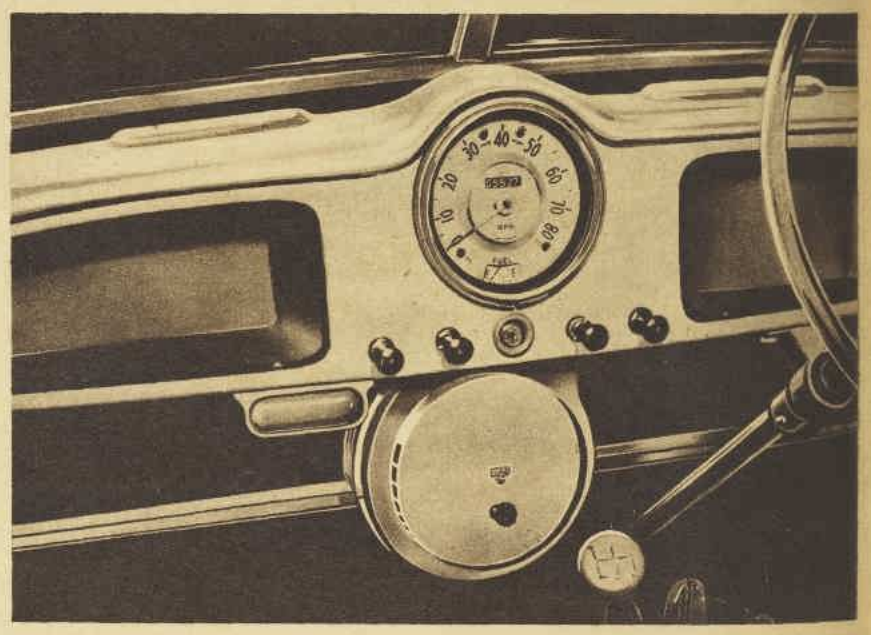
Yet another *BIG-CAR* feature for the famous "Minor" range

AIR CONDITIONING

heating • air-circulating • demisting

AND FOR NO EXTRA COST!

First in the light-car field to feature "climate-control" air conditioning as standard equipment, the Morris "Minor" sets a new high in light-car value—and comfort! For here is luxury at the touch of a finger—a neat, compact unit ensuring circulation of a constant but gentle stream of clean air—cool or warm. Here, too, is added safety, for windscreen misting is entirely eliminated. The complete unit is positioned beneath the dash, within easy reach but well clear of the driver's and passenger's legs. See the air-conditioned "Minors" now!



Now more than ever the world's biggest light car buy!

WARM IN WINTER — clean, temperature-controlled air brings greater comfort to driver and passengers alike. Warmed air circulates freely and evenly throughout the car.

COOL IN SUMMER — non-draught ventilation reduces touring fatigue, gives comfort in hot or humid weather. Amount of air circulated is quickly and easily controlled.

CLEAR VISION —windscreen and all windows are kept clear when car is closed to the outside weather—means added safety. Demister operates under all conditions.

MORRIS MINOR

2-DOOR SALOON	4-DOOR SALOON	CONVERTIBLE TOURER
PRICE £680 (plus sales tax)	PRICE £719 (plus sales tax)	PRICE £630 (plus sales tax)

Sold and Serviced by Authorised Nuffield Distributors and Dealers Everywhere

NUFFIELD (AUST.) PTY. LTD. A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

NMM.34.WW

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932294

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

The "correctness" of petting in the pictures is a question that worries teenagers. Boys apparently feel that the darkness is friendly; some girls feel the same way. Other girls concerned about their manners ask, "Is it correct?"

CORRECTNESS does not come into it: it is simply a question of good taste, and good manners, too.

First letter on the desk this week is from a girl who is wondering about public petting.

"MY mother has discovered that I let boys put their arm around me in the pictures. Although she is not old-fashioned about most other things, she has forbidden this because she says it is "not done" by people with any self-respect. I am 15 and go round with a very nice respectable crowd who would think me a prude if I objected to this. Some of them neck during films, but I don't and won't because I don't think it is right, but I cannot see what is wrong with a boy putting his arm around a girl. My mother says to go no farther than holding hands and I would like to know your opinion on this."

H.T., Adelaide.

I agree with your mother. I think demonstrations of affection in public are, generally, in bad taste, and I can't imagine anything more uncomfortable than sitting in the pictures with a boy who has his arm around you. "Crowds" who have a set of rules to which you must conform are the end. If your crowd say you are a prude because you won't have an arm round you in the pictures, what does it matter? You seem to be a girl of strong character with your own ideas. Why don't you make your own rule about this as you have with necking? You'll only be more respected by your crowd and more successful, too. Everyone admires a girl who knows her own mind and has the strength of character not to alter her opinions despite what the members of her social group think.

"I AM a girl of 14 and have two uncles who think a lot of me. I think a lot of them, too, but they are jealous of each other. They are also jealous of another young man whom I like very much. This young man is 28 and has a bad reputation, but I love him just the same. Both my uncles are past 40. One of them comes out to our place every week and takes me on fishing trips with him. What should I do, as I have to take one friendship or the other?"

"Worried," Queensland.

I wouldn't have anything to do with any of the men concerned if I were you. You'll find life much more interesting if you associate with people in your own age group. If there are none around, fishing alone should be more interesting at your age than going with an old uncle who is a bit soppy over you. It all sounds very tiresome to me, and the age difference makes it ridiculous, even in the case of the man of 28.

"I WOULD like to know just what is the correct procedure for a gift evening for the bride-to-be. Two friends and I are holding one soon and would like to know just at what time the gifts are presented and who has to make speeches, if any. We have already engaged an orchestra for dancing. Also, could you please tell me who pays for what at a wedding? Who pays for the bouquets? My sister is being married soon and we would like some advice."

"Worried Bridesmaid," Goulburn, N.S.W.

I don't know of any set procedure for a gift evening. But I would have the bride-to-be open the parcels as they are given to her. I think it would be too embarrassing for her and the guests to have their parcels opened at a ceremony. I am against speeches, but if you particularly want to have a speech, have a toast to the bride-to-be and her fiance at supper-time. The bridegroom pays for the bouquets. They are gifts from him to the bride, her mother, and her bridesmaids. Apart from the flowers, all other expenses are paid for by the bride's father. But once they leave the altar the bride is solely the bridegroom's expense. The first time he puts his hand in his pocket is to pay for the car to drive them to the reception.

A word from Debbie . . .

- Ever wondered what "nicely" means when people say "eat nicely"? I've worked it out. It means, without writing a book about table manners, eating quietly and neatly. If you do this you will never make a single mistake—never zlurp the soup or chew like a horse in a chompy mouth-open fashion. Try the quiet and neat way some time.
- Furry accents give you the high-fashion look this winter. Have a mad little hat, a collar, a pocket, or sew fur bracelets on your shortie gloves. They're enchanting.
- When washing nylon or silk stockings, use white toilet soap, as this is gentle to the fibres and preserves the color. Keep an emery board with the soap to smooth rough nails before you wash the stockings.
- Next time you grill steak, make a mixture of three tablespoons of grated cheese and one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Spread the mixture thickly over the steak just before it is ready to serve and grill for two minutes.

DISC DIGEST

IN overseas catalogues more and more space is being given to the spoken word—plays, poems, and readings from famous books. Australian catalogues are still rather deficient in this respect, but one blank has been filled, and magnificently, with a complete recording of "The Importance Of Being Earnest." I'm in good company when I say that I think it's the funniest play ever written. Unlike most comedies the humor never fails, so you needn't fear that you'll get tired of it after a few playings.

The hand-picked cast consists of Sir John Gielgud, Pamela Brown (the girl who spoke only four words in the film of "Richard III"), Dame Edith Evans, Celia Johnson, Roland Culver, and Jean Cadell. Dame Edith repeats her film role of Lady Bracknell and is more droll than ever. I don't think there'll ever be another recording of "Earnest" to match this one.

For more than 20 years Gielgud's name has been synonymous with this play, and he has been acting in it in various seasons and countries since 1930. It's his "pigeon," so to speak, and he was the perfect choice to produce and star in this recording. As he himself says, "The pace of the comedy must be leisurely, mannered; and everybody must, of course, speak beautifully — but the wit must appear spontaneous, though self-conscious."

Such a dictum is a task for any actor, but this cast spins its web of preposterous sophistication without hesitation or flaw. The voices, needless to say, are as beautiful as the producer stipulates. The two records (330CX. 1126/7) come in a box-type album with an illustrated booklet.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

WHAT THIS CREST GIRL IN 'FRISCO HAS, YOU CAN HAVE TOO . . .

A new kind of sheen and softness with a CREST wave

CONTAINS SPECIAL CONDITIONER FOR LUSTROUS CURLS

Hello there! Like to try this very newest hair-do from the States? As the pretty girl in 'Frisco, you start with a Crest wave — the easiest of all perms to manage and set. Only 15 minutes waving time — and your waves ripple into place, smooth and deep. Your curls lie soft as silk, shimmering in the moonlight, because the special conditioner in Crest enriches your hair while it waves. Get that "world on a string" feeling from a shining top-knot — with a Crest wave.

A CURL OR TWO?

You only want a few curls? Hair ends need "prettying up"? Then Crest's Junior Kit is for you! So handy, so quick and costs only 9/-

FULL KIT 25/9 · REFILL 13/6

CREST — THE CHOICE OF PAN AMERICAN AIR HOSTESSES

C44 WW143gR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932295

"I'll get the Larynoids, dear"

It's distressing to see a child defenceless in the grip of a cold. Endless coughing tears his throat raw and throws a severe strain on heart and lungs. Bring blessed relief quickly and surely with Larynoids—the medicated throat pastilles. They will quickly soothe the sensitive nerve endings in his throat that aggravate coughing. Larynoids penetrate deep down into bronchial tubes—relieving soreness and loosening hard mucus.

WL10.

Get amazingly quick relief from

SORE THROATS, COLDS AND 'FLU

Buy a packet from your nearest chemist NOW! Suck them constantly. Their protective action may save you weeks of sickness should you be infected. Always keep a spare packet in the family medicine chest.

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. **THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infectious germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the—
2. **PHARYNX:** This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' healing, soothing influence penetrates to this part and prevents infection spreading to your—
3. **LARYNX:** This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to your—
4. **BRONCHIAL TUBES:** Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.

SOLD ONLY THROUGH **CHEMISTS** who thoroughly recommend Larynoids as a safe, effective, pleasant-testing prescription for relief from infections of throat, nose and chest.

2/- PACKET

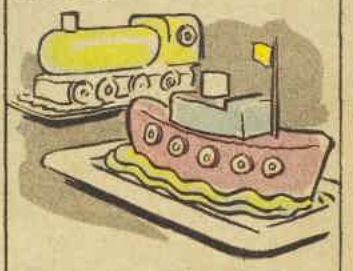
Manufactured by
THE WALCOT PTY. LTD.
Mars Road, Lane Cove.

Also distributors of "Quick-Eze" Antacid Tablets

LIFE SAVERS IN PARTY MOOD

Parties are fun, and fun to prepare for, too! There are so many little details you can organise to make your parties more unusual and gayer.

For Candles. How's this for a birthday idea? Candles set in Life Savers. They help support the candles, prevent grease from falling on the cake, and they're decidedly novel. For added colours use Musk, Vi-O-let and Floral Life Savers as well as candy-striped Stik-O-Pep.



Novelty cakes are always popular at parties and Life Savers look great as wheels on car or train designs. They make ideal port-holes on cake ships, too.

Life Savers Games can really give them the party spirit! For a variation of an old favourite party game, tie Life Savers to the ends of a number of pieces of 12" cottons. Contestants nibble away until they eat the Life Saver. With a Life Saver at the end it doesn't really matter who wins!

Teams' Games. Each team has to pass a Life Saver tablet from one to another by means of a match held in the mouth. This can be very amusing!

Strictly for Grown-ups. Here's a new table decoration. Place your cigarettes in the holes in the middle of Life Saver tablets. You can stand them up and down the length of the table or buffet, set them in special designs, or space them around the plates and dishes. This is decorative, convenient and smokers appreciate the increased enjoyment of smoking after a peppermint Life Saver. It's so cool and refreshing!

Luscious apple pies with cream—they're real party food! Bake them with Clove Life Savers for added flavour. Clove Life Savers are great in the centre of baked apples, too. And a Spear-O-Mint Life Saver may be used when boiling peas, should the usual sprig of mint not be available.

THE QUALITY CANDY WITH THE HOLE

Still only 4D.
3 for 1/-

PEP-O-MINT, CRYST-O-MINT, ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, THIRST, FLORAL, MUSK, SPEAR-O-MINT, AN-O-SEED, CLOVE, VIOLET, STIK-O-PEP and BUTTERSCOTCH.

IT'S HERE AGAIN!

an old favourite in a new roll pack!

Now you can enjoy delicious, crunchy Walco *Glucose* Barley Sugar in the handy roll pack! For real, honest-to-goodness barley sugar you can't beat it. Walco—the flavour to remember!

4D EVERYWHERE

EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD!

WB2.

Be nice to be near

No matter how often you bath or shower, you can't wash off perspiration odours in advance. And toothbrushing in advance won't always overcome food odours, either. Make sure you don't offend in body 'n' breath! One Chloro-PHILLIES tablet in the morning and two more during the day will help to ensure that you are always your own sweet self!

1/- EVERYWHERE

EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD!

C.R.3.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932296

Schoolteacher paddles her own canoe

By BARBARA RICHARDS, staff reporter

An attractive blonde 20-year-old schoolteacher will be the first Australian woman ever to enter the canoe event in the Olympic Games.

She is Edith Cochrane, of Maroubra, New South Wales, and she stepped into a canoe for the first time only six months ago.

EDITH COCHRANE, aged 20, will represent Australia in the canoe event at the Melbourne Olympics.

EACH of the 13 countries competing in the 1956 canoe event will send one woman in its team for the Games.

Edith's time for 500 metres in still water is between two minutes 26 seconds, and two minutes 28 seconds. This compares favorably with the best time in the Finnish championships last year (2 min. 28 secs.) and in the 1955 Swedish-Hungarian meet (2 min. 23 secs.).

There is no world record for the distance.

Times depend on the conditions of currents and winds.

The 500-metre single kayak race in which Edith will take part is the only women's canoe event in the Games. Men compete in single and double kayaks and Canadian canoes over distances of 1000 metres and 10,000 metres.

Edith is the present holder of the Australian women's 500 - metre championship, which she won last Easter on the Olympic course on Lake Wendouree, Ballarat, Victoria.

Edith became a canoeist because she felt she would never reach any great heights as a swimmer.

State finals

"I'VE been going in backstroke and freestyle swimming events since I was 14," she said, "and though I reached the State finals every year until last summer, I knew I wasn't good enough to get into the Olympics.

"So I did some thinking, bought a kayak from one of the boys near home for £25 and asked Frank Whitebrook, who is coaching the men for the Olympics, if he would coach me."

Mr. Whitebrook is a lecturer in physical education at Sydney Teachers' College, which Edith attended from 1953 to 1955.

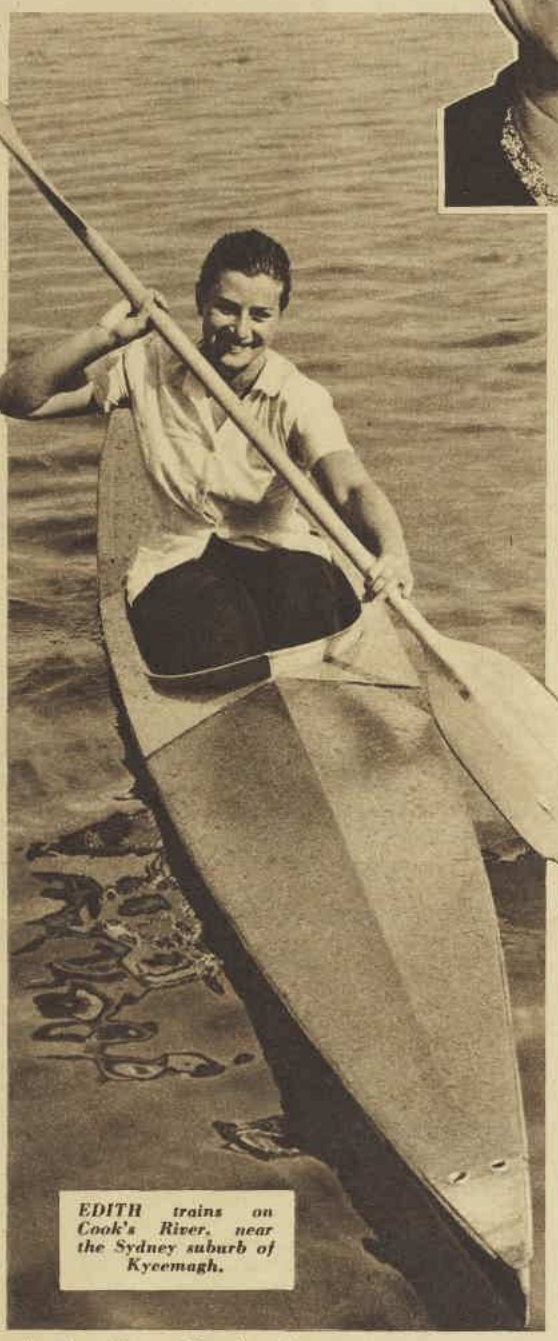
"Frank believes in the scientific method of sports training," Edith said. "He is taking a great deal of trouble to teach me to paddle so that my strongest muscles do the most work with the least effort."

She laughed about her first efforts in a canoe.

"I stepped in and fell out over the other side at least 20 times before I got my balance," she said.

"It was just like learning to ride a bicycle. Once I got the hang of it, I couldn't overbalance."

Edith explained that the canoe in which she trains and will race is a single racing kayak, as distinct from single touring kayaks, double kayaks, and the bigger Canadian canoes.



EDITH trains on Cook's River, near the Sydney suburb of Kyeemagh.

"My kayak is 17 feet long and only about 18 inches wide," she said. "It has a V-bottom and because it's made of some light wood it weighs only 27 or 28 pounds.

"I can carry it along under my arm if I want to."

During the journey to Victoria for the Australian championships, the kayak blew off the top of the car and was badly holed. But the men competitors gave up a rest afternoon to repair it and Edith was able to compete.

Before the Olympics, Edith hopes to get the brand-new kayak she has on order in Denmark.

"It cost £60," she said, with a grimace. "Mum paid for it and I'm paying her back in instalments. Even a paddle, which is made of spruce, costs £6."

Edith is training on Cook's River, near the suburb of Kyeemagh. Because of the distance between the river and her home, she is staying at the home of one of her pupils.

"Between now and the Games in November," Edith said, "my training programme will be constant—one hour each morning and one and a half hours each afternoon.

"At present I'm doing basic strokes, pulling on one side, then stopping briefly for Frank to detect anything wrong in my style."

When she first started training she was living in the Teachers' College Hostel at Castlereagh.

While she taught at Richmond (30 miles from Sydney) she paddled 10 miles a day up and down the Nepean River.

"That kind of work takes a good constitution," she said, "and a good constitution means doing 20 minutes of exercises a day and eating the right foods.

"I have to keep off rich foods — lovely cream cakes and things—and eat plenty of protein foods like meat and fish. And, of course, no alcohol."

In between canoeing, Edith is a physical education teacher at Crown Street Intermediate Girls' High School and Bourke Street Central School. She teaches girls between 11 and 15 years of age.

In 1953, she was one of 20 girls selected throughout the State from her year to do the three-year course at Sydney Teachers' College.

Athletics, too

ALWAYS a keen sportsgirl, she played hockey and softball at college, won the athletics points score, and received an honor blue for reaching A grade standard in athletics and swimming.

"At one time I was a ballroom dancing teacher, too," she said, "but I have given that away for canoeing. I also go skin-diving with the Underwater Research Group."

Edith Cochrane's main hopes are that her canoeing will stir up interest among other women in the sport.

"When we wrote overseas for information," she said, "to Sweden, England, Denmark, and Finland, experts said I couldn't possibly reach Olympic standard in a year. I hope to prove them wrong."

Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. The skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness, for she guards her natural loveliness, always, with gentle Rexona Soap.

REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines. With just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness . . . leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. *Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.*

Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

GUARD YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER

X.136.WW122R

FOR LOVELIER, LONGER-WEARING SKIRTS AND SLACKS

PURE WOOL WORSTED MELANGE by Centenary

Two Forty Five

Available at Fabric Depts. of all leading stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932297

ENTER THIS GREAT NE

WIN THE RINSO DREAM HOME WORTH £7,500

—built where you want it

THIS COULD BE YOURS!

Now it could be a reality, that home you see in your mind, shining new, spacious, comfortable, with every modern labour-saving feature you ever dreamed of — a place to live in and enjoy, a place in which to bring up a healthy, happy family and you may have it without spending a penny!

If you win this Rinso competition, the makers of Rinso will finance the building of your "dream home." It doesn't matter where you live, you choose your own land and design of the house you would like — it may be in timber, fibro or brick — but the total cost must not exceed £7,500.

A CHANCE TO WIN SPECIAL PRIZES EVERY TWO WEEKS

This Rinso competition will run for eight weeks and consist of four different contests. At the end of each fortnight, fifty £5 grocery hampers of goods of your own choice will be given away for the best entries in that fortnightly contest.

The home you've always wanted —built as you like it—wherever you choose. Plus a chance to win one of the 50 £5 grocery hampers given away each fortnight

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932298

RINSO COMPETITION

CONTEST NO. 1 . . . . . CLOSING DATE 21st JUNE

1. I give the credit for my dazzling white wash to those thicker, richer Rinso suds.

2. The man who sold us our washer told me that Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines.

3. Rinso's as good as another pair of hands on washdays — and just see how smooth and white it keeps mine.

4. I'll say there's nothing to touch gentle Rinso suds — they get coloureds brighter than brand-new.

5. Rinso is best for whites, coloureds, dishes and I am just one of the 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives who have proved it.

6. Trust Rinso to cut grease fast and get the plates and glasses shiny in no time.

? ?

(Example): *Aw gee, Mum, you said if it cleaned us it would clean anything !*

CHOOSE A CAPTION — WRITE A CAPTION

Terry Dear, and a packet of Rinso will help you with clues

Here's What You Do: Below the photograph marked "A" is a list of 6 sentences. One of these has been selected by the judges as the most apt and appropriate for the woman in the picture to say. Study the sentences carefully to decide which fits the picture best. To assist you, Terry Dear will give a clue word on "Australia's Amateur Hour," "Leave It To The Girls," "Portia Faces Life" and "Dr. Paul." *Be sure to have a packet of Rinso by your radio at the time as the clue word will be on the packet.*

Now look at the cartoon above marked "B," drawn by Emile Mercier, and write down a few words which you think would make an appropriate title for this picture, i.e., a caption for the cartoon.

Fill in the entry form at right with your selections and mail it to "Rinso Dream Home Contest," Box 7060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: Contestants may send their entries on a blank sheet of paper, which must be clearly marked with the Number of the Contest. Just copy out the entry form as given here.

Rinso Contest No. 1 starts today

How the competition will be judged

1. The competition will last for eight weeks with a different photograph and cartoon each fortnight. There is no limit to the number of entries you may send in for each contest and you may send in entries for each of the four contests.
2. Each entry will be carefully examined and special prizes of £5 grocery hampers will be awarded in each fortnightly contest to competitors who pick the right sentence for the photograph and write what the judges consider the best caption for the cartoon.

REMEMBER — EVERY ENTRY WILL BE OPENED !

The Major Prize of Dream Home worth £7,500 will be awarded to the competitor whose entry in ANY ONE of the four contests over the whole eight weeks' period is judged the best.

3. Any resident of Australia may compete except employees of Lever Brother Pty. Limited, its associated companies, its advertising agencies and their families.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The judges are Terry Dear, compere of "Australia's Amateur Hour," famous cartoonist Emile Mercier and a Director of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited. Their decision will be final and legally binding and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, and may be used as the Company sees fit.

Announcement of results

The prizewinners of each fortnightly contest will be published in leading daily newspapers two weeks after the close of each contest. The winner of the £7,500 "Dream Home" will be announced on "Australia's Amateur Hour" on 23rd August. At the conclusion of the contest, a list of all prizewinners will be sent on request, if accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

CONTEST NO. 2 WILL BE PUBLISHED IN "THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY" ON SALE 21st JUNE

Cut along dotted line

CONTEST NO. 1 ENTRY FORM

For a chance to win a home of your dreams and one of the fifty £5 grocery hampers

This contest closes on 21st June and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight on this date.

The sentence I select for the photograph, marked A, at left above is NUMBER .....

My caption for the cartoon, marked B, is .....

.....

.....

.....

Fill in name and address below in block letters

Name .....

Address .....

..... *State* .....

Fill in Storekeeper's name and address below

Storekeeper's Name .....

Address .....

..... *State* .....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932299

OVER 500,000 Fyrside heaters in use throughout Australia today

These positive Facts prove Fyrside ...Australia's Finest Heater!

* Greater COMFORT
* Greater WARMTH
* Greater ECONOMY

Colour planned to tone with any interior

Fyrside gives *pleasant, comfortable* warmth . . . *radiates heat* over a large area and *spreads warm air* into every corner of the room. Fyrside operates for less than half the cost of other forms of heating.

FYRSIDE SPACE HEATER

Fully enclosed, smart in appearance and beautifully finished.

Fyrside

Fully guaranteed for 12 months

FYRSIDE HEATERS PTY. LIMITED (*A Unit of EMAIL Limited*)

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 5

meant. "Those seeds must have crept under the earth," she said, furiously.

There were patches that were almost bald.

"They'll thicken up," said Tip comfortingly, but there was one place about which Tip could say nothing at all, a big, bare patch, almost a ring of earth opposite the column. He looked at it in silence; it was plain, he thought it very ugly, and Lovejoy's pride was stung. "I meant it to be like that," she said.

"Did you?" asked Tip doubtfully.

"Yes," said Lovejoy. Her adroitness always made Tip marvel; he knew quite well she had invented this about the patch, but, "Wait," she said now, and went off among the rubble so much as if this had really been in her mind that Tip was half convinced.

Presently she came back with something round and set with shattered bits of glass.

"What is it?" asked Tip.

Neither of them knew; it had been a glass bell that held everlasting flowers for a grave; its bottom was zinc, edged with a painted white tin frill. "Isn't it pretty?" asked Lovejoy. The glass was broken now, but, "It will make a very special sort of flowerpot," said Lovejoy. "It fits here, on the patch," and she set it down and looked at it, breaking off one or two bits of glass that were left. The bare patch was hidden.

"Isn't it pretty?" asked Lovejoy again and then she said, "We must fill it with earth."

"Not more earth!" said Tip.

"More earth," said Lovejoy inexorably.

"But what will you put in it?" asked Tip. He sounded as if he were alarmed.

Lovejoy did not answer for a moment. She looked away, thoughtfully and dreamily; then, "Do you remember Mr. Isbister's summer holiday?" she asked. "Do you remember Jiminy Cricket?"

. . . .

The old woman in the vinegar bottle went too far; there came a day when the little fish, tired out, said, "Go back to your vinegar bottle," and the house, furniture, new clothes, maid, and pony-carriage disappeared, but Vincent and Lovejoy had not heard any more than Tip or Mrs. Combie of that story.

With the old woman it had been a car; the pony-carriage, she complained, was too slow. With Vincent it was the big refrigerator. A duck had gone bad in the larder and Vincent brought up for the hundredth time, it seemed to Mrs. Combie, the question of the big refrigerator. "I tell you we must have it," said Vincent.

"We can't, George. We can't pay for it."

"Then we must borrow. Now, now is the moment," cried Vincent. "At last it has happened what I said. I begin to gather my clientele, the clientele I want." If Vincent were moved he grew foreign. "No, not want," said Vincent passionately. "Not want, deserve. Without a big refrigerator—" he began.

"George, a big refrigerator costs —"

"You're always dinning figures into me," shouted Vincent. "Figures, and it hurts."

Mrs. Combie might have said that it was Vincent who dinned figures into her where they hurt much more; she had had a very painful interview with Mr. Edwards, the bank manager, that weekend and now she had to persist.

"Why not wait?" she asked in a breathless voice, twisting the overall strings tightly round her finger. "Wait till more people like the lady and gentleman come."

"And give them duck gone bad?" asked Vincent icily.

. . . .

"Would you care to try something else tonight?" said Vincent to Mr. Manley. "Something more interesting. Aiguillettes de canard sauvage?" said Vincent smoothly. "Chicken saute a l'ancienne?" That was Vincent's speciality. "Or may I suggest fillet of sole a la Russe?"

"You're very splendiferous," said Mr. Manley.

"Yes," said Vincent, and his smile was almost a smirk. The refrigerator had gone to his head and he had had an orgy of cooking. "At last we are equipped, almost," said Vincent. There was still the question of the dishwasher. "I'm happy to say we have installed a full-sized refrigerator."

"Umph!" said Mr. Manley. He ordered a plain rump steak.

With Vincent it was the big refrigerator: with Lovejoy it was the wreath flowerpot.

For several days after she put it in the garden Tip had not come near her. "I won't get more earth," he had said flatly and gone away. When Lovejoy caught him in the street he would not talk to her. "I've got things to do," he said.

"What things?" asked Lovejoy.

"Things with the boys," said Tip. "Boys!" he bellowed as if he were desperate. A sudden wisdom told Lovejoy to leave him alone.

I don't miss him, she told herself proudly, and, as a matter of fact, she did not miss him as badly as she would have done a little time ago. These days the statue seemed to be with her in a way that was companionable. I don't mind her now, thought Lovejoy, I quite like her.

She's always been here, thought Lovejoy easily; why should I mind her? She knows all about me, thought Lovejoy. Mary was Jesus' mother, even the ignorant Lovejoy knew that, but she was also, according to Tip, everyone's mother. "I've got a mother of my own," Lovejoy told her jealously.

It was mysterious, but Tip seemed content to let it be mysterious. There was the question of the baby who was Jesus, for instance. Tip said that Jesus was God but he also said God was so big and powerful that no one could measure Him — Lovejoy, in her mind's eye, immediately saw the power station — then how could He be a little baby? "How can He?" she had asked challengingly.

"Easily," said Tip.

That was too much for Lovejoy, but Mary she could understand. "Well, that's all right," said Tip. "Perhaps it begins with her."

Mary, Lovejoy gathered, was a real mother; there were many things that Tip must, or must not, do. I wish I must and mustn't, thought Lovejoy yearningly, and she thought that when her mother came back she would tell her a thing or two; and while Mary was stern, she was — reliable was the word Lovejoy wanted — and she had given excellent advice about the pansies.

Yes, taking all things together, thought Lovejoy, she was glad the statue was in the garden, she had grown used to it, but, "When my mother comes back I won't need you," said Lovejoy; that sounded rude and perhaps ungrateful, and after a while she found a potted-meat jar and washed it so clean that it sparkled, filled it with pansies, and took it into the church. People often put bunches of flowers round the pedestal, and Lovejoy put her jar at its foot.

"When these are dead I'll bring you some more," she said, kindly.

These days were peaceful. Some of them were rainy, but then Lovejoy sat under the tombstone and kept dry. It was good to watch the flowers drinking, without all that work, thought Lovejoy. It was a terrible work to water even that small patch of garden.

It needed two; taking filled jam jars or bottles down the wall was difficult and dangerous, as Lovejoy had found when she tried and fell, broke a jar, and cut herself. After that Tip had fixed a piece of old waterpipe against the wall, tying it to the sharp, sticking-out bits of brick with string because he dared not make a noise knocking nails in; the pipe was shaky but it acted as a channel, and if he poured water in from an old cider bottle at the top Lovejoy could catch it in her jam jar below.

Even then it was work that took patience, so that Tip being away, it was double luck that there was rain; when it rained the garden watered itself; and afterwards Lovejoy came out and smelled the earth and it was miraculously fresh. To smell it she had to get down on her hands and knees, and that brought another revelation.

"If you stand up the garden's little," she told Tip. "If you get right down and look along the paths, squint and screw your eyes up, it's big."

One evening, on her way home, Lovejoy had reached the Street when she went back to the garden for the shovel.

Mr. Isbister had told her that, besides watering, she should feed her plants. "Feed them?" Lovejoy had asked astonished.

"Think you're the only one what needs to eat?" said Mr. Isbister and he told her how to make liquid food with manure and water.

It sounded complicated to Lovejoy, but she did her best. Like a real sparrow pecking at dung, she scooped horse-manure off the road with Tip's shovel. It was a good thing Cassie did not see her, but to a chemist nothing is unclean and, highly pleased, Lovejoy shook the manure up in a jam jar of water, kept it a few days—Mr. Isbister had said it should be old—and fed the pansies.

She made a fresh supply every few days, and that evening Lucy, pulling her painted cart, had been by and there was beautiful fresh manure on the road; it was worth the trouble of going back, but Lovejoy had scooped up only one shovelful when, down the Street, came the big green car.

It came quickly but not as quickly as Lovejoy went; crimson with shame, she fled back up the steps. They would come now! she thought wrathfully; all the same she did not drop her manure but took it safely over the wall. She did not come up until she heard Charles and Liz go into the church; then slowly, hoping they had not seen her shame, she came up the wall, climbed over, settled her clothes and hair, and waited by the bell.

Charles and Liz! thought Lovejoy. Perhaps they didn't see. Shivers of excitement and hero-worship went over her, and when they came up the crypt steps she made them the curtsy she had learned long ago for the stage; nothing less seemed to fit the occasion.

"Hello!" said Charles. He had just put on his hat; he swept it off again. To me!

To page 39

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932300

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 38

thought Lovejoy. How she wished Cassie could see.

"It's the little saint," said Liz.

"The sinner," said Charles.

Lovejoy noticed that he held Liz's arm. That was enough for Lovejoy. They're engaged! she thought. Liz had gloves on, so that Lovejoy could not see the ring, but she knew at once what it was. A great big diamond! thought Lovejoy.

Liz was wearing the same suit! thought Lovejoy, disappointed. She had thought Liz, like the queen, or as Lovejoy imagined the queen, would wear a new dress every day; she saw a maid, like a maid on the films in a black dress and little cap and apron, showing Liz suit after suit, dress after dress; but now, it was the same suit, same hat, gloves, and stole.

Lovejoy followed them down to the car and stayed on the pavement looking into it, at its mole-colored leather—she knew mole, it was a fashionable color—the plaid rug, the wood and silver and glass. There was a little clock, a radio.

"Like a drive?" asked Charles.

Lovejoy had never thought that Charles and Liz might be kind to her—when Liz gave her the shilling it had seemed the work of the statue, not Liz; Lovejoy had not thought of herself in connection with them at all, except as a pair of eyes watching them perhaps, and she was startled when Charles spoke. "Like a drive?" said Charles in his lazy, offhand voice. "Just round a street or two?"

Lovejoy did not mean to be rude but she seemed to have lost her voice. Charles opened the car door for her—"As if I was a lady," she told Tip afterwards—shut her in, shut in Liz, came round to his place, and started the car. As it pulled away from the kerb and down the road it felt like gliding, floating.

If Vincent could see me now, thought Lovejoy as they passed the restaurant, or, better than Vincent, Cassie, or, better even than Cassie, Tip, Tip and his whole blasted gang. Lovejoy sat so stiffly erect and proud as they swept round the corner by the river that she overbalanced and fell forward against the front seat. It was then she saw what Liz held on her lap.

Liz had lifted a globe of tissue paper to look at it; Lovejoy looked too and stayed, glued where she was, her hands clutching the front seat. She did not know it but she had given a little gasp. Charles glanced round.

"Did I go too fast?" he asked, "I'm sorry." But Lovejoy had forgotten she was in a car.

"Is it real?" she whispered.

Liz turned her head to look at Lovejoy; Lovejoy's face was just beside her own, gazing down, and Lovejoy's hand crept forward. "Could I—could I touch it?"

She had hardly dared to ask, but Liz twisted right round and lifted it up. Lovejoy, steadying herself on her elbows, took it into her hands. "It's a rose!" she said, stunned.

"A tiny standard rose," said Liz.

"Alive!" Lovejoy was faint with wonder.

There was cause for wonder. The rosetree was not more than nine inches high, planted in a pot, its tiny leaves making the correct standard bush, and on it were six deep pink-orange roses. Each minute rose was perfectly formed, the petals curled, each flower no bigger than a sixpence. "It even has a scent," said Liz, "and it's hardy too."

"Would it live in a garden?"

"Yes," said Liz, "but it would have to be a very little garden."

"Yes," breathed Lovejoy.

She was oblivious that they had come round to the church again and the car had stopped. All she saw was the rose.

"Where did you find it?"

"Charles gave it to me. It was a special present," said Liz.

Special! and I thought I knew what special was! Lovejoy had thought pansies were beautiful — and all the time there was this, she thought. The garden with its joined stone edges, its mustard and cress, seemed a child's playgarden now; I thought I knew, thought Lovejoy sorrowfully, and all the time there were things like this—she kept coming back to the rose.

She felt ashamed; this is what Mr. Isbister meant when he said "something special," while I— But I never dreamed. I never thought—thought Lovejoy, and gave a miserable little choke. She handed the rose back to Liz and blindly put out her hand to find the door. She felt that they were looking at her in surprise, but she could not help it.

"Wait," said Charles suddenly. He got out, opened Lovejoy's door, but stood blocking it. "Have you got a garden?" he asked.

Lovejoy nodded. "We got the pot," she said huskily. "We were getting the earth." Tip had said he would not get it, but that, she knew, could have been settled. "The earth," she repeated and swallowed. "It doesn't matter now." Her voice died away, and she bent her head so that the two sides of her hair swung forward and hid her face, showing her neck. Tip could have told Charles how potent that was.

> **The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides never decides. Accept life, and you must accept regret.**
>
> **—*Amiel.***

"Well. Well. Well," said Charles. There was such a long silence that Lovejoy raised her head. He was looking across at Liz, and Liz was looking back at him. This time it was Liz who nodded.

"First present I give you, you give away," said Charles, pretending to grumble. "I suppose I can get you another," and he reached in and took the rose from Liz and set it in Lovejoy's lap.

When the heavens open one does not say thank you. Lovejoy gazed dumbly at the rose, at Liz, at Charles, until, "You're in the car," Charles prompted gently. "You must get out now." He helped her out, closed the door, lifted his hat again, and got back in the driving seat, but before he could start the car Liz beckoned. Lovejoy ran round in the road to Liz's window.

"You'll take care of it?" said Liz. "And you must transplant it. That means put it in another pot, a bigger one; spread the roots out and press the earth down well. Do you know how?"

"Yes," said Lovejoy huskily.

"And wouldn't you like to know what it is?" asked Liz. "It has a name, you know."

"I know," said Lovejoy.

"It's a Robin Hood rose called Little Monarch!" But to Lovejoy it could only have one name.

"It's called Jiminy Cricket," said Lovejoy firmly.

Olivia always spoke of "that morning," but it really began the evening before, the evening Jiminy Cricket came.

Lovejoy did not have to go and find Tip. He came to the garden; he had been having a strange nagging of conscience. "Why? I don't belong to her," he said, trying to convince himself, but he had been pulled all the time. He had brought Lovejoy half a bag of all-sorts, but when he saw the little rose he stopped.

"Where did you get that?" he asked suspiciously. When Lovejoy, still dazed by her luck, told him, he said, "You shouldn't take presents from people you don't know."

That was one of Mrs. Malone's maxims, but it was news to Lovejoy; she had always supposed one should take all one could get. "And I do know Charles," she said, which was an unfortunate remark.

"If you've got him, you don't want me," said Tip, and turned away with his bag of sweets.

"I do want you," said Lovejoy, running round in front of him. There was no mistaking her agitation. "Oh, please! I can't do without you," said Lovejoy.

"Honest?" said Tip, and a glow began to come on his sullen face. "You're not kidding?"

"Oh, no!" said Lovejoy earnestly. "You see, we must get that earth tonight."

Tip said nothing.

"Why have you gone all cross again?" she asked.

"Think why," growled Tip, but Lovejoy could not think, and she began to wheedle him.

"It only needs one more bucket of earth," she crooned, "one bucket and the garden's made. Tip, help me. We must get that earth tonight . . .

"But that evening wasn't only for us, it was for everybody," said Lovejoy. It was strange how it came together for all of them; for instance, Vincent.

Earlier that evening Vincent, coming out on the pavement to breathe a little air after the stuffiness of the kitchen, had seen the green car when it was higher up the Street, outside the Priest's House. Charles and Liz had been to see Father Lambert before they went to look at the church. For one moment Vincent had gazed at the car, then he dived back into the restaurant, calling "Ettie, Ettie."

"What is it, George?" Mrs. Combie was alarmed.

"Quick. They're coming," said Vincent. He was moving vases and clearing the tables. "The one night I hadn't changed the cloths," he lamented. "That's you and your economy," but he did not sound cross. "Come along. Help," he said, and gave her an affectionate slap. "They're coming."

"The lady and gentleman, George?"

"Who else?" said Vincent. "Are you glad we have the refrigerator?" he said. His eyes grew wide. "I shall make them something they'll remember. They shall have langouste. Thank God we have langouste, and, yes, my chicken saute a l'ancienne."

"Will you have time?" asked Mrs. Combie.

"They'll wait," said Vincent. "They'll have aperitifs."

Once again Mrs. Combie's doubt gave way to pride and awe; it was always the same when she watched Vincent cooking; this chicken saute, to Mrs. Combie, was a queer and unappetising dish; to her the white wine spoiled good chicken, but still she was fascinated as she watched. She was not

To page 40

It's that "more chocolatey" flavour...

The moment, the very moment, you pop one of those chunky squares into your mouth—you *know* it's NESTLE'S Milk Chocolate. You can tell in a trice it's NESTLE'S because of that "more chocolatey" flavour . . . that rich, full-bodied taste that no other chocolate seems to possess. "Ahh," you say to yourself, "Nestlé's IS good . . . and it's good to eat often."

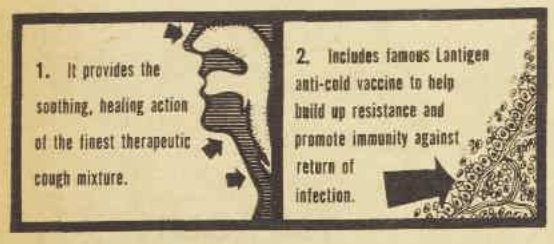
It's GOOD and it's good to eat often!

NR15-56

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932301

STOP COUGHING tonight!

Double-acting Edinburgh Cough Mixture works faster, more thoroughly, soothes deep down.



Dramatic letters tell of amazing relief

Perfect Night's Rest! ". . . My husband had tried nearly all medicines, but one dose of Edinburgh Cough Mixture gave him a perfect night's rest."
Marvellous Results! ". . . As a victim of the most severe attacks of common cold and sore throat, at last I have a marvellous treatment, rapid results, absolutely wonderful — Edinburgh Cough Mixture (with Lantigen)."
Cough Gone! ". . . I had a terrible cough—it used to make my whole body ache every time that I coughed. I tried all the other brands but after taking two bottles of your cough mixture my cough has gone. It is so pleasant."

(ORIGINALS OF TESTIMONIALS ON OUR FILES)

Yes, Edinburgh Cough Mixture attacks germ infection, relieves congestion and irritation

Colds dry up faster, coughs and chest congestion disappear. Natural resistance to infection is increased. Recovery from miserable coughing, sore raspy throats and heavy congested chests is faster than you would have believed possible. *It's so good for children—and they love its pleasant flavour.*

AT THE VERY FIRST SIGN OF A COUGH TAKE

Gives Double Benefit

Edinburgh
COUGH MIXTURE
containing LANTIGEN anti-cold vaccine

Money Back Guarantee. *Unless you agree that Edinburgh Cough Mixture is the best cough mixture you have ever tried, and brings you better and faster relief, post the partly empty bottle to: Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Limited, 103 York Street, Sydney, and your money will be sent back to you by return.*

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

B2ECM

"It hurts more than my feelings when my nappy's changed without smoothing on 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Know why?" Because safe, gentle 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly prevents nappy rash. Use it each time you change your baby's nappy. Take it from me — it soothes and protects tender skin.
Hygienic 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is on sale everywhere — for 101 household uses.

TRADE **Vaseline** BRAND
PETROLEUM JELLY

Economy jar — 3/9
Standard jar — 2/3

'VASELINE' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc. J64/R

Continuing **An Episode of Sparrows**

from page 39

allowed to stand and watch for long.

"Put some roses on their table, Ettie," said Vincent. "They'll want the same one. Is Lovejoy in?"

"No, she's out somewhere," said Mrs. Combie.

"Then you must go, Ettie, quick as you can, go to the dairy and get some cream and to Driscoll's for mushrooms." Mrs. Combie hesitated. "Ettie, I must have cream and mushrooms. There's just enough time, and I can't make this else, and, Ettie, get some raspberries."

"Have you any money, George?" asked Mrs. Combie.

"I?" said Vincent in astonishment; she had never asked him that before.

"They won't let us have them, George, unless we pay. We owe too much at the dairy, and Mr. Driscoll has sent a registered letter."

"Then pay for them," snapped Vincent. "There's eleven shillings in the till from those two lunches, if you could call them lunches. An omelet and a cup of coffee,'" he mimicked. "Go on, Ettie." Mrs. Combie hesitated, and Vincent stood up. "Ettie, when I am right, proved right, will you not do as I say?"

When Mrs. Combie came back the restaurant was filled with succulent smells. "Is the car still at the church?" asked Vincent.

"Yes," said Mrs. Combie. It had driven Lovejoy round, but Mrs. Combie had missed that and Vincent had been too busy to see.

"Good," said Vincent. "You take over the soup, Ettie, while I wash. I have to arrange the raspberries. Then everything is ready." He paused. "Last time she had a red Kauffman plate; get a blue."

Smooth and polished in his tail coat and carefully creased trousers, fresh linen, and his watch-chain, Vincent went into the restaurant. When he saw the pink roses Mrs. Combie had arranged he frowned, took them out and did them again; then he wiped the vase, put it back on the table, and gave the two cocked napkins a touch. The bread was cut, the new menus were written, two good red and white wines were out, one warming, the other cooling. Jauntily he went to the door and looked up the road.

The car was gone.

. . . .

When life gives a blow it often gives another; that happened to Mrs. Combie that night.

Vincent was serving coffee in the restaurant — there were three people in, but even to Mrs. Combie they did not seem to be people now—when there came a knock at the side door.

"Will you go?" said Vincent. He spoke in a stunned, respectful way as if she, or he, were dead; which of us? thought Mrs. Combie, but if Vincent died, she died, too. "Will you go, Ettie?" he asked, and, leaving the littered kitchen, Mrs. Combie took her tired body to the door.

"Why haven't you people got a telephone?"

The voice was so loud and jovial that it jarred. We're unhappy here, speak softly, Mrs. Combie wanted to say. Vincent went quickly into the restaurant, but she had to stand and listen. "Had to drag all the way here," it complained. "Is Bertha in?"

"Bertha?" Mrs. Combie held the doorjamb.

"Bertha. Mrs. Mason. I'm Mr. Montague, her agent. Doesn't she live here?"

"Yes, but she's in Brighton with the Blue Moons," said Mrs. Combie, silently taking in the good blue overcoat, black hat, red face, and smell of soap and brilliantine and cigars.

"With the Blue Moons?"

"Yes, in Brighton." Mrs. Combie held the doorjamb tighter.

"So that's her line," said Mr. Montague. He spoke softly as if to himself, but Mrs. Combie heard. "Oh, well!" he said, and lifted his hat. "In that case, good-night."

"But—wait." Mrs. Combie was collecting herself. "Isn't that all right?"

He shrugged. "Maybe for all I know," he said. Then perhaps he saw Mrs. Combie's face more clearly, because he said, "One thing I do know. She isn't with the Blue Moons."

"Why? Why not?" said Mrs. Combie faintly. Her voice had reeled away.

"They're in Jersey, dear, been there all summer. I ought to know. I booked them there myself. Look here," he said. "Have some sense. Bertha hasn't been with the Blue Moons for years. Three years, to be exact. She's not in their class now. Right out, in fact. She's had odd jobs here and there, that's all. I can't do miracles. They will go on, you know, and nobody wants them. Won't listen," said Mr. Montague. "I had a fill-in job that might have helped for a week or two, but if she's not here——"

"If she isn't with the Blue Moons in Brighton," said Mrs. Combie slowly, "where is she?"

"Haven't the faintest," said Mr. Montague. "Well, no use my waiting. Good-night."

"One moment," said Mrs. Combie, coming to life. "You're her agent."

"A theatrical agent has no responsibility," said Mr. Montague. It was as if a comfortable sleek car had suddenly become armored and put out steel guns. "And there's no money owing to her, none. In fact, the boot's on the other foot. She's been drawing on us."

"But——" Mrs. Combie caught at his sleeve. "Wait, Mr. Montague. There's Lovejoy. You remember Lovejoy."

"The kiddy?" For a moment Mr. Montague seemed troubled. "Did Bertha do that? I wouldn't have thought it of her." Then he withdrew behind his guns. "So she's made a muggins of you? Bad luck. Well, I must be off."

"But——" cried Mrs. Combie wildly.

He stepped back out of her reach. "I told you . . . she owes us money. Good-night."

. . . .

It was that evening, too, that Angela discovered that Lucas had disobeyed her and the Garden Committee, and had not slept in the shed. "Not even once," said Angela.

"No more earth has been taken," said Lucas defensively.

"That's not the point."

"We've scared them off."

"That's not the point," said Angela again. "You were given orders."

Lucas looked sullen.

"Orders that were meant to be obeyed. Perhaps you prefer to leave?" asked Angela. Lucas looked still more sullen.

"I didn't say that," said Lucas. His small eyes blinked.

"If you don't want to leave," said Angela, "you will sleep in the shed tonight."

Lucas cast an appealing glance at Olivia, who deliberately looked at the floor; at the admiral, who cleared his throat and looked out of the window; Mr. Donaldson was still at the office, so there was no one else to meet Lucas' eye except Angela herself, and she was implacably stern.

"Very well," said Lucas.

. . . . . .

Tip had difficulty in getting Sparkey. "Last time I let him go with you he was tired out," said Sparkey's mother. "You must have sat up all night talking."

"We didn't," said Tip and Sparkey truthfully.

"And he got a shocking cold," said Sparkey's mother.

"That was my May cold," said Sparkey.

"And if you get another that'll be your June cold, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Sparkey.

"Let him come," begged Tip.

Sparkey's mother wanted to go away for the night and did not want to take Sparkey with her; Tip's proposal suited her exactly, but she was still thinking of that talking in bed. "Promise you'll keep a blanket around him," she said.

She would not let Sparkey go until they had promised, though they knew it would be a singularly awkward promise to keep. "I don't want a blanket," said Sparkey miserably.

"We'll tie it round you," said Tip.

. . . .

It was at half-past five the next morning that Tip put Lovejoy and Sparkey, impeded by the blanket, over the Square gardens' palings. From the beginning it felt disastrous; it was raining hard; even bundled as he was, Sparkey was soaked already. "You're wet through," said Tip, worried.

"I'm wet, too," said Lovejoy, but Tip took no notice of that.

Lovejoy was not popular with Tip that morning. She was never popular with Sparkey, who turned his big eyes on her with hate.

No whisper had come to Lovejoy of what had happened last night, but when she had come in Vincent had gone into the restaurant without speaking to her, and Mrs. Combie had told her to go to bed in such a flat, dull way that Lovejoy thought they must have quarrelled again.

"Are you tired?" Lovejoy asked Mrs. Combie. She did not know what else to say for comfort.

"Yes, I'm tired," said Mrs. Combie. She added that the kitchen table wanted scrubbing, but she did not get up and scrub it.

"I'll do it," Lovejoy offered, but Mrs. Combie said, "No," and told her to go to bed. Then Mrs. Combie took down her old coat, and Lovejoy heard her open the restaurant door and say, "George, I'm going to the police."

"Tonight?" asked Vincent, coming to the door. "Wait till the morning, dear." Dear! Then they haven't quarrelled, thought Lovejoy.

"I can't wait, I must know," said Mrs. Combie.

Lovejoy did not know what the trouble was—perhaps somebody's stolen something, she thought—but it filled the house, and she had never been more glad to see Tip the next morning; but for Sparkey she would have snuggled against him, rubbing her head on his shoulder. In a passion of warmth and gratitude she had said, "Hello, Tip," and now Tip was being unkind.

"It's the last time," she told him earnestly. "I'll never bother you again."

"Don't tell lies," said Tip. He did not lift her carefully, but jounced her up on top of the folded raincoat they put for a pad on the palings, as if he were glad to get rid of her. She slipped as she jumped down. "Oooh!" said Lovejoy, and whimpered.

"Get on with it," said Tip.

The rain dripped off her nose as she dug; the handle of the shovel grew slimy with mud and put mud on her hands; her feet felt as if her socks and shoes were made of mud. It was cold and ugly, her misery

To page 41

[ADVERTISEMENT]

COMPLEXION STEAMING

By
MARGARET MERRIL

To clean and freshen the complexion, ease away crows' feet, draw out impurities and to put more life into your skin, try this beauty steaming:

Steam the face over a basin of hot water for three minutes once or twice a week. Use a towel over the head to gain maximum steaming, but beforehand anoint the skin with a little oil of ulan. See if you can get a little of the emulsified type from your chemist. This may seem the height of extravagance, but a good complexion is well worth it.

As the steam opens the sluggish pores, this oil is given the opportunity of good penetration.

Cool down slowly, then carry out the ice-water treatment mentioned in one of my previous talks.

There is no doubt regular care of the skin in this way can work wonders with the complexion.

To save answering many letters on past beauty treatments individually, I am arranging to have the information repeated in these columns.

(Copyright: Margaret Merril Beauty School.)

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset get **DOAN'S.** Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

THE
BEST COOKS

use
FAULDING ESSENCES

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

HEENZO
for Coughs & Colds

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932302

An Episode of Sparrows

Continuing *from page 40*

increased, and all Sparkey did was to stand by her and sniff.

"Stop it," she said sharply to Sparkey. He wiped his nose with the back of his wet hand and sniffed worse than ever; the end of his blanket trailed in the mud.

"Hurry up," hissed Tip.

"I can't. It's wet and heavy," said Lovejoy.

"Sparkey, for Pete's sake help her," Tip said impatiently.

"Lemme dig," said Sparkey.

"You can't," said Lovejoy.

"I can."

"You can't. You're only a baby."

Sparkey gave the shovel a sharp kick; it jerked up, throwing a shower of wet earth in Lovejoy's face. "It's in my eye," she screamed.

"Shh! Shh!" said Tip, but Lovejoy would not shh.

"He's thrown mud in my eye."

"Never mind. Get on."

"I do mind."

"Bring the bucket and I'll take it out for you," said Tip angrily. Lovejoy stood up, sobbing loudly enough for Tip to hear. Sparkey noticed that, though she was so hurt, she filled the bucket to the brim. Together they lugged it to the palings; the wet earth was very heavy, and it took all their strength to lift it up. "Push, can't you?" said Lovejoy fiercely.

"I am pushing."

"Useless brat!"

"'F you call me names I'll drop it."

"Shut up. Both of you," hissed Tip.

At last Tip's hand caught the handle and they could hoist it to the top. "Feels as if you'd got the whole blasted garden," said Tip so crossly that Lovejoy began to whimper again. "My eye hurts," she said, "my eye hurts."

"Well, come out," said Tip, exasperated. Lovejoy shinned up the tree that overhung the palings and began to wriggle out along the branch.

"Wait. You haven't helped me," said Sparkey.

"I can't lift you in that blanket."

"Take the blanket off. Help me," said Sparkey.

"You help yourself," said Lovejoy.

"You know I can't."

"Try," said Lovejoy lightly. Sparkey could not believe she could be so treacherous, but already she was out along the branch.

"I can't. I can't reach," said Sparkey frantically. Now he was alone in the garden all his bravado left him. "Lovejoy," he screamed.

"Jump," said Lovejoy, and she dropped off the branch into the road and ran wailing to Tip.

No one can jump if he is wrapped in a blanket. Sparkey tried. He tried to get off the ground, to leap and catch the branch.

"Where's Spark?" he heard Tip say.

"Coming," said Lovejoy glibly.

Sparkey was too frightened to call; he tried to run, but he was caught, blanket and all, from behind, and a hand was clapped over his mouth.

If Lucas had known how big Tip was he would not have come round into the road but locked Sparkey in the shed and gone for Angela or the admiral. As it was, hearing Lovejoy wailing in the road, he concluded they were all small, and, walking craftily on the grass, holding Sparkey under his arm, he undid the gate and came stealthily round on the outside of the pavement.

With a corner of his not-very-clean handkerchief Tip was wiping out Lovejoy's eye, and he had his arm round her to steady her; he was bending down so that Lucas could not see his height; Lucas saw their two heads together, and they looked small children to him; he also saw the bucket in the road.

"Got the lot red-handed," he said, and pulled Angela's whistle out of his pocket and blew it.

The steadiness of Tip showed at that whistle; he and Lovejoy both jumped — "Out of our skins," said Lovejoy resentfully; it was days before she felt she was truly back in hers—but Tip had taken almost the last grits of earth out of her eye and he did not loose his hold. "Stand still," said Tip. "We can run much faster than he can." He drew the last grit out, and "C'mon," he said, picking up the bucket. It was then he saw that Lucas had Sparkey. "Run. Leave the bucket. Run," he told Lovejoy, and went to meet Lucas.

At the same moment Sparkey wriggled free; while Lucas had been carrying him, the knot where Tip had fastened the blanket had slowly come undone, and Sparkey wriggled himself from its folds. Lucas snatched at him, but it is difficult to find a hold on a thin small boy, slippery with rain, and Sparkey twisted away. There was only one way to stop him, and Lucas kicked his legs. With a scream of real pain—quite unlike Lovejoy's—Sparkey doubled up on the pavement.

It was too much for Tip. "Kick someone y'r own size, y'old so-and-so," he shouted at Lucas.

Lucas was in a temper. The shed had been uncomfortable, he had not slept all night, his little eyes were red, and he was full of resentment and dislike. The new hole in his garden, the trampled bed drove him to fury. "Kicking's too good for you little swine," he said. Sparkey tried to get up, and Lucas booted him again.

Tip looked at the black boots and leather gaiters, the warm box-cloth breeches, and at Sparkey trying to get up, rising and falling like a hurt fledgling on the pavement. Tip's cheeks grew red, and he lowered his head and ran at Lucas; his head hit Lucas full in his soft old stomach; Lucas gave a sound as if a gust of air had blown out of him, and, like Sparkey, doubled up; then his knees crumpled and he sank down on the pavement.

Is he dead? thought Tip, crouching down. As he thought it a hand took him by the collar; he could not see whose hand it was, but it felt authoritative; he was put smartly on his feet, the hand still holding him, and he knew it was the police. With all the force of his lungs Tip bellowed at Sparkey and Lovejoy, "Run. Run."

Sparkey obeyed. Without looking back, hopping and limping, limping and hopping, he ran down the Square towards Motcombe Terrace, but Lovejoy would not leave the bucket. "Leave it, you little fool. Run," shouted Tip, but through all her panic and dismay she would not let it go.

The bucket was too heavy for her by herself, but she lugged it along, bumping it on the pavement, her arms nearly pulled from the sockets. She heard the short blasts on another whistle; windows were pushed up in the houses, doors opened, but she kept on.

At the edge of the palings she turned to see how close the police were and knew she need not hurry. The policeman was not coming after her; still holding Tip, he was bending over Lucas, who was twisting and writhing on the pavement. Tip did that to him, knocked him down, a big man, thought Lovejoy with pride. Then round the corner came a second policeman, and a voice floated out from the steps of No. 11.

"Constable, I am Miss Chesney, of the Garden Committee. That is the gardener who is hurt. Bring him in here." Her voice was clear in the Square, high and imperious, a lady's voice—the blue-winged lady, thought Lovejoy, and shrank back against the palings. The two policemen went to lift Lucas, though the first still kept his hold on Tip. Now's my chance, thought Lovejoy, who had to cross the road, but oddly enough she did not take the chance; she stood and looked back at Tip, left there with the policemen.

Tip. Lovejoy had a sudden feeling of his arm round her, of the way he had pressed her to him when he thought she was hurt. "Leave the earth. Go back to him," the feeling said to her. Tip. Tip! Lovejoy began to tremble; then her coolness came back. "He's caught. There's nothing you can do, and you must save the earth," said the coolness, and she picked up the bucket and staggered across the road.

As she reached the pavement and dumped the bucket down, there was a sound of sobbing and hobbling. It was Sparkey.

"They've got Tip," cried Sparkey, anguished. "I didn't know they'd got Tip," and he ran past her.

"Sparkey, come back," commanded Lovejoy. "Spar-key! Come back. They'll catch you, too. Come back." But he went on running, still limping, and bellowing, "Tip." He's doing what I wanted to do, thought Lovejoy. Half ashamed, half jealous, she hung between running back and going.

The policemen were going in at Number Eleven; one had taken Lucas, the other marched Tip, and Tip was fighting. With a sudden sinking of her selfish little stomach, Lovejoy watched. Sparkey ran full tilt into them. "Don't be silly," Lovejoy told herself and picked up the bucket again.

One person had seen her. While they were busy bringing in Lucas and the uncontrollable boy, Olivia kept out of the way; she did not like to look at the boy, the indignant way in which he fought was too genuine; she removed herself to the side of the steps and looked as far away as she could down the Square.

"Olivia will never co-operate," said Angela, annoyed.

Looking away, Olivia saw a very small boy, running and hopping towards them, and, far away on the corner, a girl. She had something in a bucket and was making off with it—something heavy, thought Olivia. Was it the swag? She watched Lovejoy drag it round the corner.

"Only one of them?" Angela was saying to the policeman.

"One and a half," said the policeman as Sparkey came panting up. "But I think we've caught the one we want," said the policeman, holding Tip down in a chair.

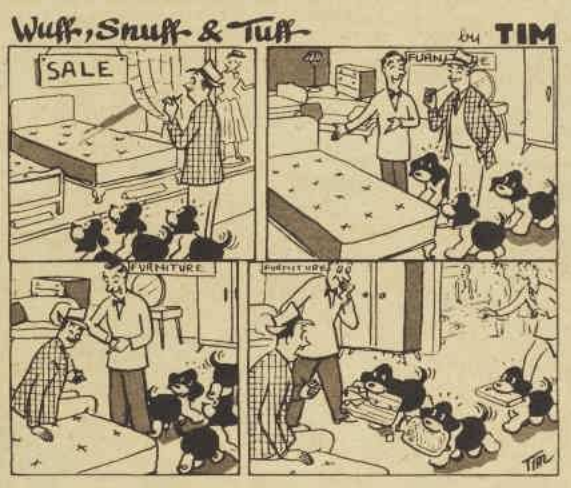
Olivia said nothing.

. . . . . .

That journey, from the Square down Motcombe Road

To page 43

FOR THE CHILDREN



the **ONLY** Rubber Gloves that really slip-on-and-off in a flash...

GIVE YOU COMFORT AND COMPLETE PROTECTION RIGHT THROUGH THEIR LONG, LONG LIFE!

You'll clap hands at these advantages!

* **SUEDETTE** makes gloves easy to slip on and off
* **SUEDETTE** provides better insulation against heat and cold
* **SUEDETTE** prevents unpleasant odours
* **SUEDETTE** is unaffected by perspiration and water
* **SUEDETTE** does not change chemically to soil hands or fingernails

BLUETTES ARE MADE BY NUTEX RUBBER CO. PTY. LIMITED

The BLUE rubber gloves with the SUEDETTE lining

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932303

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932304

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 41

and Motcombe Terrace into Catford Street and to the church, was unutterably dreary. Lovejoy was soaked through, bedraggled and muddy; the bucket was so heavy that the wet rags wore and the handle hurt her hands; but all this was nothing to the desolation that filled her. She kept seeing Tip as he had been taken into that house; she seemed still to be there while her legs took her doggedly up the Street.

It had never seemed such a long way. Looking back on the times with Tip, it seemed that they had almost run with the buckets—but then he is strong, thought Lovejoy. A tear of mourning slid down her cheek.

Her breath hurt right through to her back when she carried the bucket up the church steps, and she could not lift it up on to the wall. Oh, Tip! Tip! she mourned again, pressing her head against the wall; she could not have believed she could miss anyone as much. She tried again, but the most she could do, straining and pushing and panting, was to get the rim of the bucket level with the top and tilt it so that the earth fell over the wall.

If it falls with a plump, it's all right, she thought; if it falls with a shower, it's wasted; but the earth was so wet that it fell all together, making a resounding plump. It'll be there, thought Lovejoy, comforted.

Now she had to climb over with the shovel and scoop the earth up. She chanced leaving the bucket on the steps and climbed down, adding soot to the mud on her hands and knees. She had to make six journeys between the earth and the garden plot, carrying a little each time; her sandshoes were greasy, the wet marble was slippery, and twice she slipped; the second time the handle of the shovel rapped her sharply on the mouth and cut her lip. Now there was blood on her as well as mud and soot.

The earth was enough to fill the wreath pot and soon it was all ready to hold Jiminy Cricket. Lovejoy forgot the whole miserable morning, forgot Lucas, the police, Sparkey, even Tip, as she knelt down and tapped the pot and loosened the tiny rose tree; carefully she spread its roots out—they were like brown lace—stood it in the flower-wreath pot, and patted the roots down, pressing earth in among their fine threads; then she brought more and more earth in hand-scoops till the roots were firm and the tree standing up; with the shovel she filled the wreath pot, made the earth firm all round, and there was Jiminy Cricket blooming in the garden.

How long she knelt and looked, Lovejoy did not know; then, far over her head, from behind the houses, came the sound of the Angelus. Seven o'clock. A moment later St. Botolph's sounded it from the Square and a light snapped on here in the church; it was for the quarter-past-seven Mass. Lovejoy glanced up at the statue; there was no light by the altar and she could see only a dim blur of blue and white, but she was reminded of Tip.

What will they do to him? thought Lovejoy. Will they take him away? Will he be sent to one of those schools like Maxey? Or to prison? The skin under her hair seemed to prickle and she knew, in little, some of the fears of a wife whose husband has been arrested. Fears for him, for their name, for the home they had made together, even financial fears.

They'll tell Mrs. Malone, thought Lovejoy, and quailed; all the Malones will know, the whole Street, and we haven't finished paying for the pansies. What will Mr. Driscoll do? Will he ask for them back—as Mrs. Combie was always threatening Vincent about the refrigerator? But in one thing the pansies were different from the refrigerator: Mr. Driscoll did not know where they were.

The garden was safe here, behind the church, tucked away; no one, no Driscoll or policeman could find it. Not even Sparkey knew just where it was. No one knew. Then a thought seemed to ripple all through Lovejoy. No one, unless Tip told.

"And why shouldn't I have told?" Tip was to ask long afterwards. "I didn't, but why shouldn't I?" And he said the thought that had eaten into him all the way through that time. "Sparkey didn't run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away. I took the earth to the garden."

"All you ever think about's yourself."

"I didn't think about me, it was the garden," but for Tip it was not possible to see that. He had only made the garden for Lovejoy; though he had grown to like it, to be interested, he did not know that things were sometimes made for themselves, not for human beings.

There was no artist in Tip, and — she might have stayed with me, was all he could think or feel.

That thought had filled him all the time at Number Eleven and at the station; he, a big boy, had to blink tears back from his eyes. Tears! Tip had thought, appalled; that was what girls did to you, and he said bitterly, "Girls!"

Lovejoy, in the garden, knew enough of Tip to know he would not tell lies. He never will, she thought in despair, and he'll have to say something. She herself was glib—but I'm not there, she thought distracted.

"Just like a girl, always wanting to interfere," Tip was to say. "Couldn't you trust me?" But Lovejoy could not.

But where'll I go? she thought. To the Square? And dare I ask? Knock and ask if Tip's there? I'm so dirty, she thought in dismay; Number Eleven seemed a very big, important house to her—and I'll have to take the bucket; I can't leave it here on the steps.

She gave a great shiver, from fright and cold; then slowly got to her feet, put out a finger and touched Jiminy Cricket, and started off across the rubble to go back.

. . . . . .

"You needn't come," said Angela to Olivia.

In a long coat and the hat with the blue wings, the avenging-angel hat, Angela was ready to go with Lucas and the doctor to the police station. Doctor Dagleish was driving them — Olivia had thought often that it was remarkable how Angela could inveigle important people, doctors, bishops, Members of Parliament, to do small tasks for her, drive her, fetch her, collect parcels, ring up; now Doctor Dagleish, on his hospital morning, had meekly come to see Lucas.

The police doctor would have done just as well, thought Olivia, but no, Angela had rung up Doctor Dagleish and he was ready to drive out of his way to take them to the station. Angela is very, very wonderful, thought Olivia. All the same she had to oppose her.

"I'm coming," said Olivia, and with unaccustomed boldness she said, "I saw it all. I might have something to say, too."

"Don't be silly," said Angela. "It will only upset you."

"Yes," said Olivia.

"Then why?" Angela was tapping her foot.

"I believe I should be upset."

"I ought to have stopped her then," said Angela afterwards.

Olivia had been oddly assertive over this—"this episode," said Angela. In the house, while they had all been busy with poor Lucas—when at last he got his breath he had been terribly exhausted, but they had been able to make him swallow a little brandy—Olivia had interrupted and asked the policeman. "Would there be any objection to my taking these boys down to the kitchen and giving them a hot drink?"

"A hot drink!" Angela had said. "After all they have done!"

"Whatever they have done they are soaking," said Olivia, "and the little boy has a cold in the head. They must have been out very early, and it's chilly for June. Besides, this sort of thing is a great strain," added Olivia.

"Really, Olivia, I don't—"

"Lucas has had brandy," Olivia pointed out.

At the police station they had

To page 47

Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I FELT marvellous. Never before had I possessed such an intoxicating hat. My husband had given me the money and told me to "get something eye-catching." Back home later, with the slice of glamor atop my curls and feeling absurdly young and romantic, I was upset by my husband's disappointed expression.

"Everyone else likes it," I said. "Why don't you?"

"Oh," he replied, "the hat is quite nice, but you don't look any different. I could tell it was you as soon as you walked in."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. G. O'Brien, 1 Bernard Street, Reservoir, Victoria.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY husband and I were driving up the main street of our town one busy Saturday morning when the traffic was heavy, and we were slowly passing a woman driver who was trying to reverse into a parking space that was clearly too small. Suddenly her car jerked forward and bumped into ours. Looking very scared she leaned out of her window and said: "You must have seen I was going to do something stupid. Why didn't you stop and wait to see what it was!"

£2/2/- awarded to "Trouble," Gladstone, Queensland.

● Address your entries "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Is your car a jump ahead?

When you run on Supershell with I.C.A the answer is a definite YES. Supershell has BOTH high octane and I.C.A* —and this puts the Supershell user right ahead in immediate power and lasting performance. Good as all high octane petrol is, it's better still with I.C.A for this unique Shell additive overcomes the engine deposits that cause serious power loss through pre-ignition and spark plug fouling. Thanks to I.C.A you feel the full power of high octane; you enjoy **all** the performance, **all** the extra zip, **all** the economy that a high compression engine can give you. Fill up today with Supershell with I.C.A and feel how really good high octane petrol can be.

SUPERSHELL

high octane and ICA

...SUPERSHELL has both

** Containing tri-cresyl phosphate which eliminates pre-ignition and spark plug "miss". Aust. Patent No. 152857.*

it's the most powerful petrol you can buy

The Shell Company of Australia Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932305

NEW DESIGNS IN WINTER HANDKNITS

Polo-necked blouse

Materials: 11oz. Patons Bluebell Crepe (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles; 6in. zip fastener; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 33in.-34in. (36in.-37in.) bust; length, 21in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 (106) sts. and work 4in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row until there are 120 (130) sts. Cont. straight until work measures 12½ (13) in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until there are 96 (106) sts. Cont. straight until front measures 18½in. from beg., finishing after a p row.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: K 42 (47), turn, and leave other sts. on a spare needle. Now dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 6 (8) rows, then on next 6 alt. rows. Work straight for 3 rows, thus finishing at armhole edge (work measures approximately 21in.).

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 (11) sts. at beg. of next row and following 2 alt. rows. Go back to rem. sts., rejoin wool at needle point, cast off centre 12 sts., and work on other 42 (47) sts. to match first side.

BACK

Work as for front until armhole shaping is complete and 96 (106) sts. rem., then cont. straight until work measures 17 in., finishing after a p row.

Divide for Back Opening: Next Row: K 48 (53) sts., turn and leave rem. sts. on a st.-holder.

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., p to end. Now cont. on these 51 (56) sts. until back measures 21in., fin. after a p row.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 (11) sts. at beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: Cast off rem. sts.

Go back to sts. left on st.-holder. Rejoin wool at needle point, cast on 3 sts., and k to end. Now work to match other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 68 (72) sts. Work in st-st. for 2in., inc. 1 st. each end next and every 10th row until there are 84 (88) sts. Cont. straight until work measures 16in.

Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 24 (26) sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

CUFFS (Two Alike)

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 56 sts., and work in st-st. for 10 rows.

Next Row: K 5, cast off 4, k to end.

• Unusual feature of this smart polo-necked blouse (above) is the shirt-sleeve cuff. Wear it to the office under suits or with a pinafore dress. See the directions for two sizes at left, below.

In next row cast on 4 sts. in place of those cast off. Work in st-st. for 18 more rows. Make another buttonhole in line with first. Work in st-st. for 10 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 104 (108) sts., and work in st-st. for 3in. Change to No. 9 needles, cont. 2 more in., change to No. 12 needles, work for 3in. more, and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew shoulders tog., then sew in sleeves. Sew up sleeve and side seams. Fold cuff in half with right side inside, and sew up the short edges. Turn to right side and sew long edges to sleeve edges, leaving an opening of 1½in. at the outside of the wrist. This will form a pleat when cuff is buttoned. Stitch round double buttonhole, and sew on button to correspond.

Turn facing at back of neck opening to wrong side and sl-st. down. Fold collar in half with right side inside and sew small edges. Turn to right side and sew long edges to neck. Beg. at lower edge of back opening, sew in zip fastener, leaving remainder of collar free.

• Raglan sleeves and trim-fitting waist give this sweater a long figure-moulding line. It teams equally well with skirts or slacks. Easy-to-follow directions begin at right.

Midwinter sportswear

Materials: 13oz. Patons Bluebell crepe (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 set of four No. 12 knitting needles and 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32-34in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 17in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once each end of 3rd and every following 4th row until there are 102 sts. on needle.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

In next row, k 15, cast off 26 sts., k 20, cast off 26 sts., k 15. Leave these sts. and work pocket linings and flaps.

Pocket Linings (2 alike)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 26 sts.

Work 27 rows in plain, smooth fabric.

Pocket Flaps (2 alike)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in each st.

Continued on page 46

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932306

The five handknits shown on these pages are smart casuals, easy to make and easy to wear.

Sophisticated stripes

Materials: A, 6oz. white, 6oz. black; B, 6oz. white, 6oz. black; C, 7oz. white, 7oz. black; D, 8oz. white, 8oz. black; Patons Beehive Fingering, 4-ply (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair of No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit A, 34in.; B, 36in.; C, 38in.; D, 40in. bust; length from top of shoulder, A, 22½in.; B, 22¾in.; C, 23¼in., D, 23½in.; length of sleeve from underarm, A, 17½in.; B, 17½in.; C, 17½in.; D, 17½in.

Tension. 7½ sts. to 1in. in width.

Note: To be worked throughout in stocking-stitch with 16 rows of black and 16 rows of white.

FRONT AND BACK
(Both alike)

Using white wool, cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl to end of row, cast on 10 sts.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times.

9th Row: K to end, cast on 2 sts.

10th Row: P to end, cast on 10 sts.

Rep. 9th and 10th rows until there are 76 sts. on needle.

Next Row. K to end, cast on 2 sts.

Next Row: P to end, cast on 40 sts. (118 sts.).

Cont. casting on 2 sts. at the end of every k row until there are 126 sts. on needle. Purl 1 row.

Cast on 46 (48, 52, 56) sts. at the end of next k row—172 (174, 178, 182) sts.

Work straight until 8 rows of 3rd black stripe (B—8 rows of 4th white stripe, C and D—8 rows of 4th black stripe) have been completed. This is the centre front or back.

Work second part of front or back, reversing shaping.

SLEEVES

For all sizes work 8 rows only for 1st white stripe instead of 16 rows.

Using white wool, cast on 37 sts.

1st Row: Knit plain to last st., inc. once in last st.

2nd Row. Purl to end, cast on 3 sts.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until there are 53 sts. on needle.

Cont. inc. once at end of every k row, cast on 4 sts. at end of every p row until there are 83 sts. on needle.

Next Row: Like 1st row.

Next Row: P to end, cast on 6 sts.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 125 sts. on needle.

Next Row: Like 1st row.

Next Row: P to end, cast on 8 sts.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 152 sts. on needle.

Inc. once at the end of every k row until there are 160 sts. on needle.

Work straight until 8 rows of 3rd black stripe (B—8 rows of 3rd black stripe, C and D—8 rows of 4th white stripe) have been completed. This is half of the sleeve.

Work second half in reverse to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam sew up the shoulder seams for about 3in., sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn up 1in. hem around lower edges of jumper and sleeves, and ½in. hem along neck edge and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Finally press all seams.

● ***Striking contrast (right) in stripes makes this loose-line sweater one of the season's most original designs. Directions are for four sizes.***

Two Swiss styles

Materials: 12oz. main shade, 2oz. in 1st contrasting shade, and 1oz. in 2nd contrasting shade of Villawool "Starlite" Crepe; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; four buttons; a stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit a 34in. bust; length from top of shoulder 21½in.; length of sleeve seam 18½in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. on No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: A, main shade; B, 1st contrasting shade; C, 2nd contrasting shade.

NOTE: Front and back of sweater are knitted across from side seam to side seam.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and main shade wool, cast on 109 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Join in C wool and work 4 more rows of st-st. in C wool.

7th Row: K 29 in B, 80 in A.

8th Row: P 80 in A, 29 in B.

9th Row: Same as 7th row.

10th Row: Using A work twice into first st., p 79 in A, 29 in B.

11th, 13th, 15th, and 17th Rows: K 29 in B, 81 in A.

12th, 14th, 16th, and 18th Rows: P 81 in A, 29 in B.

19th Row: Same as 11th row, inc. 1 st. in last st.

20th Row: P 82 in A, 29 in B.

Join in C wool and work 4 rows of st-st. in C wool.

25th and 27th Rows: K 35 in B, 76 in A.

26th Row: P 76 in A, 35 in B.

28th Row: Same as 26th row, inc. 1 st. at beg. of row.

29th, 31st, 33rd, and 35th Rows: K 35 in B, 77 in A.

30th, 32nd, 34th, and 36th Rows: P 77 in A, 35 in B.

37th Row: Same as 29th row, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

38th Row: P 78 in A, 35 in B.

Join in C wool and work 4 rows in st-st.

43rd and 45th Rows: K 41 in B, 72 in A.

44th Row: P 72 in A, 41 in B.

46th Row: Inc. in 1st st., p 71 in A, 41 in B.

47th, 49th, 51st, and 53rd Rows: K 41 in B, 73 in A.

48th, 50th, 52nd, and 54th Rows: P 73 in A, 41 in B.

55th Row: Same as 47th row, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

56th Row: P 74 in A, 41 in B.

Join in C wool and work 4 rows in st-st.

61st and 63rd Rows: K 47 in B, 68 in A.

62nd Row: P 68 in A, 47 in B.

64th Row: Cast off 11 sts., p 57 in A, 47 in B.

Keeping continuity of stripes, work 10 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge (cast-off edge) every row.

Join in C wool, and work 4 rows.

79th, 81st, and 83rd Rows: K 53 in B, 41 in A.

80th, 82nd, and 84th Rows: P 41 in A, 53 in B.

85th Row: Same as 79th row.

Half front is now completed; keeping to stripe patt., work other half to correspond, working dec. instead of inc. and shortening stripes in B wool to correspond with first half.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast wool, cast on 109 sts. Using A only, work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at end of 9th row and at the same edge on every foll. 9th row till 6 inc. have been made altogether. Cont. even in st-st. until 64 rows have been worked.

(Shoulder is seamed to this point.)

Cont. even for a further 16 rows.

Next Row (right side facing): K 89, p 2, (k 2, p 2) 6 times.

Next Row: (K 2, p 2) 6 times, k 2, p 89.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

Continued on page 46

● ***Two designs from Switzerland (at left) are suitable for all casual occasions. The girl's sweater features contrasting stripes on the front. Instructions for the man's yellow pullover on page 46.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932307

P&B WOOLS

Husky hand-knitteds for the outdoor girl...

"Ilma" design from **Patons Knitting Book No. 416 (Price 1/3)** is knitted with **PATONS DOUBLE-QUICK KNITTING.**

"Rowena" design from **Patons Knitting Book No. 451 (Price 1/3)** is knitted with **PATONS BEEHIVE AZALEA KNITTING AND CROCHET WOOL.**

(All pure wool)

Be sure to ask for—

Patons KNITTING WOOLS

If book unobtainable locally, write, enclosing 3d. extra for postage, to—

PATONS & BALDWINS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Dept. 2, Box 1606M, P.O., Melbourne, Vic.
Dept. 2, Box 70, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W.
Dept. 2, Box 929M, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld.

SWISS STYLES

Directions are given on this page for the man's attractive sweater illustrated at right. See the color picture on page 45.

Materials: 15oz. main shade, 3oz. contrasting shade of Villawool "Starlite" crepe; 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles; one extra No. 12 needle; a stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit 38in. chest; length from top of shoulder 24in., length of sleeve seam 20in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in. on No. 9 needles.

Abbreviations: A, main shade; B, contrasting shade.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and B wool, cast on 132 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in.

Change to No. 9 needles and A wool and work in st-st. till back measures 23in.

To Shape Back Neck (right side facing): K 46, cast off 40 sts., k 46.

Next Row: P 44, p 2 tog., turn, placing rem. sts. on a stitch-holder. Work on this side only.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on foll. 5 rows (wrong side facing), dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows and at the same time cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row (right side facing) and foll. alt. rows.

Join wool to other side and work this side to correspond with first side.

FRONT

Work as given for back till front measures 13½in.

To Shape V-Neck (right side facing): K 65, cast off 2 sts., k 65.

Next Row: P 65, turn, leaving rem. sts. on a stitch-holder, work on this side only.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. every 3rd row at neck edge till 36 sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 24in.

Wrong side facing cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row and foll. 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. left on stitch-holder, join wool at neck edge and work this side to correspond with first side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and B wool, cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in.

Change to No. 9 needles and A wool and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row till 110 sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 19in. or length required.

Cont. in st-st. for 10 more rows, inc. 1 st. each end of every row.

SMARTLY STRIPED V-neck and contrasting cuffs and basque are featured in this men's warm pullover.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using 3 No. 12 needles and B wool (right side facing), commencing at centre front, pick up and knit 86 sts. up right side of neck, 66 sts. across back of neck, 86 sts. down left front.

Working backwards and forwards work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each end of every row (each side of centre front), making stripes as follows: 6 rows in B, 6 rows in A, 6 rows in B, 6 rows in A, 6 rows in B. Cast off in rib, using B wool.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seams for 14in. (leaving 10in. armhole). Join sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Seam neckband at centre front V. Press seams open.

Women's Swiss sweater *From page 45*

Next Row: K 89, (rib 6, w.fwd., work 2 tog.) 3 times, rib 2.

Next Row: Rib 26, p 89.

Next Row: K 89, rib 26.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: Cast off 26 rib sts., work to end of row. Place on a stitch-holder.

Using A wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 26 sts.

1st Row: P 2, (k 2, p 2) 6 times.

Cont. in rib on these 26 sts. for 10 rows altogether.

Return to stitch-holder, k 89, then k 26 sts. from needle. P 1 row.

Cont. in st-st. for 14 rows (back neckline is completed).

Now complete back to correspond with first half, dec. instead of inc., working in reverse from 64th row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and B wool, cast on 56 sts.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 rib for 4 rows.

Join in A wool and (right side facing) k 1 row.

Cont. in k 2, p 2 rib in A wool till cuff measures 2½in.

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row till 98 sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in st-st. till sleeve measures 17½in. (or length required).

To Shape Top of Sleeve (right side facing): Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every row for 12 rows.

Cast off.

FRONT BASQUE

Using No. 12 needles and A wool pick up and k (right side facing) 118 sts. evenly along lower edge of front.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3in.

Join in B wool (right side facing), k 1 row. Now work 4 rows in k 2, p 2 rib.

Cast off very loosely.

BACK BASQUE

Work as for front basque, picking up sts. along lower edge of back.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 12 needles and A wool (right side facing), pick up and k 120 sts. evenly around neck edge from edge to edge of placket.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 7 rows, then make another buttonhole to correspond with others, then join B wool (right side facing), k 1 row, then cont. in rib for 4 more rows.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seam, leaving 9in. open at top for armholes. Join sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Neaten end of placket. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press seams open.

Midwinter sportswear *From page 44*

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) twice.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., p 1, k 1, inc. once in last st. Keeping continuity of rib, inc. once each end of every alt. row until there are 14 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row without shaping.

In Next Row: Inc. once in first st., rib 5, cast off 2 sts., rib 5, inc. once in last st.

Next Row: Rib 7, cast on 2 sts., rib 7.

Keeping continuity of rib, inc. once each end of next and every alt. row until there are 26 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Cont. again on sts. which were left, p row, working across pocket lining sts. in place of cast-off sts.

Change to No. 12 needles and proceed as follows: (K 1, p 1) seven times, k 1, place needle with sts. of pocket flaps at front of work and working a stitch from each needle rib to end of row.

Work 13 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

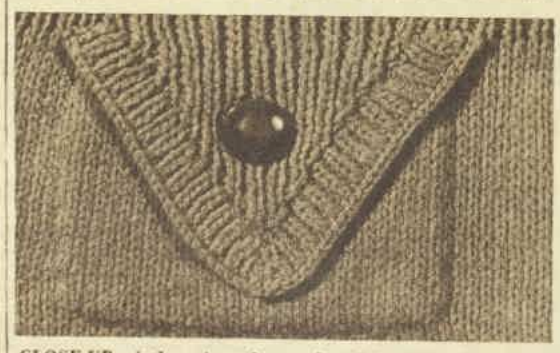
Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. once each end of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 118 sts. on needle.

Work 15 rows without shaping.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 70 sts. rem., then dec. once each end of every row until 48 sts. rem.

In Next Row: K 2 tog., k 12, cast off 20 sts., k 12, k 2 tog.



CLOSE-UP of the triangular pocket flap shows how plain stocking-stitch combines with ribbing to make a neat trim.

Cont. working on last 13 sts., dec. once each end of needle until 3 sts. rem., k 1, k 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric, dec. once each end of 3rd and every following 4th row until there are 102 sts. on needle.

Work 5 rows without shaping.

Change to No. 12 needles and work 14 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. once each end of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 118 sts. on needle.

Work 15 rows without shaping.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 70 sts. rem., then dec. once each end of every row until 32 sts. rem. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 64 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once each end of 1st and every following 8th row until there are 96 sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 17in. from commencement.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 52 sts. rem., then once each end of every row until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

EDGE TO POCKET FLAPS

Right Pocket Flap: Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up 30 sts. down right side of flap.

1st Row. * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Work 4 rows in rib, inc. once at end of next and following alt. row. Cast off.

Pick up 30 sts. down left side of flap and work as given for right side, but inc. at beg. instead of end of needle.

Work left pocket flap edge to correspond.

NECKBAND

Using ½in. back-stitch seam, sew in sleeves. Using four No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up 106 sts. evenly round neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Join mitred corners of pocket-flap edges. Slip-stitch pocket linings in position and join ends of pocket-flap edges to ribbing at waist. Work around buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond. Using ½in. back-stitch seam, sew up side and sleeve seams. Finally press all seams.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932308

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 43

to wait a little—"For the boy's father," the constable said—but at last they were shown into a room that was so bare that it was a shock to Olivia. It seemed to come sharply down to reality — where things are just what they are are, thought Olivia, no pretence or covering up, stark.

The waiting-room had had tables and chairs, a picture over the gas fire; there was a fire-place here, but it was swept and empty, as was the room, with its mustard-brown walls and high windows; there was nothing except two big old battered desks, with a chair behind one of them, and, along the whole side wall a fixed bench, marked and blackened with use—from all the people who have sat on it, thought Olivia, been made to sit on it, lost children, pickpockets, drunks, prostitutes; now Tip and Sparkey sat there, with them was a man, a huge man, thought Olivia.

"Sit down, please," said the constable politely. Angela looked round for chairs, but there was none except the one at the desk and the constable did not bring that forward. Olivia would have followed Lucas to the bench, but Angela stopped her with a look.

"Thank you, we would rather stand," said Angela frostily.

An inspector came in; he was tall in his uniform with its row of ribbons, and bare-headed; Olivia noticed his smooth brown hair. How well-groomed they are, she thought. Behind him was a younger, even bigger, policeman, who stood waiting.

"What would he be?" Olivia whispered to Angela.

"He's the gaoler," said Angela.

"The gaoler?" Olivia shrank back.

"Don't be silly," said Angela. "He's there to do what is needed, take people into custody, control anyone who is troublesome."

"Like our boy," said Olivia, and the looked apprehensive for Tip.

"People don't get brought in here for nothing," said Angela, who had seen the look. "It's serious." Olivia's heart began to beat uncomfortably.

The inspector gave her, as well as Angela, a quick look; I suppose he spends his life summing people up, thought Olivia; for some reason that did not perturb her. She stood there, listening quietly, almost from habit letting Angela handle this.

Angela had already begun. "I am Miss Angela Chesney. This is Lucas, the gardener, who was hurt." She did not introduce Olivia, but went on, "Now, Officer—"

"Inspector Russell," said the inspector quietly. "I'm sorry we kept you waiting. As you see, Malone's father has come now." The man with the boys stood up.

"I guessed he was a Malone," said Angela, speaking of Tip. "They wouldn't give their names," she said indignantly.

"Jack Smith, Johnny Smith, they all say that," said the inspector. "They give them fast enough when they come here." He has a real smile, thought Olivia, not one clicked on. The inspector turned to Mr. Malone. "Your wife's not back from work?"

"No, sir." Mr. Malone spoke in a thick, low, blurred voice as if he did not understand what was happening. "She does a night shift, sir."

"And the small boy's mother is away?"

"Just for the night, sir."

"He is staying with you?"

"That's right," said Mr. Malone.

The gaoler motioned Tip and Sparkey to stand in front of the desk; they were dry but very, very dirty. All the bragging had gone out of Mr. Malone; he looked as big and bewildered as an ox, thought Olivia, an ox suddenly put under a yoke, as he stood beside Tip, his cap in his hand.

"Look," he said to the inspector, "couldn't we wait? The missus'll be home soon."

"These ladies have waited nearly an hour already," said the inspector. "You're the father. We must carry on." He looked at Tip and Sparkey and the constable. "Well, what is this all about?" he asked.

The constable cleared his throat, but before he could speak, "We stole," said Sparkey with pride.

"We didn't steal," said Tip, red-faced.

"We stole," said Sparkey.

"We didn't," said Tip.

"My boy never stole," said Mr. Malone. "He wouldn't."

"We stole," said Sparkey firmly.

"Now wait. Wait," said the inspector, and motioned to the constable to begin again.

"At five forty-five this morning," said the constable, "I was at the junction of Mortimer Street where it joins Mortimer Square—"

"It begins long, long before that!" Angela broke in. "These children . . ." and she went eloquently on.

The boys' eyes grew round with surprise as they listened to Angela. Shears? Iris plants? They began to be shocked. It looked as if the lady were telling lies; indeed, the inspector stopped her.

"You mean the shears and plants disappeared?" he said. "You say the gardener caught the children taking earth. There is no evidence they took anything else."

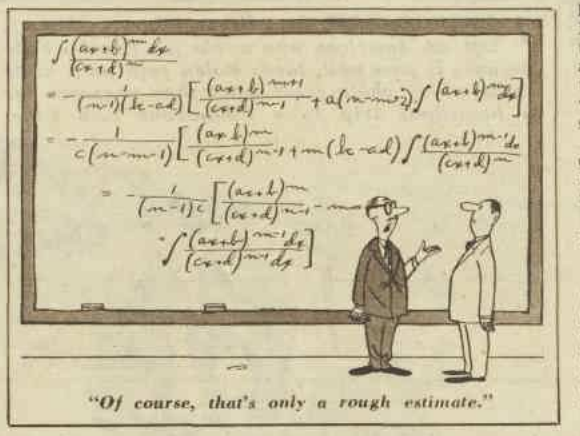
"Evidence?" said Angela, nettled. "What evidence do you want? I think they are an organised gang of young thieves."

"Let's keep to what we can prove," said the inspector. "They took earth."

"Thirteen loads of it," said Angela.

"Thirteen?" Even the experienced Inspector Russell was amazed.

It was then that Olivia made her speech about the full marks for persistence, ending with her tribute to the bucket. Tip lifted his eyes and looked at her appreciatively.



"Of course, that's only a rough estimate."

A third policeman had come in and stood waiting by the desk. "Yes?" asked the inspector.

"There's another of them, sir. Says she belongs. A little girl."

"Does she belong?" the inspector asked Tip.

"No," said Tip.

"Yes," said Sparkey.

"She's just as wet and dirty, if that's anything to go by, sir," said the policeman.

The inspector asked Tip again, "You're sure she doesn't belong? You're sure?"

"No," said Sparkey.

Then Olivia spoke. "There was a little girl. I saw her."

Tip looked at Olivia as if she were a traitor and the inspector nodded to the policeman.

As Lovejoy came in her feet left wet marks on the floor; she might have been a bedraggled small wet sweep, except that she carried the bucket, not brushes. She had dared at last to knock at the back door at Number Eleven.

"They've taken those boys to the police station," said Ellen, who had answered. "They're very naughty boys," she added severely.

The inspector asked Lovejoy her name — "And don't say Mary Smith," but Lovejoy was too chilled and tired and alarmed to have thought of that. "Tell me your name and where you live," said the inspector.

"Lovejoy Mason. Two-hundred-and-three Catford Street." It was so small a whisper that the inspector could hardly hear.

"Did you say 'Lovejoy Mason'?"

"Yes."

He spoke in an undertone to the gaoler, who went out of the room and came back with some papers. The inspector took them and nodded, then looked at Lovejoy. "I've heard of you," he said. "You live with a Mr. and Mrs. Combie?"

"Yes."

"Harris," said the inspector. It seemed odd to Olivia that a gaoler could be called Harris. "Send someone down to Catford Street to see if Mrs. Combie can come."

The gaoler went to the door, and the inspector told Lovejoy to sit down. "We can go on with the boys," he said to Angela, and listened while the constable finished his account. When it was over the inspector sat, thoughtfully drumming his fingers on the desk.

"Let's look at the bucket," he said. Lovejoy had put it down by the desk, and he lifted it and looked at it carefully. "What made you think you weren't stealing?" he asked Tip.

voice was husky and desperate, and he cleared his throat loudly in an effort to explain. It was a rude sound, and Angela raised her eyebrows. "You can't steal dirt," said Tip. "It—it's——" and he remembered something he had learned about land in history lessons. "It's common," he said.

"It may be," said Angela, "but in London it's scarce and valuable." And she said again, "You can buy it at the Army and Navy Stores, two-and-six for fourteen pounds, packed in cartons."

Olivia made a sudden strangled noise, and all their eyes turned on her. Is she laughing? thought Lovejoy, shocked.

"Olivia, be quiet," said Angela. "You make me ridiculous."

"Not you, it. It's ridiculous," said Olivia.

The inspector was not laughing. He was looking at Tip.

"It looks very like stealing to me." His voice was grave. "A mean kind of stealing. The gardener said you put the smaller ones over the railings to do your work for you. That's mean, isn't it? Then you attacked an old man carrying out his duty. You winded him and kicked him."

"I didn't kick him."

"He says you did."

"He's a liar."

"He kicked Sparkey." Lovejoy had unveiled her lids and spoke straight at the inspector. "Take off your gumboot," she commanded Sparkey, "and pull down your sock. Show them." Sparkey peeled down his grey cotton sock, and on his lean little shin was a great mark. He showed it to the company and beamed, but once again Lovejoy was to know the overriding power of grown-ups.

"Lucas kick a child!" said Angela. "Never."

"Not never. This morning," said Lovejoy.

"Never laid a hand on him," said Lucas.

"Are you sure?" asked the inspector.

"I only nabbed him," said

To page 54

she's happy... she took 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' gets you there looking your loveliest, your headache gone, your pain soothed away.

Are you sometimes too tired to enjoy yourself? Are you nervy by the end of the week? Do headaches spoil your evening's relaxation and week-end play? If so, take 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO', kept handy for instant use, can make your life altogether happier and different. 'ASPRO' is an amazing modern medicine. No other is so widely accepted for the relief of pain.

'ASPRO' is the modern girl's choice because it is pure, better for you, contains none of the harmful drugs that make foolish girls look old before their time.

'ASPRO'S' gentle strength

'ASPRO' is powerful in subduing pain, yet so safe, so soothing, that it can be given to children. 2 'ASPRO' tablets is the normal dose for most people. For nagging, persistent conditions of pain or chill, take 2 'ASPRO' tablets every 3 or 4 hours until the pain is gone.

If the pain still persists or recurs, you should consult your doctor.

You can take 'ASPRO' frequently because it is so pure. You'll find the relief is long-lasting and you can enjoy your outing after all.

Keep 'ASPRO' in your handbag — be ready with 'ASPRO'. When work leaves you feeling too fagged out to play — take 'ASPRO' with that welcome cup of tea. When nerves and pain look like preventing sleep — take 'ASPRO'. When you feel chilled and low, and a cold seems likely — take 'ASPRO'. You'll feel better for 'ASPRO', every time, your pain and fatigue eased, your nerves soothed and your sleep sound and untroubled.

'ASPRO'

A Nicholas N Product

MANUFACTURED IN TWELVE COUNTRIES AND SOLD IN OVER ONE HUNDRED.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932309

What colour is the inside of your oven?

Have you ever looked closely at the interior of your oven? Do you see the original sparkling enamel, or has hard, baked-on grease taken charge, rendering your oven unsightly and inefficient. Housewives all over Australia have found the *easy* answer with "Hi-Speed" Stove Cleaner.

There's no scrubbing or scraping . . . the hardest baked-on grease simply *dissolves*. Just paint it on . . . wipe it off. Tests prove that clean ovens use less fuel. **Let "Hi-Speed" keep your oven Looking and Cooking like new!**

HI-SPEED STOVE CLEANER

DISSOLVES ALL BAKED-ON GREASE!

With the special Sponge Rubber Applicator it's so easy to apply.

START USING HI-SPEED NOW!
Obtainable from Hardware, Grocery Stores, and Gas Co. Showrooms.

GRAVY MAKING *made easy*

No straining required as Gravox makes no lumps

Gravox *for Gravy*

BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

Give it a **BRASSO** shine

BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

1 ***TRAIN BANDIT Tom Bryan (Rory Calhoun), left, an American who works for Pancho Villa because it pays well, loads stolen gold on a mule train. The whole rebel band then prepares for a hazardous trip to a rendezvous with Villa.***

2 ***ON THE TRAIL Bryan and Col. Juan Castro (Gilbert Roland), right, act against their better judgment and allow Ruth Harris (Shelley Winters) to join them. When the treasure is delivered they plan to send her to the coast.***

3 ***FEARING that the Federals are on their heels, Castro orders Bryan, together with Pablo (Joseph Calleia), right, a crafty scout, and some men to go on with the gold while others mount a rearguard action. Ruth insists on staying and Bryan reluctantly goes on.***

4 ***SOUND of gunfire brings Bryan back to camp after sending on Pablo and Ruth with the treasure. He arrives just in time to save the situation with deadly shooting. The column then presses on to overtake Pablo and Ruth.***

Drama of rebel Mexico

★ **The plot of R.K.O.'s widescreen adventure "Treasure of Pancho Villa" stems from the legend that Mexico's celebrated revolutionary leader Pancho Villa had vast fortunes in gold in the wild mountain terrain of northern Mexico so that it would be available to his forces.**

In some quarters it is believed that near the close of his stormy career Villa concealed close to twenty million dollars in remote places.

Much of this treasure has never been accounted for, and the screenplay reveals what may have happened to some of it.

Filmed in color in Mexico, the picture stars Rory Calhoun as an American who sells his gun to Villa, and Gilbert Roland as a colonel in Villa's rebel army. Shelley Winters carries the romance.

5 ***ABOVE: Next day they reach the rendezvous but Villa is not there and Castro and Bryan team to fend off a revolt led by Pablo. The party splits. Ruth is led towards the coast by Pablo. Taking the gold, the rest head in another direction.***

6 ***LAST STAND (right). Betrayed to the Federals by Pablo, Castro and Bryan fight behind a rampart of bags of stolen gold. Castro and Pablo are both killed in the battle. As the Federals launch a final attack, Bryan sets off a charge of dynamite that buries the men and the treasure under tons of earth and rock.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932310

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *Carousel*

TAKEN together, the splendid music of Richard Rodgers, the colorful spectacle, and the CinemaScope 55 photography make Fox's version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel" most diverting entertainment.

More a light opera than conventional musical, "Carousel" is an adaptation of Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." Its out-of-this world theme is unusually imaginative.

Whether it will appeal to all movie tastes remains to be seen. Certainly the sentiment tends to become a bit thick at times and there are so many tearful anti-climaxes that the picture seems to run on and on.

Set along the rugged coast of Maine at the turn of the century, the story tells of Julie, a demure little mill girl (Shirley Jones), who marries Gordon MacRae's brash and shiftless merry-go-round barker.

In one way and another he gives the poor girl a very bad time indeed, but she never ceases to love him truly.

The film makes up for all the tears and woe with generous stretches of exhilarating dancing of contemporary ballet and semi-acrobatic order. There's a wonderful clambake sequence that is sure to leave you licking your lips.

In the role of Billy Bigelow, the barker (this is the part that Frank Sinatra begged off at the last moment), Gordon MacRae is in excellent voice. His acting is robust.

He is well backed up by Shirley Jones, a typical sweet-faced ingenue, and tenor Robert Rounseville. Cameron Mitchell plays the vicious Jigger and cute Barbara Ruick is better than ever before in a light singing role.

The new CinemaScope 55 process is superb in clarity and depth. Outdoor shots of the rocky Maine coast and of deep blue waters where the fishing boats gather are beautiful.

In Sydney — Regent.

★★ *Father Brown—Detective*

UNWILLINGNESS of those responsible to decide whether "Father Brown — Detective," a Columbia release loosely based on G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown series, is a suspense drama, a chase melodrama, or a light comedy slows both the pace and the impact of this film.

However, if you can manage to overlook this undeniable drawback, the chances are that the picture will keep you interested for two reasons.

They are star Alec Guinness and Australian actor Peter Finch, who plays his quarry, Flambeau, an arch criminal with a flair for disguise.

Guinness, making a welcome return to the screen, is a thoroughly winning Father Brown, whether he is peering vaguely through his spectacles with a moonfaced smile or getting tough with a wrongdoer in his role of amateur criminologist.

Peter Finch is as smooth and charming an international crook as you could hope to meet anywhere.

The story, which weaves back and forth across the English Channel, has to do with Father Brown's efforts to outwit the police and reform the criminal before the law casts him into prison.

The priest and the impenitent score off each other fairly evenly in the ensuing battle of wits and manage to keep a few steps ahead of pursuing policemen the whole time.

Black-gowned Joan Greenwood has a pleasant small role as wealthy Lady Warren.

In Sydney — Lyceum.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Joe Macbeth," crime melodrama, starring Paul Douglas, Ruth Roman. Plus "Seminole Uprising," technicolor period Western, starring George Montgomery, Karin Booth.

ESQUIRE.—"Seven Cities of Gold," color CinemaScope period adventure, starring Michael Rennie, Richard Egan, Anthony Quinn, Rita Moreno. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Father Brown—Detective," suspense drama, starring Alec Guinness, Peter Finch, Joan Greenwood. (See review this page.) Plus "Fast and Furious," comedy, starring Ann Sothern, Franchot Tone. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "The Dam Busters," wartime drama, starring Michael Redgrave, Richard Todd. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Big House, U.S.A.," crime melodrama, starring Broderick Crawford, Ralph Meeker, Randy Farr. Plus ★ "Canyon Crossroads," Western adventure, starring Richard Basehart, Phyllis Kirk.

PARIS.—★★ "I Am a Camera," comedy-drama, starring Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Carousel," Rogers and Hammerstein color CinemaScope 55 musical drama, starring Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Cameron Mitchell. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Madame Butterfly," Puccini opera in technicolor, starring Kaoru Yachigusa, Nicola Filacuridi, and the singing voices of Orietta Moscucci, Anna Maria Canali, Giuseppe Campora. (Dialogue and songs in Italian, with English sub-titles.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Never Say Goodbye," domestic drama in color, starring Rock Hudson, Cornell Borchers. Plus ★ "The Limping Man," thriller, starring Lloyd Bridges, Moira Lister.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "I'll Cry Tomorrow," widescreen musical biography, starring Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Rose Tattoo," VistaVision drama, starring Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster. Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"The Silver Chalice," color CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Virginia Mayo, Jack Palance, Paul Newman. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—"The Divided Heart," drama, starring Cornell Borchers, Yvonne Mitchell, Alexander Knox, Michel Ray. Plus "Windfall," comedy, starring Jack Watling, Gordon Jackson, Avice Landone.

LYRIC.—"Port of Wickedness," action drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy. Plus ★ "Too Late for Tears," drama, starring Lizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea.

PALLADIUM.—"The Vanishing American," Western, starring Scott Brady, Audrey Totter, Forrest Tucker. Plus support feature.

PLAZA.—"On the Threshold of Space," color CinemaScope Air Force drama, starring Guy Madison, Virginia Leith, John Hodiak. Plus "Double Jeopardy," drama, starring Rod Cameron, Gail Robbins.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"We're No Angels," color VistaVision comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, Peter Ustinov, Joan Bennett. Plus featurettes.

"We're in LOVE with our new McILWRAITH bathroom."

. . . And no wonder! Their McIlwraith bathroom will be modern for years to come. McIlwraith craftsmen-built baths and basins are beautifully enamelled, acid resisting on a rugged cast-iron base — available in 10 glorious colours. Our happy couple have added charm and convenience to their ideal bathroom by installing gleaming "Kentex" taps and fittings — another top-grade McIlwraith product. Be discriminating — be sure to specify McIlwraith Baths, Basins and "Kentex" fittings. At all leading Builders' Suppliers.

McILWRAITH

Products of McIlwraith Industries Pty. Ltd., Waterloo, N.S.W. MX2471.

THIS PURE, SOOTHING OINTMENT CONTAINS THE PROVEN GERMICIDAL BENEFITS OF 'DETTOL'

NEW!

This soft, soothing cream combats germs by carrying the germicidal principle of Dettol antiseptic into the affected tissues.

Actively antiseptic, Dettol Ointment cools, soothes and helps to prevent re-infection — while clean, safe healing goes on. Sold by all chemists.

DETTOL OINTMENT

Illustration of busy little woman trying to catch a cold — so that she can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double-action Butter Menthol cough drops. The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.

ALLEN'S

BUTTER MENTHOLS

DOUBLE ACTION COUGH DROPS

8d. A PACKET

18A51

Mercolized Wax brings you...

Beauty while you sleep!

AT BEDTIME, massage pure Mercolized Wax gently into your skin. Feel it soften and smooth the texture of your face.

WHILE YOU SLEEP, Mercolized Wax rejuvenates "tired" facial tissues . . . smoothes away tiny lines and wrinkles . . . dissolves dry skin particles.

IN THE MORNING, wake with a fresh, clear skin . . . softer and younger-looking . . . thanks to Mercolized Wax. Face the new day with new beauty . . . new radiance.

AS A MAKE-UP BASE, for complexion beauty all day long. Mercolized Wax is non-greasy . . . makes skin smooth and velvety.

Mercolized Wax nourishes and stimulates . . . penetrating deep down into the pores . . . dissolving dry skin particles . . . and revealing your skin in all its natural radiance.

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

A DEARBORN Quality Product — LONDON, SYDNEY, CHICAGO, BUENOS AIRES.

Mercolized Wax *cream*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932311

IT'S

It's made by NESTLÉ'S

MAGGI CREME OF CHICKEN

Until now, Crème of Chicken soup was served only to the patrons of the more costly and exclusive restaurants. To-day, you can serve this delicious luxury soup in your own home, *perfectly cooked in a matter of minutes!* In richness of flavour and substance, in creamy smoothness, Maggi Crème of Chicken soup (made in accordance with the simple directions on the package) is the equal of any served by highly paid maîtres des hôtels.

ONLY **1/5** Slightly higher in some areas.

Here's another new Maggi Soup

MINESTRONE

(pronounced Min-ess-troanee)

A recognised "aristocrat" of soups.

Rich, flavourful minestrone—one of the most sought-after soups in the world—has been added to the Maggi range so that you can prepare and serve it in a few minutes, to the infinite delight of your family.

Try one—Try all!

9 DELICIOUS MAGGI SOUPS

Vegetable Soup with Tomato and Noodles
Oxtail Soup
Pea Soup with Ham
Pea Soup with Vegetables
Mushroom Soup
Chicken Noodle Soup
Tomato Soup
Creme of Chicken Soup
Minestrone

S56-7

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932312

Pancakes

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Of all the dishes made from a simple batter, pancakes are probably the most popular.

RUNNING a close second are all types of fritters, then come pikelets, waffles, doughnuts, and griddle-cakes.

Sweet and savory sauces and fillings give flavor interest to the simplest pancake or waffle dish and can make it into a special-occasion treat.

It is important to remember that "batter" means "to beat," and the mixture must be beaten hard until smooth and creamy and free from lumps.

Spoon measurements are level in the following recipes:

BASIC BATTER
(For Pancakes and Fritters)

Four ounces flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, about ½ pint milk or milk and water.

Sieve the flour and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the centre, drop in the egg, add half the milk by degrees and mix to a smooth batter, using a wooden spoon and gradually drawing in the flour from the sides. Now beat the batter until it is thoroughly aerated, 5 to 10 minutes. This is best done with the back of the spoon, which is held like a pencil, the movement being made with the wrist. When it is well beaten (i.e., when the surface is covered with bubbles), stir in the rest of the milk to give the consistency of thin cream.

PANCAKES

Make the batter according to the basic recipe above, and when well beaten pour into a jug. Melt a knob of butter in a smooth, clean pan and pour off excess. When the butter is smoking pour in some batter. Tilt pan so that batter just covers base; cook gently for one to two minutes, lifting up edges with a spatula. When the pancake is done on one side, shake it away from you, and with an upward jerk toss it over; cook other side. Place on a hot plate and sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice, or spread with warmed jam, and keep hot. Use a little fresh butter for each pancake.

CREPES SUZETTE

One heaped cup flour, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons melted butter, 1 dessertspoon brandy.

Sift flour, add whole eggs one at a time, and stir flour in gradually from the sides. Add sugar, vanilla, and salt, then add milk gradually until batter is smooth and light and sufficiently thick to lightly coat the fingertip. When batter is correct consistency add the butter and brandy. Grease pan with butter, pour in sufficient batter to just cover the bottom of the pan. Cook over medium heat until set and lightly browned underneath and bubbly on top. Toss or turn with a spatula and brown other side. As each crepe is cooked, treat it in the following way:

Cream three dessertspoons butter with 1-3rd cup sugar and grated rind of two oranges. Add one dessertspoon brandy. As each crepe is cooked, spread it with some of this mixture and fold it twice into a wedge shape. Place on a warm, fireproof platter or chafing-dish. Keep hot until all crepes are prepared, then pour over them one-quarter cup hot brandy, and at the table touch a lighted match to the brandy and spoon it over the crepes as long as the flame lasts.

KIDNEY CANNELONS

One ounce butter, 4 veal kidneys, 2 rashers bacon, ½ clove garlic, ½ small onion, 3 tablespoons noodles (from chicken noodle soup), 1 cup finely chopped cooked veal, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch grated lemon rind, ½ cup cooked peas, small quantity cream sauce or brown gravy, grated cheese.

Melt butter, add skinned chopped kidneys and chopped bacon (rind removed), saute five minutes, add crushed garlic, onion. Cook over gentle heat six to eight minutes. Add noodles (strained from chicken noodle soup), diced cooked veal, parsley, lemon rind, and cooked peas. Bind with cream sauce or brown gravy. Stir over low heat until thoroughly hot. Make pancakes as above. Place a spoonful of the savory mixture on one side of each pancake. Fold over and pack side by side in ovenware dish. Sprinkle grated cheese over and bake in hot oven until cheese melts and browns.

PIKELETS

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Mix to a smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop in spoonfuls on to a hot, greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, turn to brown other side. Serve hot or cold with butter, honey, or conserve.

WAFFLES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, small quantity cream and strawberries, or honey or maple syrup.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add sugar. Beat egg-yolks, mix with milk, stir into dry ingredients. Fold in melted butter, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pre-heat waffle-iron until butter or oil used for greasing sizzles when brushed on. Grease both sides. Measure four tablespoons batter into small jug, pour carefully on to prepared iron. As mixture rises close lid down. Cook five to six minutes in electric waffle-iron. If using other type of iron, cook over steady medium heat two minutes each side, then one minute each side. Remove from iron, keep hot. Grease iron before adding next quantity of batter. Serve hot with cream and strawberries, or maple syrup or honey.

KIDNEY CANNELONS served with additional kidney filling, and plain pancakes served with apricots are two versions of ever-popular pancakes.

BANANA ICE-CREAM WAFFLES

Waffles, sliced bananas, ice-cream, banana sauce, lemon juice.

Slice bananas and drench with lemon juice to preserve color. Heap sliced bananas on hot, freshly made waffles. Top with a generous scoop of ice-cream, pour banana sauce over, and serve immediately. A sprinkling of chopped walnuts may be added.

Banana Sauce: Beat together the thinly grated rind of one small ripe lemon and the strained juice of 1½ small lemons, three-quarter cup sugar, and one beaten egg. Add one tablespoon butter and stir over low heat until slightly thickened. Fold in two tablespoons orange juice and two mashed bananas.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932313

Our Ruth is a Pro-Vita girl!

No "Coffee and Grouch" breakfast for Ruth. She knows that a high vitamin, non fattening breakfast is the first essential to alertness and real personality. Two tablespoonsful of Pro-Vita WEAT HARTS on cereal or fruit for breakfast will stave off the between-meal hunger that makes you *look* and *feel* "as flat as a board".

You see "Coffee and Grouch" girls everywhere—they lack the vital vim that only rich natural vitamins can give. Plan your diet—not vitamin pills—to take away that "dead pan look". Try Pro-Vita WEAT HARTS for one month and experience that physical glow every girl dreams of . . . Wake up and live!

Pro-Vita

WEAT-HARTS

Australia's Family Vitamin Concentrate. Over a million packets sold last year.

In 8 oz. packets and 28 oz. economy cartons, at chemists and stores.

"care for mustard?"

"yes, if it's KEEN'S"

Appetites everywhere are sharpened by Keen's Mustard. It brings out the full flavour of all meats, and adds zest to almost every food you serve.

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

BANANA CREAM PIE is a favorite. Slice bananas into a cooked pastry-case, spread with lemon butter, cover with custard, and decorate with meringue and banana slices.

Casserole wins £5

● A hot, appetising, and substantial dinner dish wins this week's £5 prize.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

SAVORY CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds of steak, 1 lemon, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons plum jam, 2 tablespoons claret, flour, salt, pepper, onions, carrots.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces, fry in fat until thoroughly browned. Place in ovenware dish, thicken meat juices with a little blended flour. Add tomato puree, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and jam. Season with salt and pepper. Mix until smooth. Pour claret over meat in dish. (There should be sufficient sauce to cover meat.) Scrape and slice carrots and onions, place on top of meat. Cover, bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Day, 19 Abbott Circuit, Yarralumla, A.C.T.

Tony's luxury dish

Floating Island dessert

"THIS recipe can be made with almonds, but peanut brittle is easier to get and very delicious," says famous Sydney chef Tony Clerici.

Three whites of eggs, ½ pound peanut brittle (crushed), 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, water, 3 cups custard sauce.

Beat the egg-whites until firm, not dry. Fold in crushed peanut brittle, ½ cup of sugar, and the vanilla. Heat remaining sugar, moistened with water, in an unlined copper-pan or heavy frying-pan. Stir until it is an amber color. Add a little more water to make a thick syrup. Pour syrup into mould and smear with pastry brush. Add egg-white mixture and the syrup will rise to envelop the egg-whites. Place mould in pan of simmering water. Bake in moderate oven for 35 minutes. Remove from oven, cool, place in refrigerator for 30 minutes. Make custard sauce and pour, warm or chilled, into a low dessert bowl and unmould the chilled floating island on it.

Custard Sauce: Four egg-yolks, 2 cups cold milk, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon rum.

Beat the egg-yolks and the sugar for three minutes. Gradually add the milk. If it is heated the process is a little shorter. Stir with a wooden spoon over a moderate heat until almost boiling. The custard must not actually boil. Remove from the heat and strain through a fine strainer. Add vanilla and rum.

FAMILY DISH

AN appetising fish loaf, made with flaked cooked fish or tinned fish cutlets, is this week's family dish. It costs 5/6 and serves four.

FISH LOAF

One and three-quarter cups flaked cooked fish (or 1 12oz. tin fish cutlets), 3 gherkins, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1½ cups thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper.

Remove bones and dark skin from fish, break into flakes. Arrange hard-boiled egg slices and pieces of gherkin in a pattern on bottom of greased loaf-tin. Chop remaining eggs and gherkins and add to fish with breadcrumbs, onion, white sauce, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Mix well and fill carefully into loaf-tin. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes. Turn out carefully on to heated dish. Slice and serve with tartare sauce.

. . . but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white

"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white,"

says Mary Rawlins.

. . . and for perfect starching

You'll never be disappointed with Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch which does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and everything has just the right gloss and crispness.

ROBIN *Starch*

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! **Reckitt's Blue** and **Robin Starch**

—your perfect washday companions

VARICOSE VEINS

need genuine two-way stretch

Lastonet

SURGICAL NYLONS

The original, world-famous Lastonet nylon net stockings, that not only relieve varicose veins with firm, healthful support, but are invisible under ordinary stockings.

Insist on LASTONET nylon net stockings at good chemists and surgical houses.

Use also **Varicosan** Chlorophyll OINTMENT to relieve pain and assist healing of varicose ulcers.

FREE Booklet on Varicose Veins—send to:

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. J6

GREENSON Pty. Ltd. 110 Little Bourke St., Melbourne, Victoria. . . . or in N.S.W. to SCHAFFER & COY., 235 Clarence Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

FLY NOW . . . PAY LATER . . . on the new

PAN AMERICAN

"PAY-LATER" PLAN

Call your travel agent or Pan American World Airways

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932314

Planning storage space

Mrs. Parsons (the name is mine) had built a home once before, and she had always been disappointed with her built-in cupboards. She wanted to make sure the same mistakes would not be repeated in her new home.

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

"THE wardrobes, for instance, were only 16 inches deep, and freshly pressed things were invariably crushed when we closed the door," she complained.

"Wardrobes should be at least 24 inches deep," I replied, "but where depth is limited hangers can be arranged the opposite way, so that the clothing faces the doors, with items one behind the other.

"A telescopic rack allows the whole bank of clothing to be pulled clear of the wardrobe and selection is just as easy as when the clothing is hung in the conventional way," I added.

"I wish I'd thought of that years ago," Mrs. Parsons said. "One other point, the main bedroom in the new house has such a big area of glass I can't visualise a good location for the dressing-table."

"Where the size of a bedroom or the amount of usable wall space is limited," I said, "it is a good idea to shift the dressing-table into one end of the built-in cupboard. The space above the dressing-table is used for storing clothes and a mirror can be fixed directly to the wall at the back of the recess.

Dressing-table

"In the bottom of the cupboard over the dressing-table a concealed fluorescent strip-light gives a good light for the make-up mirror."

"I do a good deal of dressmaking and would like a mirror attached to the back of the wardrobe door. The portable mirror I have at the moment would clutter up the main bedroom too much," said Mrs. Parsons.

"And, by the way, in the boys' wardrobe, could you provide some alternative to drawers for small items such as socks, handkerchiefs, etc.?"

"Narrow shelves with glass fronts in the back of the wardrobe doors are handier than drawers. The contents are easily seen and this virtually eliminates mess and rummaging. The shallow hanging space can be compensated for by the telescopic hangers I mentioned before."

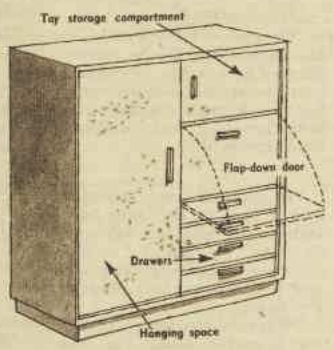
"That sounds ideal," Mrs. Parsons said. "Now, in the third bedroom we don't want built-in wardrobes, but I'd like you to suggest a different form of storage space."

"I suggest a cupboard with hanging space on one side and three main divisions on the other. The top cupboard has a hinged door for toy storage, the centre cupboard door flaps down to form a bench for drawing or homework, and the bottom space has drawers for underwear, shirts, and so on."

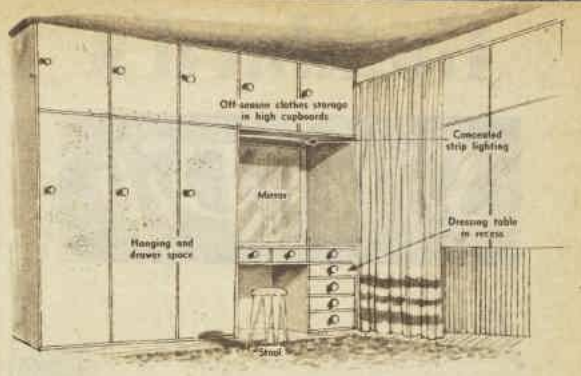
"I would also like special arrangements made for shoe storage in all the bedrooms," Mrs. Parsons said.

"A portable dowel-rod rack allows free circulation of air from vent holes in the bottom and back. The shoes can be neatly arranged in pairs and the good ventilation helps drying in damp weather. This type of rack could also be incorporated in built-in wardrobes."

LEFT: Where hanging space is limited, telescopic racks give extra room. Drawers and mirror fill other wardrobe requirements.



RIGHT: Cupboard for children's room provides hanging space, toy storage, drawers for clothing, and a desk for homework or hobbies.



RECESSED dressing-table in the wardrobe solves the problem of limited wall space. There is concealed lighting over the mirror for make-up purposes.

Preventive inoculations

By Sister MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHEN babies reach the age of six motnths, they should have preventive inoculations against certain diseases.

If the blood contains antibodies (chemical substances which attack the germs of a particular disease) the person is said to be immune to that particular disease.

If a mother's blood contains antibodies against a certain disease, so will that of her newborn baby. They are, however, destroyed over the first few months of life.

This explains why a baby rarely suffers from any infectious diseases until he is six months old, but after that time is very susceptible.

Artificial immunity (given by injections of vaccines or serums) is not as lasting as immunity built up by slight contact with disease, because the immunity of injections wears off and the inoculations have to be repeated periodically.

These are known as booster shots, and are best given when there is an epidemic or when a child first attends school and risk of contact with disease is greatest.

A special chapter dealing with immunisation and giving early symptoms and the nursing treatment of the commonest infectious fevers of childhood is contained in my book, "You and Your Baby," which is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, price 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

Your hands need Trushay because...

1 *TRUSHAY protects your hands—even in hot sudsy water and "hard" water.* You can't avoid "water jobs" but you can avoid drying damage by using Trushay. Smooth it on "beforehand" (as well as *after*) and Trushay will protect your hands from soap 'n' detergent harshness.

2 *TRUSHAY keeps romance in your hands.* Do your hands tell how *useful* you are, but never how *lovely* you are? It's so easy to hold romance in your hands when Trushay keeps them smooth, soft and velvety . . . lovely to look at and to touch.

3 *TRUSHAY prevents wind 'n' weather chapping.* This fragrant petal-pink lotion smooths right into upper skin layers, supplementing natural oils. Trushay guards against roughness, cracking and wind 'n' weather chapping.

JUST TWO DROPS WILL PROVE IT!

Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand, smooth in with the back of the other. Massage gently with palms. Instantly your hands will *feel* luxuriously soft . . . will *look* velvety smooth.

2/5, 3/9, 6/2

A product of BRISTOL-MYERS

from all chemists and better stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932315

Goddard's

Silver Dip

for

SAFE, EASY CLEANING

of silver

Now . . . you can restore your silver to its original brightness in a matter of seconds. Simply dip forks and spoons in Goddard's SILVER DIP, rinse and dry—and watch stains and tarnish vanish in a flash. Use cotton wool for larger pieces. Get a bottle of Goddard's SILVER DIP to-day . . . it makes your silver instantly bright and keeps it shining longer.

★★★★★★★★★ **7/9**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GODDARD'S FAMOUS PLATE POWDER

Sole Australian Agents: Salmond & Spraggon (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (All States)

A201

Be first with the smart new "sip and nibble" fashion . .

Brandy Snaps'n Port!

"Why didn't someone think of this before!" That's what you'll say when you first try Brandy Snaps with a glass of Port. Regale your guests with these heavenly twins after dinner, after cards or when you're just sitting chatting. Brandy Snaps are easy and inexpensive to make (send in now for our special recipe).

It costs just a few pence a glass to enjoy sweet dessert wines like Port, Muscat, Frontignac and Madeira. Enjoy them often! Wine is good for you . . . and so inexpensive!

Write in for your free Brandy Snaps recipe and your helpful WINE GUIDE. Just send your name and address to:

WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

Box 2158, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 4057, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 155C, G.P.O., Brisbane
Box 260D, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box T1450, G.P.O., Perth
Box 809H, G.P.O., Hobart

Life is more pleasant with WINE!

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD.

AW.19.62g

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 47

Lucas. "Course he didn't like that. Don't you listen to these others. That's a bad boy," he said vindictively, jerking his thumb at Tip.

"He's not," said Mr. Malone in a bellow.

"A young devil," said Lucas. "I've been arter him for weeks. He's a rough, bad boy."

"He isn't," cried Lovejoy, coming up like a jack-in-the-box. "You should have seen him taking the grit out of my eye," and as usual the thought of herself and Tip overwhelmed her with tears. "It's all my fault," she sobbed. "He wouldn't have been caught if I'd jumped Sparkey up, and Tip didn't put us over the railings—at least not like you said."

. . . .

"Better let me be the one to go in," Tip had said the first morning. "It might be dangerous." At that time of the morning it had been only half light in the garden, night in the bushes.

"Snakes 'n tigers 'n ghosts," Sparkey had said, his teeth chattering. "There was a girl murdered in some bushes in a garden jus' like this."

"I'll go," said Tip with a reassuring pat to Lovejoy.

The plan had been to put his raincoat, folded, on the paling spikes and use it as a pad. "Suppose it gets torn?" Lovejoy had asked with the respect she gave to clothes, but as most of the Malone clothes were torn Tip did not think it mattered.

"Hold a stake with each hand," said Lovejoy, "and stand on the bucket." She turned one upside down. "Spring and kneel on the top, then you can jump down"—but Tip could not get over the railings. The Malones were big and powerful, but they were not made for springing. Tip could climb, pull himself up by his arms—on to the church wall, for instance—but when Lovejoy commanded, "Jump," he could not jump; "Spring," and he could not get off the ground.

There was a pause, a long pause; then, "It will have to be me," Lovejoy had said in a little voice; her legs were as strong as a cricket's; one spring and she had been up, a second later over, but there had been another complication. When she had filled the buckets she could not hoist them up level with the top of the railings.

"'F I could just get the handle," said Tip, "I could lift them over." It was no good. She could not get them up, even with Tip pulling hard on the rope. "The rope sticks," he said. "It's the stakes. Can't you get it a little higher?"

"No," said Lovejoy, panting breathlessly.

"I'll have to put Sparkey in," said Tip.

Sparkey had been half dead with excitement and terror as Tip lifted him up and Lovejoy lifted him down; his little legs in the shining new gumboots had kicked wildly in an effort to be helpful. Frantically he helped push up the bucket; Tip managed to grasp it and haul it higher, then brought it down heavily on the other side; some of the earth spilled out, but he managed to scoop it up from the pavement with his hands.

"Now the other one," he said, and, hoisting, stretching, and panting, Lovejoy and Sparkey got it up.

"How'll you get out?" whispered Tip. "You can't get out by yourselves."

"We'll climb up that tree and drop down," said Lovejoy.

"Kin Sparkey?"

"He can if I lift him." Tip had caught Sparkey as, sternly directed by Lovejoy, he dangled from the branch; and presently, light as a cricket again or a bird, Lovejoy had dropped down beside them.

. . . .

"It was all me," Lovejoy sobbed now, as Eve must have sobbed. "I told him what to do, and he did it." She covered her face with her hands and the tears ran out between her fingers.

"What do you say to that?" the inspector asked Tip, but Tip was furious.

"I don't take orders from a girl," said Tip.

"Did he?" the inspector said suddenly to Sparkey.

"No," said Sparkey with scorn. "She wasn't in the gang. Girls can't be," he said loftily to Lovejoy.

The inspector looked thoughtfully at Sparkey. "You're too small to be in the gang, of course," he said.

Sparkey's ears went red. He looked as if he were going to cry. "I am in the gang, amn't I, Tip?" he asked.

"It can't be much of a gang," said Inspector Russell.

"It is!" cried Sparkey furiously. "It's the worst gang for miles." And he flung at the inspector, "Maxey Ford was in it."

"Maxey Ford." Now the inspector's face, as well as his voice, was grave. He looked at Tip. "I am sorry to hear that. You know what happened to Maxey."

"Yes," said Sparkey reverently, and he declared in an access of loyalty, "It wasn't fair. Tip's much better at stealing than Maxey."

"Oh, shut up, Spark," said poor Tip, but Sparkey took this for modesty and went on, "Tip's chief, Maxey never was."

"I see," said the inspector, and he said suddenly, hardly, to Tip, "Do you always get other people to do your jobs for you?"

"I—don't," said Tip astounded.

"He's not that kind of boy," cried Mr. Malone in anguish, and to Tip, "Oh, I wish your mum would come."

There was a moment's pause, then Angela's voice came, clear and imperious, "It seems quite obvious, Officer——"

"Inspector Russell," said the inspector.

Angela makes them angry by not thinking of them, thought Olivia. She thinks it doesn't matter, but it does.

"Inspector, then," said Angela impatiently. "It's obvious that this boy should be charged."

"But on what charge?" said the inspector.

"What charge?" said Angela. "I shall charge him with stealing the earth, of course."

"But can you?" said the inspector. "I'm not sure you can."

"Why ever not?" In Angela's astonishment the "ever" slipped out. She isn't handling this, it's handling her, thought Olivia.

"The houses in Mortimer Square are leasehold, isn't that right?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, but what has that to do with it? Why can't I charge him?"

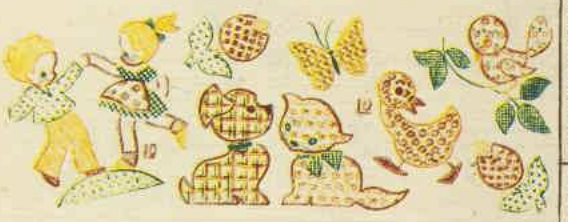
"I don't think you can steal earth," said the inspector, "and anyway it's not your earth," and all the faces turned to look at Angela; even the blue-winged lady, it seemed, could not have everything her own way.

"Oppose her and that's the best way to make her go on"—both Olivia and Ellen could

To page 55

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

IRON-ON TRANSFER



PINAFORE DRESS has a pretty sweetheart neckline finished with a bow to flatter little girls.

NOVELTY patchwork motifs of boys and girls, flowers, butterflies, birds and cats and dogs are featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 10.

These brightly colored transfers take only moments to press on to children's clothing, nursery furnishings, and kitchen linens, saving you hours of embroidery.

The price of these transfers is only 2/6 a sheet.

Also available is the pattern for the little girl's pinafore illustrated at left. Made in a warm material and decorated with the transfers, the pinafore can be worn over blouses and sweaters to make an attractive winter outfit.

The pinafore pattern comes in sizes to fit girls 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 2/-.

Order your pattern and transfer from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

RUB ON... SPOTS GONE

Spots, pimples, eczema and rashes do not heal unless you get at their cause, the germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the new antiseptic balm gets right under the pores and gives rapid relief. Make this test. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is, several times a day. In a few days your skin will be clear and healthy. Valderma is creamy, non-greasy, does not clog the pores, allows septic matter to escape. You simply rub Valderma in and watch your skin trouble go. At chemists and stores: Jars 3/6d. Tubes 2/6d.

VALDERMA Q127
ANTISEPTIC BALM

JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 5/6 EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

ASTHMA COUGHS GO FIRST DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

Has your child got

WORMS?

HERE ARE THE SYMPTOMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. If these are present don't take chances—get Comstock's Worm Tablets. Completely destroy worms without injuring stomach or bowels. Purely vegetable. Taste like sweets. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney.

Destroy worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Tablets

All young mothers will enjoy BABY MAGAZINE. It contains expert advice and entertaining features. Price is 2/- per copy at all newsagents, or send 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932316

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 54

have told them all that. "The Garden Committee's, then," said Angela more impatiently still. "Why quibble?"

"It's not even the Garden Committee's," said the inspector. "The earth belongs to the freeholders, whover they are; I don't know much about it, but I can guess that even if you started a private prosecution, on a charge like that, you would end up in a good old legal tangle."

"Then I'll charge him with trespass," said Angela, but the inspector shook his head.

"Trespass isn't an offence," he said, "except on a railway."

"Well, I can charge the boy with assaulting Lucas."

"You can't," said the inspector again.

"Are you trying to be obstructive?" demanded Angela.

"I'm keeping to the law, madam," said the inspector crisply.

"Why can't I charge him with assaulting Lucas?" Angela's eyes were very blue, very frosty. She's angry, thought Olivia, but the inspector was not a Mr. Wix or a Doctor Dagleish; he was quite unperturbed. "Why can't I charge him with assaulting Lucas?"

"Only Mr. Lucas can do that," said the inspector.

"Lucas, then," said Angela, and the inspector looked at him.

"Do you wish to make a charge?"

"Of course he does," said Angela.

"Miss Chesney, will you let him answer for himself?" And the inspector asked Lucas again, "Do you want to make this charge?"

Angela made a movement, but Lucas seemed curiously unwilling to answer. He looked at the inspector, at Angela, at his hands, and was silent.

"You heard the officer," said Angela.

"I don't want to make no trouble, be unpleasant," murmured Lucas to his boots.

"It's sometimes one's duty to be unpleasant," said Angela.

"The boy hurt you, he might hurt other people."

"He never hurt anyone," bellowed Mr. Malone to the skies.

"He hurt Lucas," said Angela. "Well, Lucas?" Another silence while Lucas fidgeted. "You are acting for the Garden Committee, remember," Angela said.

Lucas looked this way and that. How like a rat he is, thought Olivia; almost she drew her skirts aside. Angela was looking steadily at him, the cold glint still in her eyes. At last, "I'll charge him," said Lucas. It sounded like a groan.

The inspector was looking over their heads to the third policeman, who had come in again and was standing inside the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Combie are both out, sir," he said.

"Out?" Lovejoy came two steps away from the bench; in the warm room she steamed as she walked. "Out? They're never out."

"They are both out," said the policeman evenly. "They left a message on the door—for the little girl, I suppose—that they had gone to see a Mr. Montague."

"Mr. Montague?" said Lovejoy, puzzled.

The policeman went away, and the inspector turned to Tip and put the charge in words that Tip could understand. "You're charged with assaulting Mr. Lucas at approximately six o'clock this morning, the fifth of June, on the pavement of Mortimer Square. You needn't say anything if you don't want to: if you do say anything I shall take it down and tell it to the magistrates. Do you want to say anything?"

Tip stared dumbly at the inspector. "No reply," said the inspector after a moment, and he wrote that down. Then he spoke to Mr. Malone. "Will you go bail for him to appear at the Juvenile Court—let's see, it will be Chelsea Juvenile Court—next Wednesday at ten o'clock? The bail will be five pounds."

"But — I haven't got five pounds," said Mr. Malone in dismay. Olivia made a movement, but Angela caught her.

"That's all right," said the inspector to Mr. Malone. "You don't have to pay it if the boy appears. Now sign here, on the back of the charge sheet."

Breathing suspiciously, glaring at them all, with the pen held like some sort of dangerous weapon in his hand, Mr. Malone signed. Olivia noticed how the pen trembled; she did not like to see that little tremble. "Now you can take him home," said the inspector to Mr. Malone. "You, too," he said to Sparkey.

"Can't I be charged?" said Sparkey. "Please. Please," he said frantically.

"You go along home," said the inspector. "In any case, you're under eight."

"I'll never be big," wailed Sparkey in despair.

"And I must go," said Angela, and gathered up her things. "Olivia, you take Lucas home," she said as she went out, but Olivia did not hear.

She was looking at Tip and Lovejoy. Mr. Malone had come to Tip and taken him by the shoulder, but Lovejoy's hand was locked in Tip's.

"Now be a good girl," said Mr. Malone. Lovejoy shook her head. He tried to prise her fingers away, but he, who seemed really as big as Olivia's ox or one of his own great dray-horses, seemed unable to loosen that small hand.

"I'll stay with him," said Lovejoy.

There was a noise outside as if a henhouse full of hens had broken loose in the police station. Mr. Malone swung round, his face happy with relief, and a second later Mrs. Malone burst into the room; as a policeman hastily caught and shut the swing door Olivia caught a glimpse of five other Malones outside.

"Did you see the mother?" Olivia asked Angela afterwards.

"I did, and a whole tribe of Malones. I told you he was a Malone."

"Did you speak to her?"

"No. She's a real virago and I was in a hurry. Did you?"

"Yes. She called me a dirty old Judy," said Olivia. "I liked her."

"Liked her?"

"Yes. If I had a boy I hope I should fight for him like that."

When she had finished with Olivia, Mrs. Malone had started on Inspector Russell.

"There's no name I wouldn't put on you," she said.

The inspector nodded to the gaoler, and presently he and Mr. Malone prevailed on Mrs. Malone to go. When finally she swept Tip, Mr. Malone, and Sparkey out of the room, "We were left in a sudden flat silence," said Olivia.

"Who were left?" asked Angela.

"The inspector, the little girl," said Olivia, "and I." She paused. "Then a policewoman came in."

"Lovejoy," Inspector Russell had said, "this is Woman Police Constable Mountford. She wants to talk to you."

The extreme gentleness of his voice made Lovejoy afraid. Vincent sometimes spoke to her like that when he was deeply sorry. The policewoman made her more afraid. Last time—that time, thought Lovejoy, it was a policewoman asking those questions. Lovejoy could hear them still, and her own answers — baby answers, thought Lovejoy scornfully.

"Where do you live?"

"We don't live anywhere."

"You don't know where you stayed?"

"We don't stay. We can't, because of the bill. They want us to pay it so we go somewhere else."

"Somewhere else?"

"Yes. That's where we were going." That Lovejoy had been a stupid little silly, thought Lovejoy scornfully, but this Lovejoy now had the same vision of that big hole and thousands and thousands of little ant people being swept into it.

"I don't want her to talk to me," said Lovejoy, looking at Woman Police Constable Mountford with horror. She looked round for Tip, but Tip had gone with his mother. His mother! thought Lovejoy, and quivered.

"You're not afraid of us, are you?" said the inspector coaxingly. Lovejoy might have said "Yes," but instead she stood glaring and breathing hard. Then, "You say it, not her," she said to Inspector Russell. He and the policewoman looked at each other. "All right, but stay," he said in an undertone.

Lovejoy darted across the room and caught Olivia's hand.

"You stay, too," she croaked.

"But—" Olivia was half dismayed, half touched. She was always to remember the clutch of Lovejoy's hand. "They want you alone," she said.

"Stay. Stay," begged Lovejoy.

"Perhaps it would help if you would," said the policewoman.

"I? Not my sister?" Olivia could not believe it.

"You, please," said Inspector Russell.

He beckoned Lovejoy to his desk. She advanced warily and stood in front of it. "He's going to try and make me tell," she thought and braced herself, dropping her lids, but the inspector was speaking in this same extraordinarily gentle way.

"I have to talk to you," he said, "about your mother."

To be concluded

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

MONACO HAIR-DO

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The Monaco, a new hair-do inspired by Grace Kelly's distinctive coiffures, is the newest feminine vanity.

WHAT the Monaco amounts to is a simple, medium-length style with a minimum of curl that can be arranged in several ways with the help of an extra hair-piece that is only distantly related to the old-time chignon.

The basic style, often worn by the originator and perfect for hair in which there is a bit of natural wave, is combed back smoothly from the brow and set in a cluster of pin-curls at the nape.

In the comb-out everything is smooth but the end curls, which brush up softly.

The first pin-up features hair swept off the neck and a hair-piece attached at the centre back, rather like a pony-tail, except that the hair ends are combed into flat curls that are anchored with a decorative pin.

A graceful chignon for night is the third suggestion.

This piece, kept small in size, may be worn low on the neck or half-way between the crown and nape. For chic variation it may even top the back of the head.

ENID BLYTON

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Enid Blyton's New Serial

"The Mystery of the Missing Man"

NOW IN

CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

Australia's greatest children's magazine. Enid Blyton's new serial has not yet been published in book form.

READ EVERY EXCITING WORD NOW IN

CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

PLUS: Games, Stories, Pets, Stamps, Film star Photo, Jokes, Magic, 200 cash prizes, and a separate lift-out Comic Book every week in

CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY—on sale now 9d.!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932317

Continuing . . .

Something Old, Something New

from page 9

Mrs. Stewart. I have not the proper clothes. I should love to wear it."

The next morning Carol and William met outside the library door. Kathi Osterman was with Mrs. Goodwin.

"Oh, Carol, there you are—and William, too! Do come and help us!" Mrs. Goodwin called. "We have a dreadful problem. We can't decide what to do with the wedding presents."

"I thought," said William mildly, "it was customary for the bride to own them!"

"The problem is how to show them, dear. To the guests, you know. There's simply nowhere."

Everyone blinked thoughtfully at everyone else. Then Kathi said softly: "Mrs. Goodwin, I have perhaps an idea. The bookshelves . . .?"

They all stared round them. The room was literally book-lined. Deep drawers took the place of the lower shelves — drawers filled, as Carol remembered them, with old photographs, letters, diaries, valentines. Above these drawers, bookshelves rose to the ceiling.

"If we took the books out," said Kathi, "and arranged all the presents on the empty shelves?"

"Kathi," said Mrs. Goodwin solemnly, "it's inspired!"

"I'll take the books out, pack them, and cart the boxes away," said William. "Today. Now!"

"I wish I could help you," Carol said hesitantly. "I was going to shop."

"You go and shop," William ordered her cordially. "We'll manage perfectly."

Thus enthusiastically dismissed, Carol left them. When she next saw the library, at five that afternoon, the metamorphosis was complete. William and Kathi had completed the Herculean task of packing hundreds of books, and had even begun to arrange some of Jane's wedding presents on the shelves.

For the next two days the tall old house was filled with the spiralling rush of preparation. Doors slammed, voices called, footsteps hurried, and bells rang upstairs and down. In the midst of it all, Kathi sat at the big leather-topped desk, talking briskly to photographers, dressmakers, florists, caterers, bridesmaids, ushers. She was a cool little island, beaten upon by a rising tide of messages, packages, letters, telegrams, and lists.

Carol got back from a long day of shopping late on Friday afternoon. The house was extraordinarily quiet: Cobb and Eliza on the top floor, the children in the park, Mrs. Goodwin and Jane still out . . .

As she reached the landing the library door framed a picture. The room was a shadowy cave; the desk lamp threw a brilliant ring of light on Kathi's gleaming hair. William was standing near her.

"No," Kathi whispered. "No, Dr. Colt—I cannot."

The tension between the two was almost visible. Carol stood quite still: it seemed better to eavesdrop than to interrupt.

William leaned over the desk. "Listen, Kathi," he said, his voice low, "you must tell me. Why won't you?"

Kathi said nothing stonily.

William stood up straight. "What did you do—before you came to England?" he asked.

Kathi looked startled. "Do? I worked for your British organisations. Trying to trace displaced children. Lost children. You see," she smiled a little, "that is what I was myself."

"Yes," said William slowly. "I see. Listen, Kathi—do you want to be British?"

"But of course!"

"Then," said William, "you've got to stop being a stranger."

"But——"

"You just told me that you wouldn't go out with me this evening because it wasn't right for a secretary to have dinner with a member of her employer's family. It wasn't—what was the word you used?"

"'Correct,'" said Kathi stiffly.

"It wasn't correct. That," said William, "is just idiotic. I'll meet you in the hall in twenty minutes."

"No," said Kathi.

They looked at each other for a long moment. Then William turned, walked out of the room and up the stairs.

Mike arrived late on Friday night. The weekend was kaleidoscopic. Cocktail parties, teas, a luncheon at Prunella Buckley's (the small, dark bridesmaid), and a dinner party given by Susan Hawkins (the tall, blond bridesmaid), who took everyone to a night-club afterwards.

Carol, dancing with William Colt to one of the best orchestras in the world, found herself thinking of Kathi. Miss Osterman, the efficient, self-effacing secretary, no more than a mile away, was yet as remote as though she were still in Austria. How does it feel, Carol wondered suddenly, to watch us all—Jane — Prunella — Sue—me—everybody — running in and out of the house without a real care in the world, laughing, talking, going to parties, sleeping late, and being waited on, taking our food and our clothes and our good fortune all for granted? Does Kathi resent us? Is she envious of our lives and bitter about her own? What does Kathi feel?

Carol thought: I wish there were time to talk to her. Kathi ought to have a friend.

Monday came. Carol spent the day at their old house. She got back at dusk. As she opened the front door Jane's voice greeted her from the landing above.

"Carol! Hurry up! Something horrible has happened!"

Carol's heart plunged. She sped up the stairs. In the library, Jane and her mother stood over Kathi, who held in her hand a yellow telegram.

Jane clutched her with icy fingers. "It's Sue Hawkins!" she wailed. "Oh, Carol, she's in hospital with scarlet fever!"

Carol blinked and her breath went out in a long sigh.

"Terrible!" Jane moaned. "Three bridesmaids instead of four! Unless Carol walks with them they'll be all lopsided!"

Mrs. Goodwin appeared to understand this remark perfectly. Helplessly, she patted Jane, who gibbered: "Oh, Carol, I do want you to be matron of honor and walk by yourself—and your dress is pale yellow and all theirs are green—and I can't ring up somebody else at the last moment like this to be a bridesmaid!"

Then—— "You!" she shouted. "Miss Osterman — Kathi—you can be the fourth bridesmaid! Will you? Oh, please! You're just Sue's size and I'd simply love to have you!"

Kathi seemed to shrink a little.

"You've done so much for my wedding!" Jane cried. "You're really a part of it already — please! For me, Kathi! You'll look perfectly beautiful in Sue's dress!"

> **For a good dinner and a gentle wife you can afford to wait.**
> **— *Danish Proverb.***

Slowly, Kathi put the telegram down on the desk. Carol felt her own heart beating in her throat; she wanted desperately to speak to Kathi—to explain that Jane really meant it, that there were other ways to manage three bridesmaids, that she, Kathi, wasn't merely a convenience, to be used as a stage property, but a person whom they had come to like.

She found herself unable to move. Kathi looked from Mrs. Goodwin to Jane and her lips quivered in a tremulous smile. "But, of course, I will do this," she said huskily. "I would love to. I have never been a bridesmaid for anyone before. Thank you, Jane."

And then it was Jane's wedding day.

They had just finished breakfast when Prunella rang the doorbell, rushed up the stairs, and announced in a high voice that her bridesmaid's gloves, which she had just taken out of their box, were an entirely different color from everyone else's.

"They're a different color from anything!" Prunella said wildly.

Kathi stood up, smiling. "But, of course—I will go and change them. Don't worry, Jane!"

And she ran from the room.

The telephone rang. Automatically, Carol sat down in Kathi's chair. Jane's wedding day had started.

They gathered in the library, Prunella, Jane, and Carol. Below them the house resounded with ear-splitting noises as the caterers assaulted the first floor. Up and down the stairs and in and out of rooms an unbelievably thin young man and an astonishingly solid young woman bore large pails filled to the brim with flowers. Someone kept shouting, "Jim! Here, Jim, let's have it!" The doorbell rang, the telephone rang, Cobb's scanty white hair stood aloft on his head, somebody howled, "Take it easy, Jim—— Take it easy!"

The next few hours were like some strange film with impressionistic camera angles. The bride's bouquet arrived, borne upstairs by Cobb, who announced hoarsely that if anyone expected him to find room in the refrigerator for this——

Carol snatched the flowers and put them in the attic, which was cool.

Cousin Rita rang her bell and demanded that William be sent to her at once. William, who had been helping the invisible Jim to move chairs, went.

Cobb announced that how anyone expected him to set the table with them caterers . . . Cousin Rita rang her bell and demanded William because she had mislaid her grey suede shoes. The floral young man asked desperately whether anyone had a piece of sticky paper as he needed it for a flower arrangement at once.

The wedding cake arrived and Carol put it in the attic.

Kathi got back looking quite unruffled and bearing gloves in the proper shade. Just then Mike and Mr. Goodwin came in behind her.

In the library everyone stood around the traymobile. "A sandwich," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and some nice hot tea."

"Thank you," said Mr. Goodwin. "Where's Cobb got to?"

"Everything is in the attic," said Carol loudly. "I'm just warning everybody."

Then, turning to William, she said, "Did you hear about Sue Hawkins? Isn't it horrid?"

"But nice for us," said William smiling at Kathi, who glanced swiftly up.

She smiled back at him, a shy, small smile, and Cousin Rita cried, "Yes, aren't you a lucky girl. Wearing that lovely dress and all so unexpected."

"Yes, Mrs. Colt," Kathi said with no expression at all.

"This whole wedding is unexpected," Mrs. Goodwin said.

"Well, I don't know," Mr. Goodwin objected mildly, "it seems to me you've been planning it for six or eight months."

"Oh, not unexpected that way, dear. I mean scarlet fever. And bright green gloves."

"What?" inquired Mr. Goodwin, stunned for once.

"And four clocks!" said Mrs. Goodwin wildly. "If it hadn't been for dear Kathi—. I feel as though she were one of the family."

"Clocks!" Jane cried. "It's nearly one! In another two hours I'll be Mrs. Bement."

Jane got married.

She was a beautiful bride; Christopher was a handsome groom. The church was crowded, the vicar most moving, the organist talented, and the ushers tall. Not a bridesmaid teetered on her perilous journey up the aisle and Mrs. Goodwin wept deftly into a very small handkerchief. William had a taxi waiting for Kathi so that she could get back to the house before the

To page 58

THROUGH THE WEEK WITH KRAFT CHEDDAR

"Main dishes, sandwiches, savouries and snacks . . . you'll find they're all so simple to prepare with Kraft Cheddar",

says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

SUNDAY SNACK

Baked Eggs

Ingredients: ½ teaspoon mixed herbs; ½ cup soft breadcrumbs; 2 eggs; squeeze lemon juice; salt, cayenne; 3 oz. Kraft Cheddar, shredded; butter, chopped parsley.

Method: Butter 2 ramekins and sprinkle each with breadcrumbs, pinch herbs, drop or two lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Break an egg carefully into each dish, season and dot with butter. Top with shredded cheese, bake in moderate oven 10-15 minutes. Garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 2.

MID-WEEK LUNCH

Bacon and Cheese Rarebit

Ingredients: 8 oz. Kraft Cheddar; 4 dessertspoons milk; pinch cayenne; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; ½ teaspoon dry mustard; 2 rashers bacon; 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Method: Shred cheese and place in small saucepan with mustard, cayenne and Worcestershire sauce. Gradually add milk and stir until cheese is melted. Pour or spread a thick layer on each slice of toast, top each with bacon. Place under a medium grill until bacon is cooked and crisp. Serves 4.

SATURDAY PARTY SUPPER

Cheese Roll-me-ups

These easy and quickly made little savouries are tasty as an accompaniment to soup, salads, or as a last minute hot savoury.

Ingredients: 8 slices fresh bread; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar or Velveeta (half carton).

Method: Butter bread, trim crusts and place a strip of cheese in centre of each slice. Roll cross-wise, fasten with toothpicks. Toast under griller and serve.

KRAFT CHEDDAR

Use Kraft Cheddar right through your menu and you save money. At the same time you give your family that extra nourishment they need — and that delicious flavour they always enjoy.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the new 1-oz. portion; the blue 8-oz. packet; **the family size economy 2-lb. pack**; or from the 5-lb. loaf.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932318

Gerberas

As a florist's flower, the gerbera has few equals, and is highly prized by home gardeners for its lovely and lasting show.

THE plant does best in Queensland, where most of the finest are grown. In Melbourne and Adelaide it needs the sunniest and warmest garden spot, and in Tasmania glass cover. But it does well in the open in Sydney.

Raising the plants from seed is not difficult if the seed is fresh—less than three months old is best.

Otherwise it pays to raise plants by dividing old ones carefully and setting out the divisions in well-drained soil.

Failure is invariably due to stale seed.

To sow, fill seedboxes with sandy loam and firm lightly. Take the pointed seeds and press the points into the moist loam singly, leaving the fluffy ends projecting. Do not cover them with soil.

Cover the box with a sheet of glass and a newspaper, and water only with an atomiser so that the seeds are not unduly disturbed. When they germinate, remove the newspaper and place the boxes in a warm but shadier position.

No paper need be used if the glass is whitewashed or stippled lightly with thin white paint.

The best sowing times are from August to September.

As the young plants grow, harden them by gradually raising the glass a little at a time until they are big enough to handle.

They can be carefully pricked out into slightly better soil at this stage, giving them about 2in. of space each way.

When sturdy — a stage that will take a month or two from seed-sowing—transplant to the open, or pot them up, according to climate and growing purposes.

Seedlings rarely come true to the original color of the parent and unwanted shades may appear. Because of this, when seed is desired, the wishy-washy whites, creams, and yellows should not be let flower at the same time as the better colors.

If you intend to grow them in pots, the plants should be potted up singly from five to eight weeks after the seeds germinate. Deep pots are required—7in. to 8in., as the roots are very long and object to being doubled up.

● The gerberas above were grown by Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bauer. Mr. Bauer is a milkman at Bundaberg, Qld. He and his wife began breeding gerberas about ten years ago. By a process—a closely guarded secret — they have managed to force double gerberas to seed, and by cross-breeding and selection they have produced new colors and types.

Some of their blooms measure nine inches across. They regard this as too big for beauty and are now concentrating on strains with double flowers from six to seven inches across.

It takes 12 months, the Bauers say, to breed a new gerbera, but once established it will stay true to type.

They find that their double gerberas are just as strong and healthy as the singles and will flourish in any well-drained soil where the climate is suitable for raising any kind of gerberas.

They do best in a glasshouse or conservatory at a day temperature of about 70 degrees and not much lower than 50 degrees at night.

Plants raised from seed take up to nine months or more to reach flowering stage, but will continue to bear for some years, provided they are fed occasionally with weak sulphate of ammonia or urea. One ounce of sulphate or urea to seven gallons of water is about the right strength.

When planting out gerberas, raise the beds well above the common garden level and keep the crowns of all plants at least an inch above the surface. Plants that die are often the victims of over-deep planting and covered crowns.

During the summer they require a light mulch of well-rotted compost or very old manure. They are thirsty and should never be neglected during heatwaves.

If the soil is heavy-textured it must be well drained.

In districts subject to heavy frosts gerberas need protection if grown out of doors or they may not survive the first winter.

Pests are few, but thrips, grubs, and gerbera leaf-spot can cause havoc. Leaf-spot appears as reddish or brownish purple areas on the foliage and is very weakening and disfiguring.

Remove all such leaves and spray well with Bordeaux mixture. It pays to spray once a few spots appear or the disease will spread rapidly and may defoliate the plants. Burn all infected leaves once removed.

Prestige

Checkmates

MESH NYLONS

with the "STRETCH INSERT"

to eliminate knee strain

Ladders checked
Greater comfort
Longer wear

When buying mesh nylons be sure you ask for "Checkmates", the only mesh nylons with the 2way stretch insert for greater comfort and longer wear. 17/11

Prestige

This price aplies in N.S.W. and Victoria, but may vary in other states.

Prestige - the only nylons with the [illegible] finish, renowned for 20 years giving longer life and powder-smooth texture.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932319

STOP!

USE
TRUSHAY
FIRST!

Hot washing water can cause havoc to the hands . . . but TRUSHAY will protect them. Oil-rich TRUSHAY forms an invisible film that prevents chapping and roughening . . . combats after-wash "dry" skin. Keep TRUSHAY always "on hand" . . . your hands will bless you for it.

with the beforehand "extra"

2/5
3/9
6/2

A product of Bristol-Myers.

Heartburn ? Indigestion ?

YOU NEED

Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

H2-55

Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY
4 Weeks' Treatment
4/- EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

WHEN KIDNEYS WORK TOO OFTEN

Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Interrupted Sleep, Circles under the Eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The very first dose of Cystex, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work overcoming these troubles in 3 ways. 1. Quickly kills germs causing troubles. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

Continuing . . .

Something Old, Something New

from page 56

bridal party for a final check-up.

And then there was the receiving line, the heavy scent of flowery rooms, the indescribable din of two hundred people, at least one hundred and fifty of whom kissed Carol and said, "My dear, what is this I heard about your moving?"

Finally, Carol was alone with Jane. She unfastened Jane's heavy white satin gown and Grandmother Goodwin's long lace veil. Freed from it, Jane turned to her, her cheeks a lovely rose, her eyes enormous.

"Carol, listen and don't say anything! My emerald clip has gone. It was with the rest of the presents in the library and when I went to get it to pack it in my bag—it—it just wasn't there!"

Carol stared at her incredulously. "But how——?"

Jane spoke fast. "I'm going to pretend I've taken it with me. I'll leave the rest to you. But don't tell Daddy or Mike or anyone tonight, will you? Don't—don't even ask Kathi about it. Promise! I want my wedding day to be perfect."

Carol hesitated. But how could you refuse a bride a request like this one? How could you refuse a bride anything? "All right, darling," she said quickly, "not until tomorrow."

Then there was a great swirling cloud of confetti and rice, laughter, and guests spilling out over the pavement. The old shoe tied to the back of Christopher's car, Eliza sobbing in the background. Then the last guests said goodbye. The car turned the corner—and Jane was gone.

Slowly, wearily, Carol climbed the stairs.

Promises to Jane were all very well; but a very valuable emerald clip and a pair of earrings had vanished, and Carol was the only person who was aware of the fact. I must tell Mike, she thought; and for some reason her heart sank.

She walked into the sitting-room . . . Rose petals on the rug, a cigarette-case left on the mantelpiece, and somebody's white suede glove on a table by the door . . .

Her father sat on the sofa looking dazed; her mother darted about like a bewildered bee. Mike and William had carried up two trays; and Kathi, enchanting in Sue Hawkins' bridesmaid's dress, was arranging food on a small table, pouring out hot tea.

"Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin," said Kathi with mock severity, "you must have some supper. You have eaten nothing!"

Mrs. Goodwin sank into a chair. "Kathi, you're a blessing. Now where is Rita? She was here——"

A sharp scream cut the air. Everyone jumped. Every head jerked towards the library door . . . Cousin Rita rushed into the room, one hand clutching her grey lace bosom, her eyes wide and horrified.

"Lucy—listen! It's gone! My emerald clip—Jane's clip—it's gone!"

William was at her side in an instant. "Now, Mother, wait a second. Lucy probably has it safe and sound——" He turned towards Mrs. Goodwin. One glance at her astonished face showed him that the clip was far from safe and sound.

Cousin Rita sank upon the sofa with a long moan of anguish. "Jane told me she wasn't taking it—far too valuable, she said—I agreed—oh, Henry! I knew it, I knew it——"

"You knew what?" Mr. Goodwin interrupted. "That Jane would lose her clip? It isn't lost, Rita——"

"Of course it isn't lost!" Cousin Rita turned on him. "That's just what I'm telling you—it isn't lost! It's been stolen! Henry, there is a thief in this house! That clip——"

"Rita!" Mr. Goodwin said sharply. "Be careful!"

Without warning Cousin Rita drew in a long, harsh breath and burst into ugly tears. "You wouldn't listen—you think you're all so wise—but I know! I know what happened to it! It was there — locked up in the library when we went to the church! And who came back early? Who was here alone, ahead of us all —with the library key? Ask her—ask her!" Cousin Rita pointed a long finger.

Horrified, Carol thought: She looks like a mad witch—and saw that the finger pointed at Kathi, standing frozen by the window. Cousin Rita's voice rose high. "Oh, don't think you've fooled me for a minute, Miss Kathi Osterman! I've seen what you were up to, with your pretty little tricks and your wiles and your smooth, treacherous face—out for all you can get, just like all foreigners! But don't think you can get away with it!"

"Rita!" Mr. Goodwin spoke in a voice Carol had never heard before. She looked at him in astonishment and something like fear; and she saw not her kindly father, amused and baffled by the women in his life, but a formidable, white-haired man with grey eyes as cold and bright as steel.

"I think we've had enough of this. Lucy, will you and Caroline take Rita upstairs? She's overtired. Miss Osterman, perhaps you'd better go and rest, too. This has been an exhausting day."

Kathi looked at Mr. Goodwin and from him to Mike — to Carol—to William Colt. Then, without a word, she turned and ran from the room, her mouth bitter and thin in her white face.

Half an hour later they sat round the fire in family conclave. Mr. Goodwin's eyes were still steely. Mrs. Goodwin was almost haggard, and even William's face looked less absurdly boyish.

Mr. Goodwin cleared his throat. "How is your mother, William?"

"It's—she's all right." William fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. "I've given her a sedative. I—I know why she did this. I realise it must seem —but——" He broke off, miserably, faced with the insoluble problem of explaining his mother without apologising for her.

"The thing is," Mike said slowly, "Cousin Rita may be right."

Shock took Carol's breath away. She stared at him.

"You mean Kathi may have taken the emeralds?" William spoke quickly. "Can you believe that, Mike? After all, if she'd been going to steal them she'd hardly have left herself open to immediate discovery, would she?"

Mike stood up. "She was the only person who had the key to the library. The most intelligent thing she could have done would be to be here—innocently —when the loss was discovered."

Carol found her tongue. "That," she cried hotly, "is simply ridiculous! Kathi couldn't do such a thing! Oh, Mike, you just don't know her——"

"Do you?" Mike countered. "After five days? All you know about her is that you like her. My goodness, I like her, but ——"

"Well, you have a very odd way of showing it," Carol snapped.

"But," Mike went on steadily, "it doesn't blind me to the fact that Kathi has been given a position of the highest trust—and nobody seems to know the first thing about her. She could have made off with all the wedding presents if she'd wanted to."

Mrs. Goodwin leaned forward. She was still very pale, but she spoke in a concise and quite uncharacteristic way. "Mike, dear, I don't like to behave like a mother-in-law—but in my house no one is ever accused of theft. Never."

Mike sat down. "I'm sorry, but—not even if they've stolen something?"

"Things," said Mrs. Goodwin firmly, "disappear. People don't steal them. I've lived long enough to find that out. And, anyway, Kathi Osterman is quite incapable of doing anything so—so——" she paused, looking to Mr. Goodwin for help.

"Lucy, dear," he said gently, "you and Carol will just have to face the fact that although we do know a good deal about Kathi—I found out as much as I could—we can't say for sure that she's innocent. On the other hand——" he stood up, his back to the fire, his voice firm with authority—"we are not going to do anything at all about it tonight. We are all exhausted. Our judgment is not good, our emotions are disturbed. Tomorrow we'll get this settled. Lucy, my dear, bed. You're worn out."

Carol and Mike undressed in complete silence. He arrives at the last minute, Carol thought, struggling with a zip fastener, takes a look round, and accuses a girl of grand larceny . . . She snatched at the buckle of her high-heeled sandal. There was no outlet for her resentment . . . no outlet except to find the emeralds. Miserably she crawled into bed and pulled the blankets up to her chin.

> **Success covers a multitude of blunders.**
> — *Bernard Shaw*

The dreadful part was that you couldn't entirely blame Mike: he might detest Rita, he might loathe the very idea of her mud-throwing tactics, but mud, alas, sometimes sticks. But Mike's attitude was not more bearable because he had reason and logic on his side. Carol turned over with her back to him, prepared to stay awake all night . . .

When she woke up the grandfather clock on the landing was striking nine. On the way down to breakfast, Carol realised that the house was queerly quiet—almost as though there had been a death the day before instead of a wedding. Even the children seemed to be aware of grown-up tension.

There was no one in the dining-room but William, who was clearly breakfasting on black coffee. Carol asked where her father was.

"He went out early," William said, breaking a piece of toast into small pieces. "Where's Mike?"

"He had to go down to the office," Carol said. "I think he's meeting Daddy for lunch." Their eyes met and looked away. Carol thought: And where is Kathi? But the same question seemed to confront her in William's eyes. They finished their breakfast in silence. In silence they went upstairs—and there, in the library, behind the desk, sat Kathi.

It was like a dozen other mornings. She wore the same fresh white blouse and impeccable black skirt that Carol had grown used to. Her dark eyes were heavy, but quite calm. She smiled at them.

"What are you doing?" William asked so brusquely that Carol glanced anxiously at him. But Kathi answered gently:

"I am checking the rest of the wedding presents before I go."

"Go?" William and Carol spoke in one voice.

"But, of course," Kathi said quietly, "what else can I do?"

"Stay," said William curtly, "until the clip is found."

She shook her head. "It will not be found, I think. And Mr. Goodwin knows my address if —if he should want me."

"Of course it'll be found, Kathi!" William sounded almost rough. "Don't be so absurd! And even if it isn't, it's not your fault."

Kathi said steadily, "It is altogether my fault. I have the key—I am made responsible—this is a very valuable piece of jewellery and a family heirloom as well. Oh, yes, it is my fault."

William pounded the desk in exasperation. "How can it be if—it's got to be here!" He stared round the library furiously. "Look—go away, both of you! I want to think!"

Without a word, Kathi got up and left the room.

"I'm going to help," Carol said.

William blinked at her. "How thoroughly did you look in here last night?"

"Oh, we combed the room!"

"Well, let's comb it again," William said doggedly. "That's the first thing. I'll start at the top, and you can crawl along the floor."

"Thank you, dear," said Carol, and got down on her hands and knees.

Minutes passed. William went methodically from the top of a bookcase to the bottom, shelf by shelf, and started again at the next. Half an hour — three-quarters — suddenly he said, "Carol, those lower drawers."

She peered up at him from behind the desk and shook her head. "They're so heavy we haven't opened them for years. There's nothing in them, anyway, to—wait! Rita asked to see Mother's wedding picture and Jane found them——"

In one step William got to the shelf where the emeralds had been displayed. He put his hand on the empty space, looked straight down at the drawer below it, bent swiftly, and tugged at the handles. With an agonised squeak of wood on wood the drawer came out and Carol was beside him.

Their heads bumped, their hands hit each other — and closed together on the square velvet box scarcely visible between the front of the heavy drawer and the pile of photographs that filled it. They stood up, their hearts pounding, the box held between them. William's eyes were blazing.

"You," Carol whispered. "You found it! Tell her—tell everyone! Oh, William — shout!"

He flung open the door—and shouted.

Hours later Carol came back into the library.

"Kathi," William was saying, "the only way I can be sure you've forgiven Mother—"

"Is to go dancing with you," Kathi said demurely.

"Oh, excuse me," Carol murmured, trying to back out.

"Carol—don't go!" William commanded. "Stay and help me explain . . ."

"What are you children doing?" inquired Mrs. Goodwin behind Carol. "Lunch is ready. And I hope from now onwards you will all realise that I am nearly always right. I wish your father would learn that, too. Carol. Come to lunch!"

(Copyright)

Polished reflectors give more heat.

For full heating efficiency

nothing polishes better than

Liquid

SILVO
SILVER POLISH

Unequalled for cleaning the reflector of your kerosene heater or radiator. SILVO costs less and is safest for all silver and chromium-plated surfaces.

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

TRUMP the table with 10 USES...

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932320

GIVE ME A RING

Our complete novel By ANTHONY GILBERT

IT was Christmas Eve and nearly five o'clock, but an afternoon less like the traditional ideas of the season would be hard to imagine. True, a little snow had fallen in the early hours, but this was rapidly churned into slush by the relentless London traffic, and about midday a haze of fog began to spread over the city.

As the afternoon deepened the fog thickened, throwing a yellowish curtain over buildings and the traffic that even now streamed remorselessly through the darkening streets. Not that Londoners allowed that to deter them from providing themselves with everything they wanted or could lay hands on for a merry day tomorrow.

It was the best Christmas ever, according to the shops. Even at this hour the stalls in the market, east of the Mansion House, were doing a roaring trade. Men, their work done until after the holiday, joined their wives, haggling for turkeys and geese at lower figures than they'd have fetched a few hours earlier; children lugged fish-baskets full of oranges and apples and nuts; the last shining boxes of crackers, the dates, the tins of sweets, even the flowers found ready customers.

Gillian Hinde, a student nurse, as pretty as any fairytale princess, with her fair, smooth hair tied up in a blue scarf and her eyes shining, stood back to watch the happy, surging crowds. For her, too, the Day had arrived. Most of her friends who wouldn't be on duty over Christmas had gone home already, but Gillian envied none of them. No one, she felt, could anticipate a more joyous festival than she.

Oh, it was beautiful to be twenty-three and in love, and know that next spring you'd be Mrs. Richard Fyfe. Even now the miracle seemed too good to be true. So many girls in the world, pretty, ardent girls, all eager for love, and out of them all Richard's choice had fallen upon her. She could still hardly believe it. Richard, the young doctor of whom everyone prophesied great things, and who wanted to marry her out of all the women in the world.

She had come off duty immediately after lunch and sped back to her little flat—one room really, with a kitchen and a bathroom big enough for a sparrow, Richard teased her, but it was all the home she knew since her father died three years before—sped back to put the final touches to the little shining tree, add the last cards to the red ribbon strings she'd hung on the walls, put up the few sprigs of holly, and set the table for the first Christmas dinner she would ever share alone with Richard, who was her dear love and, in a few months, would be her husband. The duck was prepared, the vegetables ready, the fruit set out in the charming rough-cast bowls she had brought back from Spain this summer. There were drinks in the ice-box and a dozen silly bits of nonsense tied up in different colored papers for Richard's pleasure.

She had come east, since the big stores had closed their gates and released their employees at midday, to look for the cheeses, the cumquats, the twists of rye bread they both liked, and once there she'd lingered, delighting in the scene.

The change took place with practically no warning at all. Between half-past five and six o'clock the whole city changed. The fog that had been no more than a gauze curtain, shot with gold lights from the stalls and the shop-fronts and the street lamps, became a curtain of darkness. People were so much astounded they stopped dead, where they stood, as confounded as if they had stepped all in a moment from one world to another.

Mothers turned, calling their children. Stall-holders stood aghast, then began to put together anything that was left. Gillian, who had just turned out of the market, her basket on her arm, her purse in her pocket, intending to make for the high road and catch one of the red buses that would bring

Continued overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932321

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

her close to her own home, stood as still as the rest, bewildered, though not panicking yet, because this was London, where she had lived for five years and where it was impossible to imagine you could ever be lost.

"If ever you're not sure of your way in London," her father had said when she left the country rectory five years ago to start her training at St. Ninian's, "look for a red bus. Where there's a bus in London there's life, and where there's life there's hope."

"I came round a corner when I left the market," she reminded herself. "If I go along this street and turn right I'm bound to get back to the high road."

But somehow her calculations must have gone astray, for when she turned the next corner she found herself in another narrow lane, with no lights anywhere. It was useless to try to discover the name of the road; darkness blotted out every landmark, but since all roads lead somewhere, she forged ahead. She had been walking for some minutes before she had to confess to herself that she was as lost as if she'd walked headlong into the City of Dreadful Night.

What was strangest of all was the silence; the voices of children that had pealed all round her a few minutes before were dumb; she could hear no footsteps, no sound of wheels. On either side of her, blank walls reared up into the dark. But though she listened intently she heard nothing, not even the whine of a dog or the sound of a passing car.

Of course, there was a rational explanation. Clearly, she had turned away from the residential quarter into one of those roads that were areas of factories, all closed now for the Christmas holiday. Calming her fears, she attempted to retrace her steps. The market couldn't have shut down in these few minutes; soon she would hear wheels rattling over cobblestones, people calling to each other, all the normal sounds of busy London life. But, though she refused to yield to panic, every step she took seemed to take her farther into an uninhabited world.

The sight of a window where a light was still burning, at the end of a ribbon of darkness, gave her heart a sudden lift. Where there were lights there must be people, and where there was even one living soul she would get directions to put her on her homeward road. Walking quickly, she made her way to that welcome golden pane.

Surprisingly, she found the light came from one of those odd establishments known as marine stores, where every kind of junk was on sale, ropes and lanterns and bits of brass, all the flotsam and jetsam of a sea-going community. She stood staring in at the window, wondering what hope an optimistic dealer had of effecting a sale so late and on such a night.

And then she saw it—in the very middle of the window, as if someone had set it there for a bait, something so unexpected, and, to her eyes, so beautiful, that she remained transfixed for a moment, while the anxious, coffee-colored little man on the other side of the glass watched her as eagerly and secretively as an animal peering from its hiding-place.

The object in question was a ring, a quite ordinary setting containing a blue stone that glowed and sparkled as if it had gathered up all the light the fog had sucked out of the streets and flung it back with an unbelievable radiance. She had no notion what precisely it was, no stone to which she could put a name, not sapphire nor opal nor turquoise—a semi-precious stone, of no particular value, probably, brought back by some sailor who had turned it in for whatever it would fetch in money or goods.

In her bag were five pound notes sent by her Aunt Henrietta in the north. Buy yourself a luxury, she had written, but since they had arrived Gillian had seen nothing that would justify the extravagance of so much money for a single present. But once she'd set eyes on the ring she knew there was nothing else in London she wanted so much. She had scarcely any jewellery. Richard hadn't given her a ring yet; he wouldn't give her anything second-rate and she wouldn't allow him to spend money he couldn't afford on the sort of ring he would think good enough for her.

"Dear Aunt Henrietta," murmured Gillian to herself, putting out her hand with a sudden pang of apprehension, in case, after all, the light was a will-o'-the-wisp and the shop was already shut. But she needn't have feared. The man behind the counter wouldn't dare put up the shutters, draw down the blind, and turn the key until the one he'd been told to expect had put in an appearance.

And when he saw Gillian he supposed that this was the one.

He called himself Mr. Benn now, though that hadn't been his name in far-away Morocco, where he had been born, and that seemed part of another world when he thought of it, which wasn't often. They'd been poor enough then, all of them living in a room not much better than a cave, opening off a narrow alley. He'd been intended to follow in his father's footsteps, become a player in one of the Moorish cafes making the music come from a stretched skin, not with a stick as in the West, but with the fingers stiffened or slack to get the appropriate sound.

All day long he had sat there cross-legged, while the natives and the foreign soldiers and sometimes the tourists passed through to listen to the music. Then, when he was sixteen, everything had changed. There had been a brawl in the cafe, a man had been killed, and early the next day he had been warned that he was in danger.

He hadn't waited, he supposed he had never been particularly brave, but had gone like a breath of dust, and had never returned. At first he used to wonder about his family, but he forget them all at last. The pity was that he had lost the East and had never become truly merged with the West. He worked his way down to the port and eventually he reached Europe, a drifter, a man without a purpose.

Now he was a tool, a not very efficient tool at that, in a nasty business, without hopes or prospects, only knowing he'd be lucky if he died in his bed. So many of them didn't—Eric, who had been taken out of the dock only a week or so before, and the one they called Big Tom, who had been run over. He might be the next, or the fourth, or the tenth, there was no knowing. He only knew that the boss never forgave mistakes—couldn't afford to.

He had been waiting a long time for someone to push open the door. Ever since he put the ring in the window he had been anticipating this moment. It didn't surprise him that he failed to recognise the girl—why should he? He had never seen her before. But he hadn't somehow expected anyone who looked like this. There were women in the drug-running world, of course, but generally there was something — scarred — about them. This girl looked as young as the morning. He even thought it was just coincidence that she had lost her way and was coming in to ask how to find it. But as soon as she spoke he knew it was all right, because she said what he had been told she would.

"That ring in your window—the one with the blue stone. How much is it?"

He didn't make any move to show it to her. "What can you offer me for it?"

Make sure you don't mention a figure, he had been warned. And he said, "I've got only five pounds. Would that be enough?" She opened her bag with a childlike enthusiasm. He turned then and stooped into the window, conscious of a strange disappointment. Not that it was any concern of his, of course. It was just chance—or good judgment on the boss' part more likely—that she should have that clear, shining look. And why should he care!

The ring looked as beautiful in your hand as it had done in the window, Gillian thought. She slipped it on her finger, turning it this way and that to catch the light from the meagre bulb above the counter.

"Is five pounds right?" she asked, scarcely able to keep the marvel out of her voice.

"That's right." His manner seemed strange — weary, as though it made no difference to him whether he made a sale or not, and yet she was convinced it wasn't because he loved the ring so much himself he didn't want to part with it.

It's Christmas Eve, she reflected compassionately. He's tired. "It's like blue fire, isn't it?" She smiled. But he didn't reply. What was there to say? It was a business transaction, like the kiss of Judas in the Christian story that meant nothing to him.

He picked up the money she'd laid on the counter and put it in the till. She was looking about her with frank interest, but he thought it was all assumed, so that she shouldn't see him take the little packet from under the counter and lay it before her. When she looked back and espied it there she contrived a gesture of quite realistic surprise.

"Oh? What's that? It's not mine, I didn't bring anything . . ."

"No." He couldn't flog any enthusiasm into his voice.

She leaned nearer. "Mr. Smith, 19 Merriton Square. Oh, is it something to be posted?"

Only it wasn't stamped, and

You'll be amazed that anything so soothing can be so powerful, too!

Keep up that steady Sip Sip Sip

You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.

If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time you'll probably be surprised by its gentle action. Although it gets the better of the very worst colds you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the hurt of the most violent coughs.

Science hasn't yet solved the problem of how a cold is caused. Only this much *is* certain . . . the faster you get rid of germ-packed congestion the faster you'll get rid of your cold. Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of dangerous congestion faster than anything else you can take. It's the pectoral oxymel of carrageen* in Bonnington's that does this. You can actually feel what's going on inside you . . . you can feel the congestion breaking up. Harsh, hacking coughs quickly take on a different, relieving character as the cold breaks up. The more often you sip the more often the congestion comes away!

**Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found only in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.*

100 cold-clearing sips
in every 3/- bottle of
BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932322

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

it would be too late for Christmas, anyway.

The little brown man behind the counter began to cough.

"Oh, dear," said Gillian. "You do sound bad. Have you got to take this round tonight? What a shame!"

He said huskily, "It's got to be delivered tonight."

He watched her anxiously. It couldn't be that he was wrong about her after all. A police constable, materialising out of the fog, came to stand by the window. Mr. Benn felt himself turning cold.

At last Gillian looked up. "I could take it for you, if you like," she said. "Merriton Square isn't very far out of my way, and — I'm sure you shouldn't go out again tonight."

The boss trained them well, he thought; if that policeman was watching he'd swear she didn't know a thing.

"I know how it is with a present," she went on. "Even if you know it's coming, it never seems quite the same thing if you don't get it on the day."

He felt the germ of unease stir within him. Acting was all very well, but surely this was overdoing it. But before he could speak again she had opened her bag and slipped the packet in and turned to smile at him. The policeman, who had only been staring in the window, perhaps, because it was the one lighted place in the area, strolled on. His heart settled down. Of course it was all right.

"Is there any message?" she inquired, turning to go.

He shook his head, smiling faintly for the first time. "No. It's expected. They rang up. That's when I promised . . ."

He moved to indicate that there was nothing more to be said. He told her how to find the main road and watched her go. Now he wanted nothing but to put up the shutters, close the shop, and find the only peace left to him, oblivion at the point of a needle. She turned to the door.

"You needn't worry," she said. "It'll be all right." And as she went out she threw a "Happy Christmas" over her shoulder. That shook him, made him wonder if, after all . . . But it was too late now, she'd gone. And anyway, what on earth was she doing here at this hour, a girl like that, if she wasn't part of the scheme? He came round, walking a little lame, and began to put up the shutters.

Gillian came out of the shop and began to make her careful way towards the main road, following Mr. Benn's instructions. As she crossed the street she looked up; the fog had cleared sufficiently for her to be able to make out his name painted above the door. She felt the blue stone under her dark glove and confidence began to return. It was quite a little adventure to tell Richard, and, remembering him, she glanced at the watch on her wrist. To her horror she found it was twenty minutes to seven—and Richard was expected at seven o'clock. It was unthinkable that he should arrive and find the flat in darkness, an omen even for the future. She drove the thought away and hurried forward. Perhaps, now it had lightened a little, some of the omnibuses would be running. But, of course, they had stopped some time ago. He passed a few lighted windows, all closed and curtained, though here and there a wireless sang or shouted through the dusk.

She began to hurry. Perhaps there was an Underground station not far off. But she saw no welcoming blue-lighted sign, and was beginning to despair when a whisper of wheels reached her ears, and, turning, she saw a solitary taxi come chugging up behind her. She stood on the kerb, holding up her hand and shouting, "Gordon Street," in the hope that it might be going that way. The cab stopped and the driver said, "I'm going to Ship Street, if that's any good."

She jumped in gratefully. She knew Ship Street, it wasn't more than five minutes away from her home. She might just catch Richard after all. When the taxi set her down she hurried towards Gordon Street as fast as feet would take her. She didn't give the little packet a thought—not then. If she had, the whole story might have been different for them all.

The telephone was shrilling away as she came up the stairs, and as she thrust her key into the door she thought: Richard! Something's happened. He can't come tonight. Her heart beat wildly as she pulled off the blue mackintosh and wrenched the receiver from its rest.

It was Richard, but he sounded exasperated rather than loving.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "This is the third time I've rung. Where on earth have you been?"

"Darling, I was out—shopping."

"At this hour?"

"There were just a few little things—and then the fog came on and I lost my way."

"That's what I thought. Know why I'm going to be late this evening?" He disregarded her protesting wail. "Because some other bright boy thought he'd do a bit of shopping and lost his way in the fog and walked slap into a bus."

"Oh, darling! What wicked luck! Is he . . .?"

"He'll do," was Richard's grim rejoinder. "Don't expect me to feel sorry for the chap. He's going to do me out of at least half an hour of your company. Now, don't take it into your head, because you've got a little time on your hands, to go out and buy a few more things we don't need."

"Darling, I couldn't. The shops are all shut. Yes, I promise. Oh, darling, I do love you so. I don't want you to neglect your poor casualty, but don't be longer than you can help. I've got so much to tell you. Richard, I've bought a ring."

"You've bought what?"

"With Aunt Henrietta's five pounds. With a lovely blue stone. From a queer old man called Benn, in the East End, near the market. It was quite an adventure. I'll tell you . . ." She stopped suddenly.

"I can't wait," came Richard's dry voice over the line. "Take care of yourself, my darling. Darling, I love you, too."

Gillian hung up the receiver, and looked round the pretty, welcoming room. She switched on the electric fire, and its golden glow was reflected in the little colored balls shining on the tree and the glasses on the table. She was remembering the little parcel in her handbag, the parcel she had promised old Mr. Benn faithfully she'd deliver before night.

She looked once more at her watch. Quite apart from her promise to Richard, she couldn't go out again. There wasn't time. He mustn't come and find the door closed. And yet —that unknown Christmas present that she'd accepted as her responsibility lay heavy on her tender heart. She thought desperately. Perhaps she and Richard could deliver it together this evening after dinner. But she knew Richard wouldn't feel much enthusiasm about that. He had probably had a hard day.

Suddenly she had a better idea. She would deliver the parcel herself next morning, quite early, on her way back from church. She had only to let Mr. Smith know she'd be coming, and all would be well.

There were scores of Smiths in the telephone directory, but she couldn't find one who lived at 19 Merriton Square. She dialled the operator and explained her difficulty.

"The trouble is I don't know the name of the tenant."

"Perhaps the house isn't on the phone," suggested the operator.

"Mr. Smith rang up from somewhere trying to trace the parcel," Gillian recalled. "Isn't there any way . . .?"

"There might be—seeing it's Christmas. Hold on."

She held on for what seemed a very long time. Then the operator's voice said: "It's the Angel. Know it?"

"No. What is it? A pub?"

"More of a roadhouse," said the voice, a little doubtfully. "Big place on the corner, with a restaurant. I'll give you the number."

She scribbled it down on a pad beside the telephone.

"Thank you. You've been very kind. I'm most grateful."

"Don't give it a thought." He rang off, and Gillian dialled again.

"Is that Mr. Smith?" Whoever it was must have been sitting beside the telephone.

"Who's that?"

"You won't know my name, but I have a parcel for you—from Mr. Benn. You know who I mean? I gathered you'd left it there this afternoon and he promised to return it."

"Fair enough," murmured Mr. Smith. "Where are you phoning from?"

"I'm at home."

The voice deepened a little. "What's up. You haven't lost it?"

"Oh, no, but the truth is I forgot all about leaving it — I was very late, you see, had an appointment myself . . ."

"And you've still got it? Is that it?" The voice sounded like Nurse Williams in one of her moods and for a moment she felt anger stir in her, but she smoothed out her voice and said, "I was going to suggest bringing it round in the morning—oh, quite early, before nine. Would that do? If it's a present, I mean?"

"But it isn't a present," exclaimed the voice, sounding dismayed. "It's very urgent. Didn't the old man explain? It's a prescription for my wife; she must have it this evening. Benn rang up to say it was on the way. I couldn't send for it, because I can't leave her—is there no way you can get it here tonight?"

Gillian felt exasperation rise again in her heart. A man hadn't any right to mislay anything so important and then sound outraged because someone else had forgotten, too. But she was a nurse and she knew what might happen if a patient didn't get the right treatment at the right time, so she said: "In that case, of course, I must bring it round."

She rang off. She had been horribly disappointed when Richard had said he would be late, even half-an-hour's an age when you are in love, but perhaps it was a good thing, after all. Merriton Square wasn't very far and if she ran all the way there and all the way back she might be home before Richard arrived. Still, it wasn't safe to count on that. Taking up her pencil again she turned over the slip of paper and scribbled:

"Darling, don't be angry, I've had to go out, a matter of life and death. I hope I'll be back before you read this, but anyway I won't be long. Darling, I love you."

She'd pin the note on the door where he couldn't miss it, and leave the flat door open just a crack. The landlord wouldn't like it, but then he need never know. On an impulse she snatched up the pencil once more and added: "I have gone to the Angel, Merriton Square." She didn't know what impulse made her add that or what a difference it was going to make to them both.

. . . . .

After Gillian had left the shop Mr. Benn lost no time in putting up the shutters and locking the door. To his surprise, he found he couldn't forget the girl in the blue mackintosh, the girl who was such a good actress that he'd been tempted to think her coming was one of those coincidences which occur in life so much more often than writers of fiction dare ask their readers to believe. He went into a room behind the shop and began making his own preparations for the rest of the evening.

When that was done he saw that it was almost seven o'clock, and on an impulse he turned on the news. He sat patiently by the little radio set and at the end came the bit he had been waiting for.

"Police are continuing their inquiries into the death of the man whose body was found in the dock on Tuesday last. He has been identified as a laborer named Eric Boxer. It is now thought that death was due to collision with a motor vehicle, the body being deposited in the water after this had occurred . . ."

He put out his hand and turned off the radio. So they were on the trail, and the police were like their own dogs, they never gave up. When he had heard he had felt a shudder of apprehension — what Arthur Crook would have called a hunch. The boss had taken the one risk too many. He took off his coat and put on a dressing-gown, eased his feet into slippers, filled the needle . . .

And then he heard it, the knocking at the front door, a steady, quiet rapping of knuckles on glass. He felt himself freeze up. Steady, he thought, it's some child—or p'raps he'd left the light burning in the shop and some officious policeman making his rounds wanted to be sure that all was well. The police were on their toes these days. Eric Boxer had been killed not 500 yards away. Not that he could afford compassion for Boxer any more than he could afford it for the girl.

The knocking became more insistent. Then the bell started to peal. He put the needle down and went reluctantly into the shop.

He recognised the man in the doorway. Pug Mayhew, they called him; he was well in with the boss, much better in than poor Mr. Benn would ever be. His big face was scowling.

"What's the idea of the fancy dress?" he demanded, nodding towards the dressing-gown. "More than that, what's the game? Well, come on, out with it." He came into the shop, slamming the door behind him, and caught Mr. Benn by the faded silken lapels. "Sold us up the river, have you? What did they give you? Enough to pay for a fine funeral, I hope."

Mr. Benn tried to struggle free. "I don't understand you."

"No? How about that ring, then?"

"It's all right; she came half an hour ago. The stuff will be delivered by this time."

Pug Mayhew closed the door of the shop behind him.

"What's that you're saying? Who's been?"

"The girl. The girl for the ring."

Pug nodded casually, as if it didn't really matter much. "That's very interesting," he said. "About the girl, I mean. The boss'll want to know a bit more about her."

Mr. Benn was staring, fear in the brown eyes.

"She came in and asked for the ring, just as I was told she would; she offered five pounds. Five pounds was right, wasn't it? How was I to know? Do you mean that wasn't the right one?"

"I mean the rozzers have laid a trap and you've walked right into it. You old fool!" His voice changed, became savage and menacing. "Well, you've signed your death warrant. I suppose you realise that. Didn't you know they were after us, ever since they took Eric out of the water? That's why the boss had to be so careful, couldn't send anyone who might be recognised. They picked up the chap who ought to have come; picked him up this morning on a charge of car-stealing; that's why I'm here."

"I wasn't to blame," stammered Mr. Benn. "She said the right things, didn't she? Anyway, she took the stuff, she'll deliver it. She didn't dream—I swear . . ." But his voice faltered away into an agonised silence.

A good actress, he'd thought; the boss knows how to pick 'em. But it wasn't the boss, it was the authorities; and he remembered the police constable stopping by the window. Wanting to make sure everything was going off all right, that she got the packet. Of course, Smith wouldn't have it; it would be at the station. But he stuck to his assertion.

"If she wasn't the one, she wasn't in with them. She said she'd leave the parcel, and she meant it."

"Did she? You know, Benn, I don't think the boss is going to be pleased when he hears you've given away the address of the headquarters. Has Smith telephoned to say it's O.K.?"

"No. No, not yet. But — why should he? He . . ."

Pug Mayhew pushed the little man out of the way as if he'd been an old sack or a broken chair. He strode into the back room and snatched up the telephone. Mr. Benn watched him from the doorway.

Pug was talking to Mr. Smith. "How long ago?" he repeated, and looked across to Mr. Benn. "How long ago did this girl leave?"

"About half-an-hour — but there's a fog . . ."

"Not now, not bad enough for you to lose your way. And don't tell me there are no buses running, because I know it. You could walk to Merriton Square in half the time, supposing you wanted to get there, that is." He hung up the telephone receiver.

"Funny thing," he remarked, and now his tone was almost conversational. "Your lady friend never reached the Angel. And do you know why? Because she never meant to go there. She laid a neat little trap and you walked into it like a mouse. And you know what happens to mice when they go into traps? They get their dear little necks broken." The little brown man shrank back.

Pug Mayhew had taken up the telephone again, called another number. When he had finished that conversation he took a knife from his pocket and deliberately cut the wires.

"You won't be needing it any more tonight," he explained. "We're going for a little walk together, you and me. Because, you see, that stuff never reached our friend at the Angel, and any minute now you may get another visitor, an official one this time, and the boss doesn't want to give you the chance to squeal. So we think, him and me, it 'ud be a good thing if you weren't here when they come."

He saw the hypodermic lying on the table, picked it up and tossed it contemptuously into the grate. "O.K. O.K. You won't be wanting that any more. Come on. There's a way out by the back, isn't there?"

Mr. Benn shivered. The back way led eventually to the river, the same water wherein Eric had been found, and where soon he, too . . .

"Coming?" suggested Mayhew. "Nothing to wait for now." And, hypnotised, helpless, he crossed the floor, passed into the passage, and their feet could be heard ringing on the stone corridor.

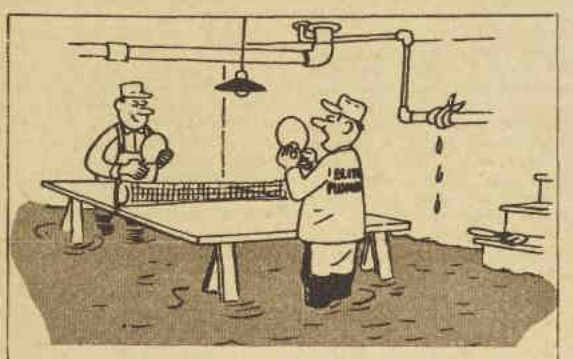
Back in the Angel Mr. Smith was dialling Benn's shop, but he got nothing but an angry hiss for his pains. When at last he got hold of the operator he was told the number was out of order.

"It wasn't out of order ten minutes ago," he insisted.

"P'raps someone's cut the line," grinned the operator. "Christmas Eve's the time for good, clean fun." He rang off, laughing. Arthur Crook, that black sheep among lawyers, might have reminded him that many a true word is spoken in jest.

Smith sat thoughtful for a moment. He'd wanted to tell Pug that the girl had just telephoned and the stuff was on its way, in spite of the bloomer old man Benn had made. For Smith knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that someone had blundered. This girl hadn't the smallest idea that she was passing dynamite. After a bit, and with some trepidation, he rang another number, one that didn't appear in the book, and made his report. When he heard what the boss had to say

Continued overleaf



"Okay, this is the last game—loser goes back for the tools."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932323

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

he rang off again and became very busy indeed.

When Gillian came out into the street she found the fog was a pale greenish haze in place of the brown blanket it had been an hour before. All the same, there were no buses running.

She sent one beseeching glance up and down the road, but this time there was no cruising taxi, so she set off at a brisk pace in the direction of Merriton Square. From her window on the ground floor of Gordon Street old Miss Beachcroft watched her go.

"Gone to meet that young man of hers, I suppose," sighed Miss Beachcroft.

Church bells were ringing as the girl hurried through the empty streets. It made her think of childhood when they'd all been at home together. Remembering the past, she reached the Angel before she realised it, had actually walked by the door before the significance of the lights and the traffic and the sound of the wireless came home to her. She turned back, then hesitated, paralysed by shyness. She looked about for a private bell, but couldn't see one. Two men were watching her with amused eyes.

"After you, girlie," said one of them, and with the color rushing into her cheeks she preceded them into the bar.

A good many people were standing or sitting at the counter exchanging badinage with the girl behind it. Others sat at small tables with their glasses in front of them. She looked about her uncertainly, then approached the bar. The girl was too busy to take any notice of her at first, and a man she'd never seen before offered her a drink. "Christmas Eve," he said.

She smiled and moved away; then, catching the barmaid's eye, she asked, "Do you know if Mr. Smith is here?"

There was a sort of chuckle from the girl. "If he said he would be I dare say he is." She looked at the men nearest her, saying, "Any of you gentlemen called Smith?"

One of them said in gallant tones, "I could be, if the little lady doesn't mind."

"It's very important," gulped Gillian. "I telephoned . . ."

"If he's stood you up, dear, it's a shame, but sit down and give him five minutes."

Gillian went reluctantly towards a little table.

Anger began to overlay her nervousness. She'd come out at great inconvenience because of a man's carelessness in leaving a parcel in a shop; the least he could do was to be waiting for her.

"The very least," she repeated, not aware that she spoke aloud.

"The least shall be first, is that it?" asked a voice so close to her that she jumped. "Did I startle you? Sorry. I believe you have something for me."

She hadn't even seen the man approach. Somehow he wasn't a bit what she'd anticipated—an anxious, not very young man worried over his wife. This one was good-looking in a brash sort of way, good teeth, smiling eyes. "I say, is that what you bought at the old man's?" He looked down at the blue ring. He was wearing rather a showy ring of his own.

"Yes. It was lucky, in a way, that I went in, wasn't it?"

"Nice." He put out a casual hand and touched it. Quickly she produced the little parcel and put it into his hands. "I mustn't stop, I'm expecting someone."

"I'm sure he'll wait. You can't go without a drink."

"Oh, please." She half-rose.

"O.K. O.K. Matter of fact—where did you say you lived? Oh—Gordon Street? I've got a friend here, got his car, going that way. He'll give you a lift. Yes, of course it'll be all right."

She subsided; it would be pleasant not to have to walk back.

"What'll it be? A sherry? I'll get it."

She saw him move over to the counter, to return a minute later with two glasses in his hands.

"Happy days!" He lifted his glass and drank. Gillian looked disturbed. This cheerful little chatterer didn't seem to fit in with her notion of a man troubled about his wife's illness. She drank the sherry quickly.

"What took a girl like you down to Benn's place this afternoon?" asked her companion suddenly.

"I was told there was a stall in the market where I could get something I specially wanted and couldn't find anywhere else."

"Then I hope you found it," he said heartily. "All the same, Benn's not exactly in the market."

"The fog came on and I missed my way. I found his shop quite by accident, because there was a light in the window."

"That was lucky. Pity I wasn't there to show you the way home."

He must have recognised the flicker of distaste that shadowed her features, for he said in a coaxing way, "Just my fun. Christmas comes only once a year, you know. And you're a sweet kid to have fagged out with this." He touched the pocket into which he'd put the little parcel.

Embarrassed, she looked over his head, and in the long strip of glass behind the bar she saw the swing-door open a few inches and a face peer in. It hung there for a moment, then caught Mr. Smith's eye and nodded slightly. He nodded back, and the face slid away.

"I've just had the wigwag that your chariot awaits," said Mr. Smith, with sickening facetiousness, "so if you're ready . . ."

She jumped up quickly.

"I dare say there's someone waiting for you," said Mr. Smith, putting an unnecessary hand on her arm to guide her to the door. A big red-headed man, with eyebrows like another fellow's moustaches and wearing a suit, whose shade would hardly have disgraced a fox, watched them go with a frown. He hadn't any kids of his own, but if he had had a daughter of that age he wouldn't have cared for her to be knocking about in a bar like the Angel with that particular chap in tow.

"Still, not my pigeon," acknowledged Arthur Crook.

He'd no idea how soon he was going to have to eat his words.

Outside by the kerb the great black-and-chromium car glistened in the lights from the Angel. Mr. Smith opened the door with a flourish and Gillian stepped inside. It was quite dark, and she hadn't realised the car already had an occupant. She started to apologise, but someone invisible said it was quite all right. Then Mr. Smith shut the door and the car drove away.

Gillian lay back; she had a headache coming on, due perhaps to the sherry that had been uncommonly strong. Something bothered her, something that wasn't quite right. They had been travelling several minutes before she realised what it was. No one had asked her for her address. She shifted to lean forward and tell the driver where to go, but before she could speak she blacked out.

Someone put an arm round her; a voice said "O.K."

"Never drink with strange men," said the moralists.

And how right they were.

From her vantage-point at her ground-floor window old Miss Beachcroft was intrigued to see the young man, Richard Fyfe, come rushing up the street and jump the steps two at a time. So that pretty creature Miss Hinde hadn't gone to meet him after all.

Richard had rung three times with no result before apprehension stabbed him. He was about to ring once more when he heard a door close by being pulled open and feet sounded in the hall. The next instant the old witch from the ground floor pulled the front door wide.

"If it's Miss Hinde you want," she ogled him, "she's gone out. She went about half an hour ago, and she's not back yet."

"Oh, I think you must be mistaken," said Richard at once. "I spoke to her on the telephone a little while ago; she's expecting me."

"I dare say she ran out for something she'd forgotten. There are still a few shops open — Christmas Eve, you know. Perhaps you'd like to come in and wait."

"Thanks very much," he said quickly, "but I'll just go up. She may have left me a message or something."

The note she had left was pinned on the door, and he read it with growing concern. He knew the Angel, knew it wasn't Jill's cup of tea at all. And she hadn't said a word about it when he rang up. If she wanted to buy something to drink she need have gone no farther than the very pleasant little pub at the corner. He stood irresolute for a moment—didn't even notice the door was ajar, then, stuffing the note into his pocket, came down again. Miss Beachcroft was standing expectant.

"There was a message," he told her. "I'm going along to meet her."

THERE were quite a number of girls at the Angel when Richard arrived, but none of them remotely resembled Gillian. He looked about him, perplexed, irritated, more apprehensive than ever.

His eye, glancing this way and that, caught the responsive gleam of a bright brown eye belonging to a man who was sufficiently remarkable to hold the attention. He had a big, red face, spiky red brows, red hair, and a red-brown suit. Catching Richard's gaze, he leaned forward to say, "Looking for someone?"

"A girl," Richard acknowledged. "I was to pick her up here."

"You young chaps are a rum lot," said Crook candidly. "It is not precisely the rendezvous I'd choose—not for a nice girl, as I'm sure yours must be." Then, with no change of voice, he added, "What did she look like?"

Richard tried to describe her.

"Flashing a handsome blue ring?" asked Crook sympathetically.

Richard began to say no, and then stopped, recalling Gillian's eager voice on the telephone.

"Well, yes, she may have—a Christmas present. I haven't seen it myself. Do you mean she's here?"

"There was a girl here who could have been yours. Sort of Gainsborough's Blue Girl," he added brilliantly. "Her first visit, I'd say. I mean, she obviously didn't look on the Angel as a home from home."

"What happened to her?" Crook's heart warmed to the anxiety in the keen young voice.

"She went out with as smooth a Charley as ever I set eyes on. Wearing a sizeable ring, too, very natty." His voice changed. "If she's your girl you should take more care of her—letting her come to a place like this on her own."

"You've got it wrong," protested Richard. "I didn't even know she'd come till I found her note. She promised me she wouldn't go out again tonight."

"Note?"

"Yes. Pinned on her door. A matter of life and death, she said. I'd just telephoned to say I'd be round in half an hour . . ."

"No mention of Charley in the note, I take it?" said Crook.

"None." He pulled the bit of paper out of his pocket. "It must have been something quite unexpected. Did you say she left with this chap?"

Crook nodded. "And, unless my ears are missing a beat, in the sort of car no honest man can afford to run these days, unless he gets it on expenses. A Panther, big, vulgar affair like a night-club." He spoke with some derision, recalling his own ancient yellow Rolls that caught every eye, and no wonder, he'd tell you, the "Old Superb." He was aware that Richard's anxiety had changed to something much stronger.

"Look here," he said, "I don't know who you are . . ."

"Crook's the name," said the big, brown man obligingly. "Arthur Crook, and trouble is my business." He hauled a card out of his pocket. "123 Bloomsbury Street's where I operate. I work all round the clock when the work's there, and if it ain't I go out and look for it. Same as now," he added.

"I don't get it," said Richard. "What on earth would bring a girl like Jill to this place at a minute's notice?"

"Got the note there?" Crook asked.

Richard pushed it at him. Crook looked at it for a moment, then said politely, "Code? I don't follow. This looks to me like a telephone number."

Richard turned the slip over. Crook read through the note and handed the paper back.

"She could have been a bit more forthcoming," he acknowledged. "Matter of fact, I can tell you one thing; she didn't come empty-handed. She had something with her—don't ask me what it was—but I saw her hand a packet of some sort to this chap. After that they had a drink . . ."

"It can't have been Jill," Richard broke out, and Crook said easily, "Well, that should be simple. I dare say you've got a picture of the young lady somewhere about you."

Richard drew a photograph out of his wallet. "That's her," said Crook, with no hesitation at all. "I don't say she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, but she's got something. That's why I didn't care for the company she was keeping. Now, look, we don't want to make prize idiots of ourselves; it could be it's all on the up-and-up, and she may be home by now, wondering what's happened to you. There's a call-box in the passage."

Richard disappeared and was back in a couple of minutes later, his brow as black as the fog.

"I don't like it," he announced abruptly. "Know what this number is?" He indicated the slip of paper he'd taken off Gillian's door. "The number of this pub. What does that add up to to you?"

"That she rang up and made a date," returned Crook simply. "If someone had rung her she wouldn't have troubled to write the number down. She came here to hand over a parcel—maybe she brought it home by mistake or something."

"With his name and addreess on it? Anyhow, if that's the answer, why didn't he come to fetch it at the flat?"

"You wouldn't have liked that any better," was Crook's grim reply. "I'm no young maiden myself, but I'd as soon find a wolf on the doorstep as that catastrophe in human shape she went off with. Question is, where do we go from here?"

"If I could find the chap responsible for this," said Richard, with classic simplicity. "I'd break his ruddy neck for him."

GILLIAN opened her eyes to the unaccustomed snow swirling past the window and to hear the sound of church bells ringing triumphantly to announce one more anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace. Glancing cautiously about her, she found herself in an unfamiliar room, lying on an unfamiliar bed. A small coal-fire burned in the hearth, throwing shadows on the ceiling. So far as she could discover, she was quite alone.

After a minute she made a movement to sit up. Her head ached.

In the corner someone stirred. "Are you feeling any better?" said a voice, and a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman swam into view. "As to where you are, you're in my house. A more pertinent question would be: Who are you? And what on earth were you doing on a bench on the Embankment at ten o'clock last night?"

At the sound of the unexpected voice Gillian turned sharply and a red-hot needle seemed to pierce her temples.

"Now, don't talk till you're ready," advised the stranger. "You're perfectly safe so long as you stay here."

"Did you say I was on the Embankment?"

"When I found you. It was the merest chance, anyway. I happened to be driving home, and I caught sight of you, and somehow you didn't look the sort of girl who should be there at that hour. You were all slumped over. I thought at first—well, never mind that. You're all right now, according to the doctor."

"The doctor?"

"I called him in. Well, I felt responsible for you. There was no way of telling who you were or where you lived . . ."

She made a great effort. "My address was in my bag."

"My dear, you hadn't any bag."

"It was in my hand when I left the Angel."

"The Angel?" The woman's brows creased. "Do you mean the Underground Station?"

"No. It's a public-house . . ."

"Ah! So that's why . . . My dear, haven't you a mother?"

"She's dead," said the girl rather shortly. "So's my father."

"So you've no one?"

"There's Richard."

"Who's Richard?"

"Oh! A friend."

The woman persisted. "Was he with you at the Angel?"

"No. I went there to meet someone . . ."

The woman sighed. "Did you know this man?"

"No. I didn't say it was a man," she added.

"Do girls meet each other at public-houses nowadays? What was this Richard of yours doing, letting you run about meeting other men?"

"He didn't know." A fresh thought struck her. "Is it Christmas Day?"

"Of course. Can't you hear the bells?"

She sat up higher against the pillows, fighting against the sickness.

"I must get in touch with him at once. He'll be worried to death."

The woman put out a capable hand and restrained her. "It's no good your meeting him till you've got things straight in your own mind. What happened after you left the Angel?"

"I don't know—I don't remember. Only there was a car. He said he was going to give me a lift home."

"Who was?"

"I don't know. The man called Smith, the one I took the parcel to, said he had a friend going my way."

"What parcel was that?"

"One I'd promised to deliver—for an old man called Benn in a shop near Paxton Market." The mists were dissolving now. "And Smith said it was urgent, a prescription for his wife, and she must have it that night. And when I got to the Angel he made me drink a glass of sherry and said this friend . . ." She paused. "There was something wrong. I remember that. But I don't remember what. It was just then everything became swimmy . . ."

"And all this happened last night?"

"Yes. It must have been about half-past seven. I promised Richard I wouldn't go out again; I told him . . . Oh, please, I must ring him up."

"You're not fit to ring anyone at the moment. Anyway, the telephone's downstairs. Why not give me his number and I'll ring through? I don't think you told me his other name."

But she didn't like that idea. It seemed of paramount importance she should speak to him herself.

"Tell me about him," said the woman gently.

"There isn't anything, really. Just that we're going to be married. He was coming to dinner last night . . ."

To her horror she found the tears squeezing between her lids. "You do see what happened, don't you?" she pleaded. "What must have happened? There was something in that sherry. I mean, one glass wouldn't knock me out. And then he said the car was at the door. It was a very big car," she added vaguely. "And there was someone inside already."

"Who was that?"

"I don't know. It's coming back in bits, like a jig-saw puzzle. It was a plot, of course."

"Why on earth should anyone want to plot against you?"

"I don't know."

"And why dump you on the Embankment?"

"Well," protested Gillian, reasonably, "they'd have to leave me somewhere."

"If they'd got the parcel why shouldn't they let you go home?"

"Perhaps because of it, what was in it, I mean. He said it was a prescription for his wife, who was sick, but he didn't look like a man whose wife is ill."

"What were you doing in the old man's shop?"

"There was a ring in the window—" Her glance fell automatically to her hand. The next instant she had started up. "It's gone," she cried. "My beautiful blue ring."

The woman was looking at her oddly. "My dear," she said, "I'm old enough to be your mother. You needn't be afraid of what you tell me. Are you sure that's just what happened? Are you sure you didn't get just a little tipsy and lose your road home? You might so easily drop down on a bench—or perhaps someone snatched

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932324

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

your bag and the ring with it. Was it valuable?"

"I paid five pounds for it. I don't know what it was worth. No, it wasn't valuable, it was just beautiful. Oh, please, let me telephone Richard. If it were the other way round and it was he who was missing I should be quite mad with fear."

"You're very much in love, aren't you?" said the woman gently. "The doctor's coming in a minute, and if he says you can get up you shall dress at once." She stroked the girl's cheek. "It'll come out all right in the end. I'm sure it will. Can I trust you to lie quiet for five minutes while I make you a cup of coffee?"

"You're very kind," said Gillian, her voice trembling.

She went out of the room. Before she returned the front-door bell rang and Gillian heard the sound of voices.

"Come in," said the woman clearly. "Yes, she's awake. She remembers quite a lot. I've told her you're coming. She wants to get in touch with someone called Richard."

"So do we," said a man's voice. "We want to find out quite a lot about the young lady."

The door opened and a tall man came in. "Sitting up and taking notice?" he asked genially.

But Gillian said nothing. She lay frozen against the pillows. For this wasn't a stranger, someone she'd never met before; this was a face she had seen hanging in a patch of darkness between the swing-doors of the Angel not much more than twelve hours ago. She hadn't been meant to see it, of course; she'd looked up and there it had been, reflected in the mirror; and the head had nodded and the man who called himself Smith had laughed and said, "Ready?" and they'd got up — and the horror had begun.

"Aren't you going to wish me a Merry Christmas?" said the voice, and as he spoke the door opened again and the woman came in.

"This is Dr. Belvedere," she announced.

At that Gillian found her voice. "Oh, no," she said. "He isn't a doctor. I know him now. He's the driver of the car that took me away from the Angel last night, and you—of course—you're the one who was in the car—your story about finding me on the Embankment is all a lie. You're in the plot, too—oh, isn't there anyone to be on my side?" The tears were shaking her voice, but she fought them back.

The woman came over to the bed and caught her hand. "There's Richard," she said softly. "You hadn't forgotten him, had you? You're going to ring him up, aren't you? Oh, yes, I think you will. I think you're going to do everything we say. Because, if you don't . . ."

But she wouldn't, all the same. They were quite angry, quite rough with her before she was able to convince them that she didn't propose to betray Richard. They realised it was hopeless, at last; she wouldn't even tell them how much Richard knew.

And when they saw they were wasting their time the woman caught her arm and the man produced a syringe, and though she struggled she was no match for the pair of them. She felt the prick, felt her arm pressed roughly down, and almost at once, for the second time in twenty-four hours, she swam away into the dark.

. . . . .

There was to be no rest for Richard this Christmas Eve. Long after he was convinced of the futility of such action, he found himself pulling open the doors of telephone booths, dipping his coppers into the slot, and dialling Gillian's number. Every time, as the bell began to ring, his heart pounded in unison, and every time it rang to a despairing silence. On—and on—and on. He even paid another visit to Gordon Street; this time there was no need to ring the bell, for Miss Beachcroft was watching avidly from the window and came scuttling into the hall to assure him there was no news.

"Have you tried the hospitals?" she demanded. "Anyone could be knocked down on a night like this."

Richard brushed past her, taking the stairs two at a time, till he reached the third floor. It was then that he discovered the door on the latch and pushed it open. When he saw the brave, gay preparations she had made, the happy tree, the parcels tied with silk ribbons, the cards strung along the wall, he almost forgot his manhood. If he had been tempted for one second to doubt her good faith, this would have reassured him.

There was no further message here, and he came down with a new resolve in his mind. Gillian's disappearance was connected in some way with this fellow Benn, from whom she'd bought the ring. Evidence? Crook might have murmured, and, of course, there was none. But—what was in the parcel and where had she found it? If she hadn't got it from Benn . . . but she hadn't spoken of it over the telephone. Perhaps someone had called her up after she'd spoken to him. Perhaps—perhaps.

At all events, he couldn't rest and was in the mood of desperation when men snatch at straws. If Benn knew anything he was going to talk. The telephone directory showed quite a number of Benns, but only one who appeared to answer to his requirements. Benn, H., Marine Store Dealer. That would be the fellow. Richard got out his little car and turned east.

Mr. Benn's shop was shuttered and no amount of ringing and knocking called forth any response. There wasn't even anything to indicate that the old man actually lived on the premises, no private door, no card. The rooms over the shop might be used as storerooms—Richard couldn't tell. One thing was obvious, no one was coming down to the door tonight, and though he peered industriously he couldn't detect a gleam of light anywhere.

"Probably gone off somewhere for Christmas," Richard supposed, taking stock of his environment. There appeared to be no residential quarters on either side of the shop. A large building with a blank wall that was probably a factory stood on one side and a door leading to a workyard on the other; the little shop was sandwiched amid these formidable walls.

There was a bomb-site opposite, where nothing remained but part of a wall, a basement window-frame, bricks among which the coarse grass flourished. The only life he discerned was a thin, young black cat, which streaked off the site. He didn't stop to wonder, as a clod like Arthur Crook would have done, what brought her out so suddenly, and it didn't occur to him to look over the broken wall, and so it was he never saw the shadowy figure who leaned over the smashed brickwork and thoughtfully watched him go.

After that there was nothing for it but to try the hospitals and every other source of information who might know about accidents, fatal and otherwise; every time he got a connection his heart leaped like a fish on a string, and always the reply was the same.

Next morning he woke with a start, wondering what was wrong. He hadn't expected to sleep at all, and was rather ashamed that he had been able to do so. Then it all came surging back. He snatched up the telephone and defiantly rang Gillian's number. Perhaps this time someone would lift the receiver, her voice would say, "Hallo, darling . . ." But, naturally, nothing of the sort happened. The bell pealed away as heartless as the bright morning light, and at last he gave up and put the receiver back on its rest.

The morning passed somehow. He went into a restaurant where he wasn't likely to see anybody he knew and ate something—it could have been sawdust chips for all he could have told you—and then, because he could stand inaction no longer, he got into his car and once more drove down past Aldgate Pump.

Mr. Benn's shop looked much the same by day as it had done last evening, except that he could see it better; but there was one change. On the step stood a small bottle of milk.

"So the old so-and-so does live here, and, seeing he hasn't cancelled his milk order, he hasn't gone away," Richard reflected. "Well, I'll get him this time, if I have to tear the place down, brick by brick."

It looked as though he might be driven even to these lengths, for no amount of knocking or

ringing brought the sound of footsteps, or, indeed, any indication of life.

Realising the impossibility of breaking in through the shutters, Richard now began to explore for an entry by the rear. A narrow lane ran behind the factory and ended in a cul-de-sac, with a high wall obviously enclosing the workyard on Mr. Benn's further side. And in the wall behind Mr. Benn's house he found a shabby wooden door. To his surprise, that opened easily. It never occurred to him that there might be a trap, that other men were at least as intelligent and as far-sighted as he; it didn't even pass through his mind that he might have been seen talking to Crook the previous night — and at this stage he'd no idea that in the underworld Crook was as readily recognised as a Sinatra or a Ray by bobby-soxers in a rather different milieu.

On the further side of the door was a little paved yard and beyond this was the back of the shop. He advanced, banging mightily and arousing nothing but local echoes, and was about to make a frenzied attack, when it came into his mind to turn the handle. The door opened under his grasp and he found himself in a narrow stone passage, very dark, because there were no windows. He switched on the torch he habitually carried.

The passage led past a flight of stone steps, giving, he supposed, on to a store-room or coal-cellar. He flashed his light on the stairs, and then stood very still, holding his breath. Because there was something at the foot, something dark and unmoving, like an old sack, but, he was convinced, not an old sack.

He went down quickly, his breath catching. It was easy to understand now why Mr. Benn had paid no heed to the hammering on the door.

"He must have been dead several hours," reflected Richard, straightening himself at last. "Probably was lying here last night."

But what connection had that bit of human wreckage with happy Gillian Hinde?

"Wonder what he was coming down here for in the dark," Richard reflected, and Crook himself couldn't have experienced a more startling reaction. From the instant of his discovery, he had been uncomfortably convinced that there was something wrong about the scene, something missing, and now he knew what it was. Light. Since Gillian had talked with the old man not earlier than six o'clock, it followed that it must have been quite dark when he started on his downward journey. Yet no light was burning and, search where he might, Richard could find no trace of torch or candle.

He bent again above the little, shrivelled face, and a worse fear struck him. This was no accident. A man tripping and falling on those sharp-edged steps would show signs of his fall, there'd be bruises, abrasions, the hands would be outflung to try and save himself; and though there might well be facial injuries, these wouldn't be on the appalling scale the torch revealed when Richard gently turned the body over. He leaned against the wall, feeling pretty sick.

"Someone picked him up and deliberately chucked him down the stairs," he said aloud.

Blood was sprinkled profusely on the stones where the dead man lay, but there were no traces of blood on the steps themselves. And then he perceived something else. On the stairs the dust lay thick; his own feet had left marks. But there were no other footmarks discernible.

"I shall have to get the police now," he thought. "This is murder."

And, as though that most dreadful of words had opened a door and let in a host of fiends, he understood that in the hands of whoever was responsible for this outrage lay Gillian, whom he loved and who, surely, waited for him to come and save her. Anger, pain, and fear all swirled together in his heart. He forgot his pity for the dead man, even forgot about ringing the police—(the police?—the only man likely to help him now was Arthur Crook)—and he came surging out of the back door to be brought up short on the step.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the police officer. "Were you looking for someone?"

The shock of discovering poor Mr. Benn and then running slap into a constable seemed to paralyse Richard's natural good sense.

"Where on earth did you spring from?" he demanded. "And what do you want?"

"I was asking you, sir," said P.C. Oliver, his voice still perfectly pleasant, but as unyielding as a Sten gun.

"I came to see someone."

"Yes, sir? Did you come the front way?"

"Of course not. It's locked, presumably from the inside. I got in the same way you did. What made you follow me? Did I leave the gate ajar?"

"As a matter of fact, you did, but that isn't why. Someone telephoned the police that a man had been noticed stealing up the back way, and seeing it was Christmas and the place might be untenanted they thought we might be interested."

Richard burst into a staccato laugh. "I can't imagine that at the best of times there could be much here worth taking," he remarked.

"No, sir?" Richard sobered suddenly. What an idiotic thing to have said. Why, there could be hundreds of pounds' worth of stuff on the premises for all he knew.

"Did you—er—find anyone at home?"

"Yes," he said after a minute. "He's at home all right—you'll find him at the bottom of the stairs. Matter of fact, I was going to call you."

The policeman marched into the house with Richard at his side. "Down there," said the young doctor. "And — he doesn't seem to have left any footprints in the dust."

The policeman turned sharply. "Meaning, sir?"

"Meaning, I don't think it was an accident. I'm a doctor," he added, feeling for his driving licence. "Naturally, you'll get your own police surgeon, but I fancy his opinion will be the same as mine."

P.C. Oliver went sturdily down the stairs. "Did you say he was a friend of yours?" inquired the constable.

"Living, I never set eyes on him."

"And yet you wanted to see him so badly you came in by the back? But never mind about telling me now, sir. I'll have to let my sergeant know what's happened, and you'll be asked for a statement in due course." He came up the stairs and stood looking left and right. "Where would the telephone be?" he inquired.

"How should I know? I've never been in the house before."

The officer opened a door and revealed the dismembered instrument. "Cut!" he observed. "With a knife, I'd say. That's queer."

"Isn't murder generally queer?" Richard demanded.

"Murder? As to that we don't know how the deceased came to his end, not till we have the official report."

"I'll let you into a secret," said Richard bitterly. "The deceased met his death through being slung down that flight of stairs as if he were a sack of old garbage; his face was smashed, as you saw, by the stone corridor."

"Are you going to offer that as evidence?" asked the policeman.

Richard shrugged. "I haven't any evidence to give, beyond the fact that I found him. At all events, I'm the first person to inform the police."

He found his companion regarding him rather oddly.

Richard colored. "Well, all right," he said. "I hadn't got round to calling you. Some other fellow got in first. Which reminds me, what happened to him?"

"He didn't stop," said Oliver stolidly. "There's a booth at the corner. I'll call my sergeant from that."

As they came round the side of the factory the policeman jerked his thumb towards Richard's little car.

"That yours, sir?"

"That's right. What of it? You're not trying to run me in for a parking offence, I suppose? Well, then, what's it all about? You aren't by any chance casting me for the murderer? Good heavens, I never saw him before, and, anyway, he's been dead the better part of twenty-four hours, I'd say."

"Quite so, sir. Perhaps I should tell you that a car resembling yours, a Moonbeam 8, and the same color, was seen standing outside this house last night. Perhaps you could tell me where you were round about ten o'clock. Would that be roughly the hour the gentleman was killed?"

An inspector called Oldfield and a sergeant named Waters took over the case when the police arrived. The doctor's diagnosis as to cause of death tallied with Richard's.

"Some time last night," he said. "Impossible to be very sure. This passage is like an ice-box. Must have been killed instantly, neck broken. Most likely a man's crime, if you're asking my opinion," he added. "A big chap . . ." His eyes rested for a moment on Richard, who stood six foot two in his socks.

"I wonder if you'd care to come along to the station and make a statement," suggested Oldfield. "I'm rather in the dark as to why you were here at all, if the deceased wasn't a friend of yours."

"Do you ever go to the films?" asked Richard.

The inspector looked startled. "Sometimes. Why?"

"Because you won't need to go to one for a long while after hearing my story. It begins with a girl . . ."

After he'd finished, the inspector said, "But what made you so sure that Benn had anything to do with it?"

"I wasn't. But the trouble started after she bought the ring. And the ring must be mixed up in it somehow, because Crook saw this chap make some reference to it. I don't pretend to understand . . ." He stopped when he saw the chagrined expression on Oldfield's face.

"Did you say Crook?"

"Arthur Crook. He's a lawyer. Do you know him?"

"Couldn't you trust him to come muscling in on a job like this?" muttered the inspector. "Know him? Of course we do. So he saw Miss Hinde at the Angel. A regular haunt of hers?"

"I doubt if she'd ever been there before."

"Did Crook happen to notice if she went out with anyone?"

"I told you, he thinks she was given a lift—since when no one's seen her. That is, no one I've been able to come across. Look here, inspector, what is all this? You didn't seem surprised when you heard of peculiar doings at the Angel."

"I wasn't," admitted Oldfield. "Dr. Fyfe, how long have you known Miss Hinde?"

"About eight months. Since I came to the hospital. What on earth's that got to do with it?"

"Do you know her family by any chance?"

"She hasn't any, not in England. There's a married brother in Germany and a sister in Scotland. That's all."

"But you know—that is, you have mutual acquaintances?"

"Only at the hospital."

"I'll be frank with you," said

To page 65

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932325

Get more fun

out of eating nut blocks . . .
choose your favourites from
this MAC. ROBERTSON range

HAZEL NUT

Like hazel nuts? Just wait till you try them this way — they're *doubly delicious* set in creamy-smooth Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate. No wonder MAC. ROBERTSON'S "HAZEL NUT" is Australia's favourite nut block.

SCORCHED ALMOND

Plump, juicy scorched almonds set in the smoothest milk chocolate — that's delicious nourishment for you. Ask for MAC. ROBERTSON'S SCORCHED ALMOND Block.

ASSORTED NUT

Simply studded with walnuts, almonds, hazel nuts, cashews and brazils. MAC. ROBERTSON'S ASSORTED NUT MILK CHOCOLATE block is a delicious "meal between meals".

All made for your enjoyment by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932326

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

Oldfield. "We've had our eye on a gang of dope-pedlars for quite a while now. We knew the stuff was being passed and we could put our hands on one or two of the small fry. But that doesn't help. As soon as we show the smallest interest in any of them something happens. You may have seen a mention in the papers of a chap found floating in the dock recently? We've every reason to suppose he was one of them and—well, a chain's as strong as its weakest link, and sometimes your best policy is to get rid of the faulty link."

"I see," said Richard. "And this chap, Benn, was another link."

"Looks remarkably like it."

"And — oh, no, Inspector, that's crazy. You're not suggesting that Jill . . . It's fantastic. She's a nurse, she knows what drugs do to people. If you'd set eyes on her you'd know . . ."

"But I haven't," said the Inspector slowly. "And suppose, just for the sake of argument, you're wrong? Suppose they got hold of her in some way . . . Now, Dr. Fyfe, I'm only trying to answer your question. What can have happened to her, I mean."

"Then perhaps you can answer this one, too. Why should she leave a note telling me she was going to the Angel?"

"In build-ups like this one there's always danger for the little man, the little woman, too, of course. I mean, the chaps at the top stay put, but the personnel are always changing, just as soon as they stop being assets and start being a danger—to X, I mean."

"Blackmail?" Richard felt his head swim.

"Or conversion. Or just blue funk. Sometimes, particularly with women, they fall in love, want to cut clear, make a fresh start. They can swear till they're blue in the face that they've put the past behind them, don't remember a thing, but X and his friends aren't going to take a chance like that, and they'd be mugs if they did," he added, candidly.

"Eric in the dock, Benn in the basement. What's this leading up to? Jill on the bombsite? I keep telling you, she knew nothing."

"She knew where Benn hung out and she'd told you."

"She didn't tell me," Richard interrupted. "She just said he had a junk shop near the market—and his name. I looked him up in the telephone book."

"And came to see him?"

"He was the last person I could get hold of who had seen her. I don't count the crowd at the Angel. I didn't know who they were. But if there was anything — wacky — then Benn was probably in it. So I came down, last night, but I couldn't get any answer."

"And you came again today?"

"I had to do something. And he might have been back. When I saw the milk I was pretty sure he was on the premises, and I meant to get some information out of him if I had to . . ." He stopped abruptly.

"Break his neck, you were going to say. Dr. Fyfe, when you realised the young lady hadn't come back, why didn't you ring the police?"

"I didn't want to see her name in capitals in every rag in the kingdom, and find my doorstep cluttered up with Press hounds," returned Richard, savagely. "Besides, you'd only have told me it's a free country and if a girl chooses to change her mind about who she'll go out with, that's no concern of yours."

"You don't do us justice," returned the Inspector dryly. "I don't think we need detain you any longer, Dr. Fyfe. You're not thinking of leaving London for the next few days?"

"I'm a doctor," said Richard. "You can't walk out on a crowd of sick people, you know. Anyway, until I've got some information about Miss Hinde from you or anyone else . . ."

"If you should get any information about Miss Hinde from any other quarter I rely on you to pass it on to us at once," said the Inspector in a sharp tone. "And whatever you do, don't try and pull the chestnuts out of the fire yourself.

"It wouldn't help us to have you hit over the head," the policeman continued. "We're short-handed as it is . . ."

"And so's my hospital. Try and get it into your head, Inspector, that I haven't the slightest desire to find myself in the mortuary queue behind Benn and that other chap you found in the water."

The Inspector said politely it was nice they understood each other.

. . . . .

"Ever done a jig-saw puzzle?" Crook inquired cheerfully of his companion. "Ever find a bit that don't seem to fit in anywhere, and say, 'This must belong to something else,' and then you find you've got the bits in wrong and your mystery piece does fit after all?"

He was talking to Richard Fyfe, who had gone round to see him on the evening of the Bank Holiday. There was still no news about Gillian.

"Who's your odd bit in this puzzle?" demanded the young doctor.

"The chap who gave the alarm. In the police's shoes I'd have wanted to know quite a lot about him. What was he doing in an empty street on Christmas Day? He didn't live there or he'd have hung around. Why didn't he stop to meet them? And why should he care if a perfect stranger, in broad daylight, tries to get into a house by the back if he doesn't get in at the front. More. How come he was there two days running and could identify your car? Well? Want to know the answer?"

"You tell me," agreed Richard.

"My guess 'ud be he was set to watch the house and report in due course. He saw you come down on Christmas Eve — well, obviously, or he wouldn't have known you were there. You didn't get in, but the next day you go down and you go for the back way and you don't come out again. Didn't you say the street was a cul-de-sac?"

"Yes," agreed Richard again.

"So," Crook plodded on, "when you didn't come back he did a bit of arithmetic and guessed you'd got inside. And he knew what you were going to find there. Otherwise, why should he care if you got in or not? The police are like rats, you know. They hang on. Someone's going to swing one of these days for Benn, just as they will for that chap they pulled out of the dock, and your shadow didn't see why it shouldn't be you."

"Shadow?" repeated Richard.

"Well," said Crook politely, "you didn't mention you were bringing a friend with you."

"I didn't. I have spoken of this to anyone else."

"Just as well," Crook agreed. "It ain't healthy to know too much. Now, just drift up alongside and tell me if you've seen that type on the other side of the street before."

He was leaning casually against the window-frame as he spoke. Richard came over, stood an instant glancing up and down the street, and turned away.

"No," he said. "Do you think he's there because I'm here?"

"I don't think, I know. Point is—did the rozzers put him on to you or could it be X? Didn't notice if he tailed you home from Aldgate Pump?"

"No. Do you think he could have been the chap who gave the alarm? He wasn't in evidence after the police arrived."

"Would you be, in the circumstances? No, no; depend upon it, he was shut up nice and tight in a telephone booth giving his boss the low-down on developments. Made your will?"

Richard spun round. "You don't suppose . . ."

"My dear chap, do be your age and remember that the most bloodstained murderer can't hang twice. If these chaps think you're the slightest danger to them they won't give you time to say your prayers. Take my tip and don't go hanging about dark corners by yourself. Don't keep any appointments without checking up that they're with the right dick, and, above all, don't let a stranger stand you a drink."

He walked over to the window and there was the same fellow hanging about at the corner. He marched down the stairs and across the street.

"Who put you on to watching me?" he demanded.

The man turned. Richard felt a pang of misgiving. Was this the same man?

"Watching you?" said the other. "Why? If you think I've got nothing better to do than hang about on your doorstep you should have your head examined."

He threw away the stub of his cigarette and swaggered off. Richard went into the house again and asked the telephone operator if a recent call could be traced. It couldn't, of course, having been made on the automatic exchange. When he put back the instrument Richard looked out of the window. There wasn't anyone to be seen; he looked again a little later, but there was still no one there. But when he drew the curtains the watcher came out of his hiding-place and resumed his patient vigil.

In a house whose address she didn't know, Gillian lay staring at the ceiling.

The little room into which they had now moved her was not much larger than a cell and contained very little more

"Now yawn."

Richard hadn't been back long when he received a telephone call.

"Dr. Fyfe?" said a voice. "Just thought you'd like to know the little lady's fine, which is how you'd like her to stay, I guess. Well, then, don't go starting anything, will you?"

"If you mean the police, you know as well as I do it's out of my hands." He couldn't really believe he was talking to someone who knew where Gillian was. "Let me speak to her," he exclaimed in sudden fury.

"It 'ud be a shame to deprive her of her beauty sleep," said the voice. "And I don't mean the police. Been seeing much of Crook lately?" asked the voice. "Might drop him a hint it 'ud be healthier to keep out of matters that don't concern him."

There was a sharp click as the receiver was replaced. Richard's first impulse was to dial 999. Then his hand dropped to his side. He didn't know much about tapping telephone wires, but he didn't believe this gang would leave much to chance. "Mind you tell us of any developments," the inspector had said. It's your duty, he'd meant, but what did he, Richard, care about duty if Gillian was the penalty for being a good citizen? Let the police catch their own criminals.

furniture. At night the door was locked on the outside.

Another man had turned up; they called him Pug, and it was he who did the endless questioning.

"Who's Richard?"

"A friend."

"What's his real name?"

"Just Richard."

"Where does he live?"

"In London. Where am I now?"

"I'm asking the questions. Who did you give him Benn's address?"

"I didn't. I couldn't. I don't know it myself."

Pug laughed. It wasn't a nice sound.

"Why do you keep me here?"

"Why did you muscle in? Now it's too late."

Too late for what? she wanted to say, but she couldn't speak the words. Sometimes she thought she was really going mad. That was what they wanted her to believe, of course.

She didn't know what day of the week it was, how long she had been here. Two days, three days, a week, a month? Time had stopped like a clock that had run down. At the back of her mind was the realisation that they couldn't keep her here forever, and how would they ever dare let her go, except to a deeper darkness still?

The woman called Lena came in, carrying a tray. "Ready for your dinner?" she said. She brought a box of matches with her, and she lighted the gas-jet. "Eat it up and then I'll give you some news."

Gillian looked at her, perplexed. "How long have I been here?"

"Not long enough to learn sense, it seems. What a silly girl you are, Gillian Hinde. Living in the dark like a troglodyte. Now eat up and you shall see a newspaper."

Panic flared up in her. "What's happened to him?"

"Happened to who?" Lena's face was cunning.

"Richard." The word was a breath of sound.

"Dr. Fyfe? Oh, yes, we know who he is; so do the police."

"The police?"

"That's right. Eat your dinner and I'll tell you."

Gillian gulped down the unpalatable food. She ached with cold and hunger.

"That's better. Now — that column. That's right."

"Police are investigating the death of a marine-store dealer known as Hassan Benn, believed to be of Arab descent, who was found with his neck broken at the foot of a flight of stone stairs behind his shop on Christmas Day. This is the second mysterious death in this area during the past month, the other being that of Eric Boxer, whose body was taken out of the St. Julian Dock less than two weeks ago."

Gillian laid the paper aside. "It doesn't say a word about Richard."

"Ah, but he was there. It so happens a friend of ours was passing and he saw a young man breaking into the house by the back, so he rang the police, and when they came your Dr. Fyfe was beside the body. Now do you understand? You told him where to go and he went and he lost his temper and pushed the old man downstairs. That's murder, Gillian Hinde, and murderers hang. We're doing you a favor really, keeping you hidden, because there's something called accessory before the fact . . ."

Gillian got up, her eyes wild. "It's all lies."

"Why don't you ask him yourself?" insinuated the voice. "You could get him on the telephone."

She closed her lips tight. You could be a coward and shiver in the dark, wondering what your tormentors' next step would be, but, even so, you wouldn't betray your dear love.

"Shall I get his number? It's Pleasance 1948, isn't it? He must be quite anxious about you."

Gillian leaned against the blacked-out window; it was another trick, of course. The trouble was that, sooner or later they'd catch you off your guard and you'd say the fatal word . . . Her head swam; what was the fatal word? She didn't even know the answer to her own question.

"Come," said the woman, putting an authoritative arm round her shoulders. "The telephone's downstairs. You won't come? Very well, if you won't talk to him, I will. I'll leave your door open so you can hear."

She walked out of the room and down the stairs. Gillian stole out and leaned over the banisters. There was the sound of a telephone dial being spun. She held her breath. Then the woman's voice came pealing up the staircase.

"Dr. Fyfe? That is Dr. Fyfe speaking? Hold the line, please. Miss Hinde would like a word with you."

Richard's voice came quite clearly over the line, though she couldn't hear the words.

"Yes, she's just coming. Gillian!"

She was there, staggering, her hand outstretched to take the receiver. But it was jerked out of her reach. The man Pug was there.

"Just remember we can hear everything you say," he warned her, "so don't talk out of line. What you're to tell the boyfriend is, first, not to get on to the police about this call or it'll be the worse for you, and next that if he's patient and plays along he can come and see you. If he doesn't play, there'll be danger all round. Got that?"

She nodded. He put the receiver into her hand. "Now, no tricks, mind," he said.

"Gillian!" Richard was clamoring at the other end of the line. "Is it you? I can't believe it . . ."

"Darling. Oh, Richard . . ." Her voice failed.

Then: "Where are you?"

"I don't know." Lowering her eyes she saw a number written on the instrument. "That is . . ."

Something touched her side and she glanced down. The man on the other end of the line heard the long, swift breath she drew.

"Gillie, what is it? What are they doing to you? Gillie!"

She was still staring at the knife. Even now it didn't seem possible it might be driven into her ribs. But an inward voice told her not to be silly. Say one word off the record and the knife would move.

"I still can't believe this is us, Richard. I've got a message. Listen carefully. Don't—repeat, don't—try and get in touch with the police about this. Come and see me when you get the chance—did you get that? If you don't do what I say you'll be in great danger—no, I'm not being melodramatic, it's true." Her voice jerked unevenly up and down, giving an odd emphasis to this word and that.

"Gillie, how are they treating you?"

"I'm all right, Richard, don't do anything rash. Darling, I love you. Never forget. I love you, love you . . ."

The receiver was abruptly twisted out of her hand. "Get that, Dr. Fyfe? If you know what's good for Miss Hinde you'll do like she says. Hang around and I'll ring you again presently and name a rendezvous. And if you're wise you'll come fast."

"Make it now."

"What do you take me for? I'll ring when I'm sure you're not double-crossing me. And don't think we shouldn't know. Of course, if you think it's your duty to get on to that inspector . . ."

Richard's voice came through again. "When will you ring?"

"Oh, maybe this afternoon, maybe in an hour. You stand by." He hung up the receiver and turned, grinning, to the shaken girl.

"Don't do anything rash," he gibed. "But he'll come, sweetheart; he'll come. You see, we shall make him understand what might happen to you if he didn't."

When he'd rung off, Richard began walking up and down the room like a man practising for a marathon. Up and down, over and across, up and down. He was enmeshed in a nightmare, where your dear love could speak to you and you not have an idea where she was or who were her companions. Her voice, he thought—that had been strange, staccato—perhaps they were using force. He began to repeat her words: Don't tell the police—come and see me—great danger . . . Light

Continued overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932327

USE

TRUSHAY

FIRST!

Before you go out into the "weather" —smooth fragrant, petal-pink TRUSHAY onto your hands. TRUSHAY prevents chapping and dryness . . . combats the ill-effects of wind and cold. Trust TRUSHAY to keep your hands soft, smooth and lovely *always!*

2/5

3/9

6/2

A product of Bristol-Myers.

OPTRONICS

The Better LOOK in HEARING AIDS

The Bonochord "Optronic" Spectacle Hearing Aid represents a complete breakaway from convention.

The entire Hearing Aid is built into spectacle frames designed to take modern optically prescribed or clear lenses. The sound source is adjacent to the ear. Perfectly selfcontained-instrument, nothing for the self-conscious to conceal.

BONOCHORD

For those who prefer the conventional type, Bonochord present "Bijou" the smallest Hearing Aid in the world.

Fill in and Post . . . NOW

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

SPECIALISED APPLIANCES Pty. Ltd.,

243 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY

Phone MA3774

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm. Nixoderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

flashed into his darkened mind. Of course, she was using the words as a kind of code. Don't come—great danger—that was what she meant. But danger for whom? For her? Him? For them both, of course, since you couldn't separate them now. Up and down, up and . . . He was aware of *someone* banging on the door, and when he opened it, there stood Mrs. Lloyd, his landlady.

"Really, Dr. Fyfe," she said, "if I'd wanted to live in the Lion House I'd have applied for a basement flat in the Zoo."

He stared, not taking anything in. She saw that distrait look and her manner changed. She could recognise trouble, and young Dr. Fyfe was one of her favorites.

"What is it? Something's wrong. Have you had bad news?"

He was thinking fast now. What next? Ring the police? Too dangerous. They might have his line tapped; similarly, he shrank from telephoning to Arthur Crook. It wouldn't help anyone for him to wake up in hospital and a gang that didn't draw the line at pitching an old man downstairs and abducting a girl wouldn't make a thing about hitting Crook over the head. But here was a straw at which to grasp, though plump Mrs. Lloyd wouldn't have suggested a straw to most people.

In reply to her question he said: "Yes. Bad news. That is—I'm waiting for a telephone call. Mrs. Lloyd, I am in trouble. I need a friend."

Her heart warmed to him.

"What is it, then?" she asked, her voice softening. "If I can help . . ."

"I can't tell you," he said jerkily, "but—if I got in a jam would you ring this number?"

He hauled Crook's card out of his pocket.

"My lawyer," he added quickly. Then he tried to laugh. "I may be riding ahead of the hounds, but—just in case. You understand?"

She understood this was Trouble with a capital T, but she took the card, saying, "I'll do that, Dr. Fyfe. Lawyer?" She glanced down. "That's a funny name for a lawyer to have."

"He's a funny sort of lawyer," said Richard. And then the telephone rang, and he went quickly back to the room.

But it was only a wrong number. He hung up and looked out of the window. The watchdog was still there. He started to prowl again, then remembered Mrs. Lloyd and flung himself down by the telephone. His hands were shaking. He picked up a pencil and began to doodle—a cat, the only animal he could draw really, seen in profile, sharp nose, long whiskers, a bow round its neck, and its tail curled neatly round its feet. He hesitated, then added a bell to the bow. He listened; nothing happened; it might be a dead world. It was a Sunday, and his off-duty day. He took up the pencil again and drew a tree and a bird in the tree. What would psychologists make of that? An instinctive expression of danger? But, again—to whom? To the bird? It was safe so long as it stayed in the tree or until the cat started to climb. Well, if he was the bird, he was going to fly out of the tree the minute he saw the green light.

He looked out of the window once more. Was his shadow still there? You bet. And then he stiffened, rigid, eyes widening. Because he saw the car coming down the street, the long black car with the radio rod and the man in uniform at the wheel. You can't mistake a police car. It slowed and stopped at the gate. A man got out, plain-clothes. He pushed open the gate and walked up the path.

When the knock fell on his door Richard was doodling again.

"Come in! Yes, Mrs. Lloyd?" Had he got the right note of surprise in his voice? And then he saw that didn't matter, saw she was remembering their conversation and thought this was what he meant. Trouble with the police! He didn't know how to correct that impression; assure her it wasn't the police he feared . . .

The plain-clothes man had come up behind her. It wasn't the inspector, which proved it wasn't just a casual visit to verify a detail or put a couple of additional questions. Anyway, for that they wouldn't come in a car. Mrs. Lloyd came into the room. "Oh, Dr. Fyfe, someone from the police — he would come up."

"May I come in?"

"Of course. It's all right, Mrs. Lloyd, I'm assisting the police about an inquest. That's so, isn't it?" he added, as the woman slowly retreated.

"That's so, sir. The Inspector 'ud be glad if you could come along to the station . . ." The newcomer drew off his gloves and stood there, calm and immovable. The sun came out suddenly, just as though there was something to be triumphant about. It caught the chromium fittings of a great blue-and-silver car going past the window, driven by a girl who looked as though she'd walked straight out of Hollywood, shone on a bit of glass held over his head by a small boy, caught the light on a handsome ring.

"Well, not right away, I'm afraid," said Richard pleasantly. "I'm expecting a telephone call. I'll be along later."

"I'm sorry, sir. About your call, I mean . . ."

"Look here," exploded Richard, "what are you afraid of? That I shall make a bolt for it? I wouldn't have a hope, not with your watchdog on the corner there."

"Our what?" The man's voice rose, startled.

"Oh, come, that's enough of play-acting. You mustn't think I'm a fool all along the line. I promise you, as soon as my call comes through . . ." Airily he picked up the pencil and doodled a bit more. Keep your head. He wasn't as good at drawing dogs as cats: this might have passed for a pig at a pinch. His companion crossed to the window.

"I can assure you we haven't had you followed. Why should we?" He turned, his voice suspicious. "There's no one there."

"Well, there was when you arrived." He rose in his turn and came to the window; the street was empty of everything except the big black car—a Panther, trust the police to have the best—and the driver sitting immovable at the wheel. "No," he agreed gently, "he's gone now. And do you know where? I'd be prepared to bet he's in the nearest telephone box informing his boss of your arrival. Why on earth did you have to come this afternoon? Couldn't you have telephoned?"

"This is a case of murder, Dr. Fyfe. We're concerned . . ."

"I'm concerned it shan't be another murder. If you're interested, I'm not particularly concerned with who killed that poor devil, Benn. That's for the police to discover." His pencil moved wildly over the paper. If you're sketching, no one can notice how unsteady your hand is. And Gillian was depending on him, having no one else. He drew a car and a driver, as if nothing else in the world really mattered.

"Quite so, Dr. Fyfe. The police are your best friends, if only you'd recognise it. And they're far more likely to find Miss Hinde than any amateur."

He smothered a savage laugh. "Is that so?"

"If you're holding out on us . . ."

RICHARD threw down the pencil and got up. "All right," he said, "all right. Let's go." He caught sight of the man's face. "Is there something fresh? Good heavens, you don't mean — Miss Hinde?"

"I can't say anything, Dr. Fyfe, but if you're really concerned for the young lady you'll come with me without any more delay."

Mrs. Lloyd was waiting in the hall and saw them come down; she caught Richard's eye.

"If you should hear my telephone, Mrs. Lloyd, I'd be awfully obliged if you'd take the call. I'm expecting some important news. You needn't say where I am—just that I've been called out. I don't expect to be long."

"Don't you indeed?" reflected Mrs. Lloyd, watching the black car drive away. She knew a good deal about the police, and in her experience they always meant trouble. She wondered about the card in her pocket. And that bit about the telephone call—was that genuine or meant to be a hint? She did a bit of prowling herself before she made up her mind, and took the receiver off Richard's telephone. But when she rang the Bloomsbury number there was no reply. It was quite a while before she noticed the second number on the card—what Crook called his emergency number, and tried that.

And this time she was more fortunate.

The black car rolled smoothly through the streets; there wasn't much traffic, and what there was made way for the police.

"Step on it, Fred," said Richard's companion. "Dr. Fyfe can't wait to meet his young lady. Isn't that so, Dr. Fyfe?"

He stuffed his gloves into the pocket of his overcoat. The sun came through the window and shone on a handsome ring he was wearing. Crook's voice sounded in Richard's ear. "As smooth a Charley as ever I saw," he said. "Wearing a sizeable ring, too."

And, of course, policemen don't wear rings, not when they're on duty.

"Cat got your tongue?" The man beside him laughed.

"I was thinking," said Richard, "that Chesterton was right. You don't look for a hamadryad in a sideboard. And, of course, when you see a police car and a man in uniform, you expect it to be the police."

"That was the idea."

"It's a very good imitation." His eyes were watching the road; in a minute they'd be held up by lights. There were a few people going up and down the pavement . . .

"You can thank Fred for that. Fred wore a police uniform once, but—the life didn't offer enough scope, did it, Fred? Dr. Fyfe," his voice changed, "you weren't thinking of trying anything, were you? If so, I wouldn't advise it, really I wouldn't. You see, we're on a time schedule. If we don't make our destination the time I told them, I've left instructions—what's to happen to Miss Hinde, I mean."

You might have guessed—they thought of everything. The car stopped as the lights turned red, but Richard made no move. Then they flashed amber, then green; the big car ran onward. They were travelling north, past Hampstead, Highgate — now they'd turned into quite a countrified road, considering you weren't so very far from Piccadilly Circus, that is. The car stopped in front of a fair-sized house with big double gates. Fred got down to open them, and they moved up the drive.

Then Fred had opened the door of the car and Charley (if that was his name) told Richard to get out. The door of the house was opened by a nice-looking woman. "We're waiting for you," she said. "We're getting quite impatient."

A man standing at the head of the staircase called "Got the doctor there? Bring him up."

Richard stood defiantly, looking around him. Someone—it was Charley—jabbed him in the back with something hard and round.

"Get moving," said Charley, all the smoothness gone from his voice. He went up, Pug going ahead. They passed a number of closed doors; there wasn't a sound to be heard from behind any of them. At the top, the attic floor, Pug flung open what looked like a cupboard; anyway, it was quite dark inside.

"In here," he said.

"Where's Gillian?" Richard demanded.

"You'll find out. Go on, get in."

He knew then what he was going to find. "You'd like to see Miss Hinde, wouldn't you?" they jeered. And, like a fool, it hadn't occurred to him there was no promise he was going to see her alive. He swung round in a wild rage and struck out at the man behind him. Pug caught his arms. "That'll do."

He felt a foot in the small of his back and staggered forward, crashing into the dark.

"Give him a box of matches," said Pug. "They may come in useful. Sorry there's no light," he added.

Then the door slammed, he heard a key turn in the lock, and a mutter of voices, and again someone laughed. This time it was the woman.

. . . . . .

The only difference Sunday made to Crook was that, instead of working in Bloomsbury he worked in Earls Court. He was hard at it when Mrs. Lloyd got through on the telephone.

"Crook here. Who's speaking? Who? Dr. Fyfe? An inquest? Didn't say whose, I suppose? Well, well, there's one born every minute, as they say."

"It was a police car," she exclaimed defensively.

"That's what you think. Chap didn't happen to say what station he'd come from? No, I didn't suppose he had. Lucky for the Doctor, if you ask me, if the inquest doesn't turn out to be his own. Now, now, this is no time for waterworks. But at home if I drop around? O.K."

CROOK depressed the bar of the telephone and dialled a number. It didn't take him long to learn that no police car had been sent out that afternoon to fetch Richard Fyfe in.

"Don't know what they teach 'em at these posh schools," grumbled Crook, ringing up Bill Parsons to let him know how the land lay. "If they wanted him down at the station they wouldn't send a car, not unless he's lost the use of his legs, and then it 'ud be an ambulance. Amateurs!"

He made a snorting sound and rushed down the stairs to where the Superb was parked round a corner. Mrs. Lloyd had a second shock when she saw him. She cherished the quaint idea that there's something—well — refined—about the legal profession. She began to babble something.

"Keep it for your memoirs," urged Crook, pushing past her. "Now, then, happen to notice what this chap looked like?"

"Just like anyone else," she said feebly. "Oh, dear! It's a pity Dr. Fyfe didn't draw a picture of him instead of the car."

"What's that?" Crook's big brown eyes bulged. "Drew a car?"

"You know how people do when they're thinking or waiting for someone to come to the phone. It was a cat to start with."

"The car?" asked Crook politely.

"Oh, yes. Man at the wheel and all."

He coaxed her up the stairs to Richard's room and stood staring at the cat and the dicky bird and something that, he allowed, might be a dog, or something else that quite clearly was a car.

He turned to Mrs. Lloyd

Continued overleaf

"You don't have to come down here to make your payments, by the way—just turn around and hand the money to whoever's walking close behind you."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932328

Only Kelvinator gives you "MAGIC CYCLE" Automatic Defrosting!

You'll never have to defrost again!

Nothing to turn on or off—with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty—it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest defrosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed—automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "Warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes—so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.

Today, Kelvinator gives you all the features you have ever wanted. New low prices, too. Here is real value from Australia's most beautiful and biggest-selling refrigerators.

Choose from 6 brilliant models

1. "Space-saver-10 De-Luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. 10 cu. ft. storage. **£225**
2. "Space-saver-10" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 10 cu. ft. capacity. **£215**
3. "Space-saver-10" . . . same features as above with normal defrosting. Price only **£195/10/-**
4. "Space-saver-80 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 7¾ cu. ft. storage. **£182**
5. "Space-saver-80" . . . same size and features as model above. Normal defrosting. **£166**
6. "Space-saver-75". Kelvinator's big Economy model with 7.5 cu. ft. capacity. **£146/10/-**

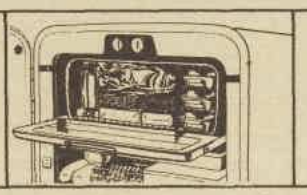
(All prices slightly higher in country areas)

Powered by the mighty NEW "POLARSPHERE" SEALED UNIT

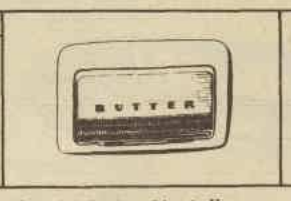
Now, "Polarsphere" actually floats within its housing . . . reduces vibration to minimum and gives the quietest possible running. This exclusive Kelvinator "Polarsphere" has enough reserve power for five refrigerators, yet costs no more to run than an ordinary refrigerator.

The most advanced practical features are in our great range

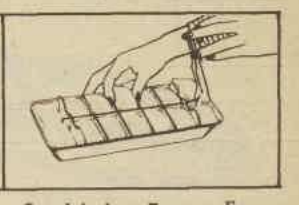
Roll-out Shelves. *Roll-out and slide-out shelves of polished aluminium bring food right out to you. Can't tip, rustproof, easy to clean.*



Full-width Frozen Food Chest. *Big frozen food space refrigerated on 5 sides to keep meat, fish, packaged frozen foods fresh for weeks.*



Special Butter Chest. *Keeps 1 lb. butter at a s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Chest is set in door and contains plastic dish for table use.*



Special Ice Trays. *Easy release handles free the ice-trays without tugging. Ice cubes pop up and can be removed singly or together.*

Plus all these big advantages:

Cold from "top-to-bottom" design • Full-width vegetable crispers • Big Meat Keepers • 3 Door Shelves • Luxurious blue and gold interiors • 5 Year Protection Plan • Lowest Deposits • Easiest Terms.

Kelvinator has always had the reputation for building a better Refrigerator!

FREE BOOKLETS FOR YOU

Send this coupon now for informative literature on this beautiful range of 6 new refrigerators to:—

Kelvinator Australia Limited, P.O. Box 1347, ADELAIDE.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....STATE.....

KR13

CHOOSE Kelvinator FOR BETTER LIVING

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932329

Doubly Enchanting

Gemey
PERFUME

Be lovelier tonight with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume . . . you'll revel in the new, delightful enchantment it brings you! Only Gemey has this rare, exquisite perfume . . . this tantalising, irresistible fragrance of romance . . . indeed, a sophisticated, unforgettable perfume! Make it *your* own! In three sizes: handbag, 5/3; pedestal, 16/6; de-luxe gift size, 67/6.

And for all-over freshness and a lovely foundation fragrance: Gemey Skin Perfume. In gracefully distinctive fluted bottle, 15/6; medium-size bottle, 9/6.

Creations of Richard Hudnut
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

G115.102

QUICK RELIEF!
Coughs, colds & sore throats . . .

ALLEN'S
IRISH MOSS
GUM JUBES

"You can feel them doing you good!"

ALLEN'S 8d. per pkt.

"GIVE ME A RING," by Anthony Gilbert

he took the receiver from its rest.

"It could be I got the labels mixed," he told her. "Maybe the dumbcluck this time isn't Dr. Richard Fyfe but a guy called Arthur Crook. Anyway, here's hoping."

Then he got his connection and started talking rapidly. When at last he hung up he turned with a smile as endearing as a baby alligator's.

"O.K. by you if I hang around for a while?" he asked. "I'm expecting a car, and this time it'll be the real McCoy."

. . . .

As Richard pulled himself painfully to his feet a voice he'd never expected to hear again whispered out of the dark. "Richard! Darling, why did you come? I warned you —I warned you——"

"Gillie!" His heart almost stopped beating with excitement. "Where are you? Wait a minute — I've got a torch somewhere."

He pressed the button, and a ribbon of light played over the walls of their mutual prison, the prison destined to be their tomb.

"I'm all right. It's just—I can't move."

He saw why, saw the cords round her ankles and wrists.

"What have they done to you? My God, I'll have them all strung up for this!"

This was so like the impetuous Richard she loved that she even contrived a laugh. Even death didn't seem so bad with Richard beside her, and she was pretty sure death was their invisible playmate here. Now he was on his knees beside her, tearing at the knots; but it was only when he remembered the penknife in his pocket that he was able to set her free. Funny, he thought, they should have left the knife. It must mean that they were very sure . . .

THROWING up his head he said, "What's that?"

Feet were moving across the little landing, going quietly down the stairs.

"Enjoy yourselves, turtle doves!" called a mocking voice. "Make the most of your time together. It won't be long now."

Richard played the beam over the enclosing walls. It was clear that this place had been designed for a box-room, a luggage dump: the walls sloped sharply to meet the floor not twelve feet away; there was no window, no skylight. You couldn't even get much impetus to smash down the door, since there was so little space in which a tall man could stand upright. Still, he thudded and crashed, and the voice, sounding a little farther off now, warned him: "Waste of energy, I assure you. Even if you broke the lock you'll never get past the bolts. Take my tip—take it easy. Remember, the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep, and you've a nice long sleep ahead."

"What do you suppose they mean to do?" whispered Gillian. "Leave us here — to starve?"

"They won't need to do that. There can't be much air here at the best of times, and now they've blocked the door—I dare say they've put a rug over the crack—yes, I thought as much. We shall be suffocated if we don't get out before long."

"How long?"

"Hard to say. Of course, they may have some other idea in mind."

And, of course, they had.

It was Richard who first noticed the change in the atmosphere; he lifted his head, he sniffed, then he said gently, "Here we go. Gas—seeping in from somewhere."

He flashed his torch again round the walls; but there was no bracket here, no fireplace.

"It's all gas on this floor," explained Gillian. "Mrs. Harton told me."

"Easy as kiss your hand. Make a little hole in the wall, attach a bit of rubber tubing to the nearest gas-jet, turn on the tap—that's what that chap was doing in the room next door — and you can't lose. Or can you? Gillie, we're not going to die here like a couple of rats or rabbits! First thing, let's find out where it's coming from."

A faint hiss guided them to the leak, which was high up in the wall.

"They think of everything, don't they?" said Richard. "There's a bit of piping there —look. Wonder how firm it is."

"You mean, try and knock it out?"

"I was wondering if it was firm enough to hold on to."

"That's why they gave us the matches!" exclaimed Gillian. "They hoped we should strike one . . ."

"And blow the place sky-high? You can't say they aren't triers. Gillie, how are you feeling? Do you think if I made a back you could climb up and stand on my shoulders? You might be able to get a grip on that pipe—thank goodness it's near the corner, so you can get some support from the walls—if we can plug it—a handkerchief would do the trick. And you could wedge it with my propelling pencil. We've got to stop that gas somehow. It's our only chance. Gillie, are you game? Darling!"

"Yes, Richard, of course."

"Darling, what a wife you're going to be. Look, make up your mind, this isn't the end. I believe in miracles . . ."

Ah, but his miracle's name was Crook, and how could he be sure that Mrs. Lloyd had got in touch?

He stooped and made a back, and she climbed up. It was going to be tricky, of course. If she lost her balance in the dark it might be the end for them both. Slowly he straightened up.

"Put your feet in my hands. It's all right, you don't weigh more than a good-sized cat. Now, one foot on my shoulder —lean against the wall . . ."

It didn't seem possible that she could do it, but she did. Swaying, sick, half-choked by the gas and the darkness and the bad air, she nevertheless reached down for the handkerchief he passed to her—a second clean one was tied round her mouth—and now he released one hand—the other held her firmly round the ankle — and the beam of the torch swung, wavered, and lighted on the treacherous bit of pipe.

"Put your head down, darling. That's it. Stuff the handkerchief as far up the pipe as you can."

She wondered dizzily—what will happen? Won't the pipe explode? But Richard was there, and everything must be all right now.

Suddenly she felt herself begin to crumble. "Richard, hold me—I——"

"O.K., sweetheart. I've got you." The torch went back in his pocket; now he had her by both ankles. "Stoop—give me your hands . . ."

She was coughing helplessly when at last he got her down and held her close in his arms.

"It wasn't any use," she whispered. "And gas would have been quicker."

"Come and lie down by the door. A little air may seep under the rug. They won't think we could plug that pipe."

She lay in his arms, shivering as if she'd never stop, while he comforted her. He didn't say much; they needed all the air there was. But—"I believe in miracles," he repeated.

Only — the miracle would have to come pretty soon if it was to save them.

Charley was making a nice job of re-spraying the Panther a tasteful claret color, while Fred removed the number-plates, when Lena, sitting in the bow-window of the dining-room, saw the first of the police cars come hurrying up the drive.

"Philip!" She turned her head and Pug Mayhew came in. When he saw the car he said, "Stall 'em, Lena," and tore out to the garage.

"How's she coming? Get away from here. It's the rozzers."

Charley didn't believe him at first. "You're kidding."

"Look out of the window and see if I'm kidding. Lock the door and . . ." He didn't stop to finish; he'd be wanted in the house.

Lena hadn't turned a hair; she was the toughest of them all.

"Philip," she said, "the police are asking about a Dr. Fyfe. I've told them he doesn't live here . . ."

"Come to the wrong address," grinned Pug.

"And a Miss—what was the name?—Hinde?"

"Try The Gables down the avenue. I believe I have heard the name . . ."

"I believe you have a Panther, No. ABV190," the policeman continued.

"I'm afraid she's up for repairs at the moment."

There was a commotion in the drive, and an apparition whirled in who might have been a clown on his day off.

"Such as repainting?" said Mr. Crook, his hat over one eye and a startled and utterly bewildered Mrs. Lloyd held by one hand. He came forward. "What's that on your coat? Red paint? Careless, very. Come on, sugar. You and me ain't nationalised yet. Leave the red tape to the Civil Service."

He thrust past Mayhew, who made a sharp move to stop him. Crook stuck out a foot as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar and Pug came down with a crash. Crook went storming up the stairs, and Mrs. Lloyd scuttled after him.

"They're here somewhere," said Crook. "Upstairs or downstairs, or—no, sugar, they won't be in any room with the door open. Ah, what did I tell you?"

PANTING like a grampus he had reached the foot of the last flight of stairs. "See that rug shoved against a door. That's our bit of trouble." He shoved his big, red head over the banisters: "What the blazes do you chaps think you are? The Big Four? Send some of your thugs up to smash a door. Better bring a hatchet—Black Beauty 'ull tell you where it is, and if he don't remember, just drop a weight on his feet till he does. That always fetches 'em. And mind," he added, "if you lose either of these I'll charge the lot of you with manslaughter and see the jury brings in a true bill at that."

"It was quite a party," admitted Crook a while later. He was talking to Gillian and Richard. "Once I saw the Doctor had had the wit to put the number of the car on that sketch he made—right under Smart Charley's nose — the wheels went round faster than the 'Old Superb,' and that's saying something. The police put out a general call for a black Panther, No. XXX 1278, and they checked the registration.

"It appears that should have been the number of a Mortimer 8 belonging to a fellow called Smith, but Smith's car, which was in his garage, had got a new number—ABV 190. It's an old gag, of course, swapping number-plates, and they must have thought it pretty safe. Who ever notices the number of a police car? You'd tumbled to him by then, I take it?" he added to Richard.

Richard nodded. "The ring gave him away. It's the little things . . ."

"O.K., buddy. Let's skip the lecture. Well, ABV 190 was the registration number of a black Panther belonging to a Mrs. Harton, address as you'd expect. Mrs. Lloyd recognised Charley when they pulled him out of the garage, and the police found his fingerprints in your room. It never pays to underrate the other side," wound up Crook, blissfully arrogant. "'Twasn't as though you hadn't told them I was in on this. Still we're all good citizens, and like to give the police a hand when we can, don't we?"

He got up and held out a huge hand to Gillian. "Still a bit peaky," he suggested. "Know what I'd suggest—speaking as a layman, of course? A bit of medical attention. And the Doctor here," he gave Richard a nudge that nearly broke a rib, "is just the chap to give it you."

And humming gaily "She's the girl for me," he came rushing down and was reunited to the "Old Superb."

(Copyright)

NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

OUR complete novel "BRIDE-TO-BE," which will appear in next week's issue, is an unusual romance by a popular American writer, Ann Homer Warner.

The bride-to-be is Lydia Marlowe, who, with her fiance, Tony Wainwright, is planning their future life. Their happiness seems to be perfect until they go to visit Tony's family, but from the moment they put foot in the house Lydia finds herself bewildered.

Anne Homer Warner has written an intriguing story of a girl in love and her struggle to retain her faith.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932330

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4184.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send Money Orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4145. — Workmanlike boy's shirt with action back and cuffed sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1¾ to 2¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4169. — Square neckline, framed with lace, and gathered skirt make a feminine afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. contrasting material, 1½yds. frilled lace edging. Price 3/9.

F4168.—Dress with high neckline and bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4124.—Flattering design in a matron's one-piece dress with tucking at the neckline and sleeves. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4161.—Ready for the summer, a pretty sunfrock and bolero, which are also suitable for party wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 18in. embroidered material for frock, 1½yds. 36in. material for bolero. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 252—SMART TENNIS DRESS

Tennis dress featuring a pleated skirt and neat Peter Pan collar is obtainable cut out ready to make in white poplin and white pique.
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25/9, 36 and 38in. bust 28/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 253—DUCHESSE SET

Designed in the shape of a fan, with an old-world motif, the set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 17 x 11in., and two side mats 9 x 7in. Price 7/11 the set. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 254.—SUPPER-CLOTH

The cloth is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in an attractive poppy design. The material is heavy linen, with a color choice of white or cream.

Sizes: 36 x 36in. 18/11; postage and registration 1/6 extra. 45 x 45in. 29/6; postage and registration 2/- extra. 54 x 54in. 39/3; postage and registration 2/3 extra. Serviette size 11 x 11in., price 1/9 each; postage and registration 3d. extra.

No. 255.—SMALL GIRL'S PYJAMAS

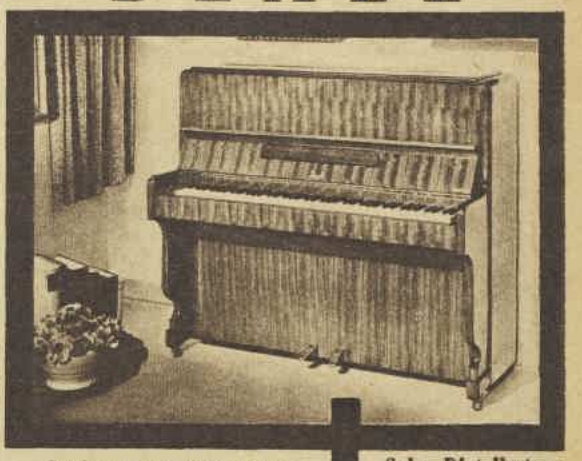
The pyjamas are cut out ready to make in flannelette patterned with a pretty floral design. Color choice includes white, pink, blue, and lemon.

Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years 19/9, 33in. for 3 and 4 years 21/6, 37in. for 5 and 6 years 24/9, 42in. for 7 and 8 years 27/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

● *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*

Synonymous with Beauty

BEALE



Combining delightful modern styling with richness of tone—the Beale Piano is an instrument to give lasting satisfaction and pride of ownership.
See them—
Hear them

Sole Distributors

SYDNEY
Beale & Company Ltd., 41-47 Trafalgar St., Annandale.
Nicholson's Pty. Ltd. 416 George Street.

RIVERINA
Maples, Fitzmaurice St., Wagga.

MELBOURNE
Allan & Co. Pty. Ltd., 276-278 Collins Street.

ADELAIDE
Saverys Limited, 29 Rundle Street.

PERTH
Thomsons Pty. Ltd., 789 Hay Street.

BRISBANE
G. J. Grice Ltd., 90-92 Queen Street.

Write for Catalogue

BEALE & COMPANY LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: 41-47 Trafalgar St., Annandale, Sydney
681B Hunter St., Newcastle West
169 Forest Road, Hurstville

It's the Pukkah Flavah!

BUY
VENCATACHELLUM
CURRY

THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932331

Looks Good Tastes Good Is Good

EVERY DAY SERVE SOUP

Hot nourishing soup—a good start to any meal—*Rosella soups* are all *double strength and delicious*—twice as much rich, satisfying Soup from every Can and you may choose from *Rosella* —

TOMATO
ASPARAGUS
PEA WITH HAM
SCOTCH BROTH
CREAM OF CHICKEN
VEGETABLE
CELERY

Rosella

DOUBLE STRENGTH

SOUPS

cebon

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, follows
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Who are captives on a strange electrically controlled island ruled by the self-styled King Magno. Mandrake gains access to a hidden harbor and finds Narda, who is suddenly whisked into the air when Magno summons her. Then his friend Sir Harry tells him how the yacht Ocean Wind was drawn to the island and how Magno rules over them. NOW READ ON:

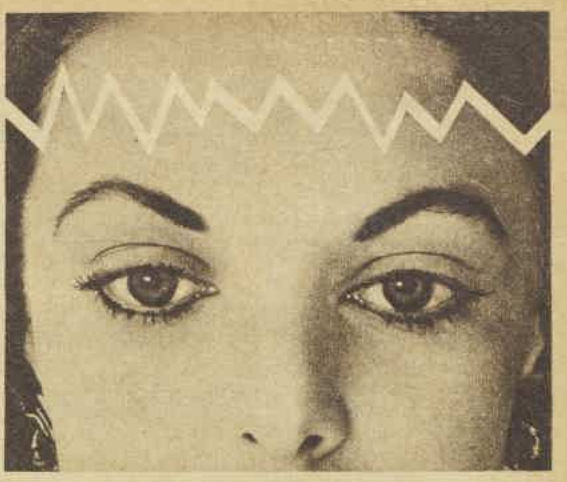
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932332

Quicker First Aid with BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES

EVERY STRIP INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

PRODUCTS OF Johnson & Johnson

Tek THE BEST STILL COSTS LESS!



Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

DISPRIN DISSOLVES. Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve pain.

FAR LESS ACID. Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach upset.

EASY TO TAKE. Disprin is palatable. Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue, or swallowed, when no glass of water is at hand.

These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, 'flu and rheumatic pains.

Period pains. *Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.*

Ask your Chemist for Disprin

TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

DISPRIN Regd.
***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**

D4/56

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"DELORES."—Smart blouse with bracelet-length, cuffed sleeves and a pretty, bow-tied collar. The material is washable Turrella, and color choice includes lipstick-red, Capri-blue, coral, pale blue, pink, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 63/3, 36 and 38in. bust 65/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/6, 36 and 38in. bust 48/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"DENISE." — Short-sleeved blouse for the teenager. The material is washable Turrella, and color choice includes lipstick-red, Capri-blue, coral, pale blue, pink, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust 56/9, 36 and 38in. bust 57/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust 38/6, 36 and 38in. bust 39/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"BEVERLEY." — Attractive pinafore dress may be worn as a bolerina or (with a blouse) in the daytime. The material is Cosserat corduroy velveteen, and color choice includes lipstick-red, American beauty, mid-green, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/9/3, 36 and 38in. bust £4/12/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £2/18/9, 36 and 38in. bust £2/19/11. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

● *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

Beautiful Hands

EVEN WHILE YOU WORK

BEFORE ANY KIND OF WORK

Rub in

"BARRIER" CREAM

(REGD. TRADE NAME)

"Barrier" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh detergents and toil stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, toil stains simply float off in soap and water. Lanolin enriched "Barrier" Cream guards the natural oils in the skin and your hands stay soft and lovely, no matter what you do. Buy a tube or jar of "Barrier" Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.

FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932333

Safe Home!!

They need this Ready Source of Energy -

Arnott's

Over 40,000 GRATEFUL MOTHERS have sent testimonials and photographs.

No one knows better than a mother how active children can be.

When she gives them Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits, she gives them the nourishment they need in the way she knows best.

famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932334